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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS;
OR,
BEAUTIES
OF THE
AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS,
For 1805.

Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.

A twofold gift in this my volume lies;
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED BY GEO. DOBBIN & MURPHY,
No. 4, BALTIMORE-STREET.

1806.

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TO THE
EDITORS
OF
NEWSPAPERS
THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES,
AND THEIR
CORRESPONDENTS,

This selection is inscribed,

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,

BY

The Editor.

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P R E F A C E.

THE volume now presented to the public may be considered an original work: the essays and poetry of which it is composed can be known to very few only, and those few may have forgotten them since they appeared in the diurnal prints: hence it appeared a desirable object to preserve the quintessence of the newspaper in a durable form. No paper of any celebrity in the Union has been omitted in the scrutiny necessary to make an impartial selection; ten thousand at least have been carefully perused, that nothing of value might pass unnoticed: and the list of Journals which have been examined in the preparation of this volume includes nearly one hundred vehicles of information.

Eastern Argus	Boston Gazette
Freeman's Friend	— Centinel
Farmer's Cabinet	— Palladium
Salem Register	— Chronicle
Salem Gazette	— Democrat

Dartmouth Gazette	Boston Repertory
Providence Gazette	Providence Phoenix
Hartford Mercury	Wilmington Mirror
National Ægis	—— Museum
New England Repub-	Lancaster Journal
lican.	Bedford Gazette
Connecticut Courant	Pittsburgh Tree of Li-
—— Gazette	berty
Troy Gazette	—— Commonwealth
New York Gazette	Baltimore American
—— Mer. Advertiser	—— Telegraph
—— Daily Advertiser	—— Fed. Gazette
—— Evening Post	—— Evening Post
—— Amer. Citizen	Maryland Gaz.
—— Com. Advertiser	Easton Star
—— Morn. Chron.	National Intelligencer
Newark Centinel	Washington Federalist
Albany Register	Alexandria Ad.
—— Gazette	—— Expositor
—— Centinel	Fred. Town Advocate
Farmer's Register	—— Herald
Hudson Bee	Winchester Gaz.
—— Balance	Pet. Intelligencer
Trenton American	—— Republican
—— Federalist	Fredericksburgh Ex.
Aurora	Rich. Gazette

Phil. True American	Richmond Argus
—— Register	—— Enquirer
—— Gazette	Norfolk Ledger
U. S. Gazette	—— Herald
Poulson's Advertiser	Raleigh Register
Freeman's Journal	Geo. Town Gazette
Mississippi Herald	Political Observatory
Nashville Gazette	Indiana Gazette
Poughkeepsie Baromet-	Herkimer Monitor
ter	Savannah Museum
Newbury Port Her-	Augusta Chronicle
ald	—— Herald
Republican Farmer	Halifax Journal
—— Spy	Pittsfield Sun
Farmer's Museum	Portsmouth Oracle
Charleston Gazette	Frankfort Palladium
—— Times	Kentucky Gazette
—— Courier	Independent Gazette
N. Orleans Gazette	Ohio Herald

It is proper however to remark that the Portfolio, and similar publications as being almost or entirely confined to miscellaneous literature were not reviewed : and it must be recollected that three or four of the compositions although English are introduced by particular request, upon the supposition that

they might contribute to the amusement and instruction of the reader.

That no person might be disgusted with this specimen of the talents of those who write for our daily and weekly chronicles of the times; all political discussions, jeus d'esprit and caricatures, although many of them be intrinsically excellent in themselves, are entirely omitted.

But its purity recommends the volume—whilst many parts of it will produce the “heartly laugh,” no one page will excite a blush in the cheek of modesty, or sanction any impropriety of conduct. Its object is to render vice odious by the lash of ridicule and the energy of admonition, and virtue lovely by animating all the refined feelings of our nature, and displaying the enjoyments of the christian.

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THE SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS,
FOR 1805.

THE Public, is a being with many heads, and consequently possesses as many different minds ; as those can amply testify who are the *servants of its will*, among whom printers perhaps, are the chief *Butlers and Bakers*. “ Give us more foreign intelligence,” says the newsmonger, “ and let domestic politics alone.” “ Battle the feds ; dash away at the demos,” cries the politician ; “ a fig for your foreign intelligence, unless you can send Emperor Buonaparte into England up to his knees in blood. We do not want to hear about ships spoken at sea—a courier passing through Hampergoscamperdum—Marshal Helter Skelter, holding audience with his serene highness, the landgrave of Lubberdegullion, or the marriage of count Waddletwattle, with her ladyship the duchess of Winkumskintum ; let not your paper detail such unimportant advices.”—“ Hit the federal or democratic editors,” exclaims the third, “ nothing I like so well as

squabbles among editors ; there is some fun in that." " Let us have another novel," says Mrs. Fripple, " I like novels monstrously, especially if there be something scareful in them ; I would not give a cent for the papers if they had not a novel in them." Novels, says old Grouse — " Nonsense ! give us something about farming ; tell us how to destroy the Hessian fly, or something about fining cider, or wheat upon clover." " I like novels too," says miss Simper ; but besides them I want a good deal more poetry, and a number of queer stories about Ann Necdotes ; I love to read them, terribly." " All wishy-washy," says Jack Galloper, " give us the sport of the turf ; tell us about the race between Madam Thornton, and Mr. Flint, and her challenging him after she got beat ; that's the dandy."

Thus might we go on ad infinitum, and describe the modes which Mr. Public points out for us to be guided by, in conducting our paper ; in answer, we can only say, that although we consider our own method best, yet, as soon as they can all agree upon one plan, we will cheerfully adopt it, and until then, we trust we may be permitted to jog on in the old way of giving a little of every thing which we consider the most important ; for,

" If all the land were paper,

" And all the sea were ink,"

It would still be impossible for us to comply with all the demands of the Public, until those demands became more united.

MODE OF SINGLE COMBAT, IN THE CENTRAL PARTS OF AFRICA.

A most obstinate quarrel had happened between a colonel of the guards, and a capital butcher in Gatty-Gur, concerning the dignity of their respective professions; and to make the quarrel still more serious, they were both candidates for the affections of the same lady. The parties being called before the judges, declared that their rage was so great as to be satisfied only by an appeal to violence. They were then separated at the distance of a "foetid funk" (about three miles) from each other, each of them being attended by one of the judges and an officer of justice, who carried along with him pins, bodkins, knives, scissars, pincers, thumb-screws, and other instruments of mutilation and torment. The spectators divided themselves into two parties, and accompanied, according to their affections, one or other of the duellists, who now, without sight of each other, and as it were back to back, began the fierce combat; with pen and ink, which was placed on purpose on a table cut out of the solid rock, he who gave the challenge, without the least hesitation, wrote to the other the following note:—"Colonel Gog defies Butcher Magog with a pin six inches in length thrust to the very head in one of his thighs." This note being delivered with due solemnity into the hands of the judge, the officer of justice, (or, as we should say, "Jack Ketch,") without ceremony, delay or remorse, thrust the pin into Gog's naked thigh

to the full extent of what was affirmed in the note of defiance. This note, with the seal of the judge now appended to it, in "testimonium veritatis," was sent by a public messenger to his rival, Magog, who was attended as well as his adversary, with his judge and executioner: he not only presented the part designated with ineffable disdain to the executioner, but without a moment's delay, wrote as follows: "Butcher Magog defies Colonel Gog with a bodkin of a foot in length thrust through the brawny part of his arm." This terrible billet being duly conveyed to the judge, the executioner at his nod, thrust the bodkin into the arm of Magog, till its bloody point fairly appeared the other side. Magog's challenge, duly signed, sealed and delivered, was not without a visible effect on the countenance of Gog; nevertheless the colonel, plucking up a good heart, held out his bare arm to the executioner, who performed it with a proper bodkin, in the twinkling of an eye. Having done this, and refreshed himself a little, he wrote as follows: "Gog defies Magog with the scalp of his head."—Immediately after which he presented himself in the proper attitude; and the judge having nodded assent, the scalp was carried with due solemnity to Magog, who lost no time in returning the *compliment*.

"The enraged butcher was now at a loss how to continue the contest. To send an ear, a finger or a toe to his antagonist, would be skirmishing to no purpose; and for a foot or a

hand, a leg or an arm, he could not *conveniently* spare them. He, therefore, in order to put an end, if possible, to the combat, wrote the following note: "Magog defies Gog with * * * * *" [Here the book is so defaced, it is impossible to make out what the defiance was.] This defiance struck the judge with horror; he refused his assent to what was proposed, on the ground of its being a new case, until he should consult the *hierophant*, and the other judges. Two of these declared their opinion, that to settle a dispute in this manner, by * * * * * [here is another defect in the book] was a thing altogether unheard of, and preposterous; but the chief justice, Metlek Ammon, to whose opinion the other two judges readily assented, observed that the whole of the judicial proceeding in question was absurd, and therefore that one part of it could not be set aside, on account of its absurdity, rather than another.

The butcher having fortified himself with a strong dose of *jumbu*, (brandy and asses' blood,) actually carried his threats into execution; but the colonel, to whom a report had been made of the demurrer just mentioned, said, that in so tender a point it was impossible for him to proceed, and to establish a new precedent to all future times, unless there had been greater concord, if not entire unanimity, among the judges. The butcher therefore triumphed fairly over the colonel; but to which of the combatants, the victor or the

vanquished, the lady who was the subject of dispute, gave a preference, is unknown. —

THE HERMIT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the sea-green wave,
The bird of eve began her 'custom'd lay,
When the lorn Hermit left his moss grown cave ;
To wander pensive by the twilight ray.

I too " by lonely contemplation led,"
In the same walk had shap'd my devious way ;
To see the sunbeams sink in Ocean's bed,
And watch the landscape, as it fades away.

Mild and dejected, was the Hermit's mien,
Dim was the lustre of his pale blue eye,
Slow bent his tott'ring footsteps, o'er the green,
And oft his bosom heav'd an heartfelt sigh.

I trac'd him to the margin of the wood,
Near where the brook the bordering flow'ret laves,
He gaz'd with fix'd attention on the flood,
And sigh'd his " woe fraught" story to the waves.

" While disappointment mocks each ling'ring day,
And stern misfortune holds her rigid sway,
Why should my fond, enthusiastic heart,
Regret with each terrestrial scene to part.

" While the lorn cypress calls me to the shade,
Where 'neath the turf my Adeline is laid,
Why to the Earth should fond affection cleave,
Nor wish this scene of varied ill to leave ?

" Ah ! what is life ? the vision of an hour,
Fleet as the wind, and fading as the flow'r ;
A fair delusion all its brightest joys,
Its charms but wound us, and its bliss destroys.

“ Since it’s best blessings oft a snare conceal,
And those most suffer who the most can feel,
Ye tender sensibilities, depart !
And thou, chill apathy possess my heart !

“ I once was blest, but ah, the time is o’er !
The painted vision can delight no more ;
Around my path is spread a fable gloom,
Which speaks, my only refuge is the tomb.

“ Smooth as thy surface, gently flowing stream,
Were the first days, unhappy Albert knew ;
But swifter than the light’s all-piercing beam,
On wings of wind, th’ auspicious moments flew.

“ As fades the Iris in the ambient sky,
So did the dear, illusive vision fly ;
As dew-drops vanish, ’neath the morning ray,
So did the soft delusion pass away.

“ The sacred rights of freedom to defend,
I left my cottage and the charms of peace ;
And trusted to the *honour of a friend*,
The dearest treasure mortal can possess.

“ That *friend* perdition blast the *name profan’d*,
Tore from my arms the idol of my soul,
Her artless truth betray’d, her honour stain’d :
She sipp’d a noxious draught, from pleasure’s bowl.

“ Awak’d from guilt’s delirium too late,
She saw, and trembled at her fallen state ;
Then tir’d of life, resign’d her fleeting breath,
And drank the balsam of consoling death.

“ Since then, though thirty times the rolling globe
Its annual circuit round the sun have made ;
Though thirty times in nature’s vernal robe,
I’ve seen the landscape of the spring array’d ;

“ Yet ev’ry eve, and ev’ry rosy morn,
I’ve wept, and call’d on Adeline’s blest shade,

"And when the moonbeams trembled on her Urn,
The solemn offering of my love have paid.

"Tir'd of the hackney'd vices of mankind,
Of friendship floun, and innocence betray'd;
The world and all its follies I resign'd,
And fought repose in yonder lowly glade.

"Yet even there, the mem'ry of my grief,
Preys like a vulture on my tortur'd breast;
Where but in death can Albert find relief?
What but the grave can give the suff'rer rest?

"But now, methinks, a cheering beam of day,
Breaks through the cloud to chase my gloom away,
And th' Angel Hope, upborne on wings of love,
Whispers, "We still *may* meet in realms above."

He ceas'd, and rais'd to Heav'n his languid eyes,
And a low sigh dismiss'd him to the skies.

UNCLE JONATHAN'S REFLECTION.

I often think of the words of my uncle Jonathan who was sitting by the fireside one day, and after knocking the ashes out of his third pipe upon the top of the andiron, and very deliberately placing one leg upon the knee of the other,—“boy,” says he, (for I was standing directly opposite to him) “boy,” says he “you have yet seen but little of the world; you know not, as yet, what difficulties and dangers mankind are obliged to encounter, and what thorns and briers are scattered to entangle them in almost every step of their journey through life. The fruits of the folly and misfortunes of men are continually hanging upon them, and whatever be their vigil-

ance and caution, trouble will sometimes happen. Youth frequently are free from troubles and perplexities, because they are not exposed to them; but when they come to act for themselves, when they are obliged to live by their own labour, and earn their own bread, they will then see, that 'man is born unto trouble.'

I must confess that what uncle Jonathan told me made so much impression upon my mind, that I have thought of it several times since, and each time I have seen some striking instance to confirm its truth.

Cousin Peter, who lives but two doors to the east of me, is as clever and industrious a man, as ever trod shoe-leather, yet he is far from basking always in the clear sunshine of prosperity. He has a decent farm and a comfortable house; he labours hard, and lays up wherewith to treat a friend, and support himself and family, in foul weather and sickness. But notwithstanding all this, whenever he enters his house, whether with a smile upon his countenance or not, it is ten to one but he is laboured over with a broom-stick. The fact is, he has gotten a scolding wife, and if the Devil ever lived on earth, I believe that a scolding wife is one of his daughters. She is continually tormenting and perplexing him; and whether in public or private, he is sure to bear the lash of her tongue, if not the lash of something a little more painful. Finally, she is 'a thorn in his side,' which he cannot possibly get rid of; and the whole neighbourhood

believe that the poor man is born unto trouble.

Neighbour Scrapewell, is another strange character of these strange times ; he is very far, however, from possessing all the gentleness of my cousin Peter, and far less, from indulging his liberality and benevolence. He is continually complaining of poverty, though he has thousands in the old iron-bound chest, which in all probability will fall into the hands of some greedy heir, who is now wishing for his departure. His wife is as kind a creature as ever lived, and is ever ready to do every good service that lies in her power ; and he is ready enough to grant her this liberty, provided it cost no money. But as soon as she begins to mention, or even hint, that a little of his treasure is wanting, you will see him very deliberately rise from his chair, and with quite an ungracious aspect, limping across the floor, cursing and reprobating the folly and extravagance of the world,—‘and women, says he, in particular, have continually some foolish notions in their heads, which, if men have a mind to gratify, will reduce them to poverty at once,—I’ll not give away a single farthing of my money,’—and I believe he is as good as his word ; for his children went to school scarcely a day in their lives ; his family are ever destitute even of the most necessary articles, and he would even starve himself, if he could thereby add a single cent to his store. Who can doubt that this man and his whole family are born unto trouble ?

Tom Rattle was early in youth puffed up with all those high notions of pride and dignity which, his becoming heir to a large fortune, would tend to impress upon him. At nineteen he married, and he and his lady scarce ever attempted to make the least movement without being attended by a coach and fix, and at least half a dozen servants. Balls, parties of pleasure, and indeed the whole round of fashionable amusements were punctually attended; so that in a very short time they acquired the name of being very accomplished.—But such dissipated habits, you must well know could not be permanent, without an almost inexhaustible fund to support them. This was really the case; for after a few years Mr. Rattle's creditors, having repeatedly called, and finding themselves likely to be cheated out of their dues, came upon him at once, and stripped him of all his boasted wealth. Those who once were his most flattering courtiers, are now his most grievous oppressors, and his former warmest friends are now his greatest enemies. It is sufficient to observe, that he was at once thrown from apparently the most flattering prospects to the most abject state of want; and destitute and ignorant of business, he is now left with a wife and family upon his hands, without a friend to assist or to comfort him. He is certainly wretched, and born unto trouble.

I have seen the distresses of my fellow creatures, I have pitied them for their misfortunes; and, whenever the truly deserving have

come within my reach, as far as my humble circumstances would allow, I have afforded them relief. Inexperienced as I am, in the ways of life, I have, nevertheless, seen and endured many of its troubles and difficulties.—At an early period, my parents died and left me a patrimony barely sufficient to complete my education. Since that time, I have been exposed to all the vices, wickedness and temptations of the world ; but, by my own prudence and reason, and the advice of a few generous friends, whom fortune has always afforded me, I have been enabled to outride storms and tempests, and arrive safely to the present moment. The want of property and home, absence from my dear connections, and a little of the hypochondriac withal, sometimes most violently assail me, and though people in general imagine me to be one of the wildest of their acquaintance, (for I always keep the most gloomy side to myself) yet I have many unhappy hours, and unpleasant meditations.

But God will assuage the wrongs of the aggrieved ; and if we walk in the path of the prudent, and the counsel of the wise, we may reasonably anticipate the smiles and the favour of heaven.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The sweetest warbler of the shady grove,
So oft made vocal by his plaints of love,
Left the wild beauties of the scene,
And sought the busy haunts of men ;
In search of yet untasted joys,
Though fond, like them, of glitt'ring toys
Or else to kill the tedious hour,
He leaves awhile the nuptial bower,
Where his soft mate, fill'd with maternal cares,
The future nursery of his love prepares.

Perhaps, he flies these scenes of rapturous bliss,
Where all the Heaven of faithful love was his,
Till death his dearest treasure stole,
And desolated all his soul !
The widow'd wand'rer, fond to stray ;
Unhædful of his devious way,
It chanc'd the city caught his view,
Fate urg'd him on—away he flew :
Near the deep vale a lonely mansion rose,
And one fair tree where he might court repose.

He gain'd the tree—he sought the topmost spray,
Where oft he trill'd his soft melodious lay ;
While, as he swell'd his downy throat,
And lengthen'd every mournful note,
He sooth'd his troubled soul to rest,
And hush'd the tumult of his breast ;
Thus, harmony suspended grief,
And suff'ring nature found relief,
Some kind indulgent power, his choice might guide,
Its widow'd lord to cheer, to him in fate allied.—

He grateful, listen'd to the various song,
And pray'd him, oft repeat and still prolong,
The sadly-sweet, alternate strain,
Nor seek his native woods again,
Content, the little warbler stay'd,
The tree was good for food—the shade

Was grateful, from the noon-tide heat,
 There he might chuse his shelter'd feat,
 While sympathy, beguil'd the live-long day,
 For hearts respondent—charm their woes away—

Alas ! how short-liv'd e'en this *shear* of peace,
 How evanescent ! as th' extreme of blifs !
 For now, a savage foe appear'd,
 With instruments of death ! prepar'd.
 That *men* might praise his wondrous skill,
 'Twas his inhuman sport to kill !
 His murd'rous eye, had mark'd the prize,
 His heart had said—The victim dies !
 The blameless minstrel, ignorant of guile,
 Still chirps and sings to cheer his heart the while.

With cautious steps and slow, the fiend drew near,
 Th' unconscious bird, who knew no cause of fear,
 Pursued his soft mellifluous lay,
 Still fond to chuse the topmost spray ;
 Satanic joy his foe possess'd,
 His eye such horrid joy express'd,
 Too certain was his dreadful aim,
 Too sure to quench the vital flame ;
 For see ! alas ! he falls—he faints—he dies !
 On the cold earth, a mangled corse he lies !

Poor, luckless bird ! thy destiny severe,
 Wrings from her soul, the sympathetic tear,
 Who, long by tyrant man oppress'd,
 With thee would gladly sink to rest ;
 'This boon denied, she breathes—to feel
 Wounds—deeper, than transfix'd by steel,
 And still repeated by the foe,
 Inflicting lasting, deadly woe.—
 Thy milder fate, then why should she deplore,
 Who in the grave alone, shall sigh and weep no more ?

BAGATELLES.

A Student at one of our Colleges, some years since, by the name of Tucker, who was remarkable for large *teeth*, and another by the name of Green, whose *nose* was not the least prominent feature of his face, one day warmly disputed the point of precedence in Arithmetical knowledge.—As the contest grew warmer, and was not likely soon to be compromised by themselves, they referred the matter to the decision of a student in the class above them. In disclosing the dispute to this arbitrator, they agreed that he should propound a knotty question, and the one who should solve it with the most expedition, and, in his judgment, with the most propriety, should bear the palm. After considerable hesitation and unwillingness to comply on the part of the Referee, and increasing importunity on the part of the disputants, he proposed the following very ingenious and keenly satirical question, which at once ended the contest :—

“ If Tucker’s teeth three score of beef,

“ Consume in half an hour ;

“ I pray disclose, what chance Green’s nose

“ Would stand, if in their power ?”

A virgin of *twenty-five*, was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a grave friend in company observed, that “ marriages were made in Heaven.” Can you tell me, sir, rejoined the silly nymph, why they are so *slow in coming down*.

An American having brought up his son to the profession of the Bar, was asked in what branch of the law he proposed to distinguish him.—“Why,” says the old man, alluding to the Criminal Law, “I believe something in the *hanging line*.”

The death of a *Miser*, was lately announced thus—“On Friday last died, Josiah Brain-tree, of Bennington, at the age of 98. He retained his *money* to the last.”

A man observing, that there was less danger from a wound on board a ship, when the sea was rough, being asked the reason, answered, because one *surge-on* comes after another exceedingly fast.

A merchant advertised a commodity for sale, and gave notice that he would take in payment all kinds of *country produce*, except *promises*!

A Gentleman by the name of Barryl, in one of the Northern States; made a Speech, in which he spoke very loud and long. One of the company not being pleased with the harangue, observed that an empty *Barrel* always made the greatest sound.

A Lawyer in cross examining a witness, asked him among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, in company with two friends. “Friends?” exclaimed the Lawyer, “two thieves, I sup-

pose you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both *Lawyers!*"

An old negro by the name of Harry, who lived in New Jersey some years ago, commonly made it a practice on holidays, to go round the country begging. One Christmas, meeting a Mr. Nicholas G. he thus accosted him—"good morning massa G. with you melly Clismus; please gib ole negur sispence dis morning?" Mr. G. who well knew the negro, but determining to have a little fun, replied with some degree of sternness, "who are you?" "Massa no know me?" answered the negro, my name Harry; dey call me ole Harry." "Old Harry;" "says Mr. G. "they call the Devil old Harry." "Yes massa," replied the negro, "*Some time ole Harry, some time ole Nick.*"—The wit pleased, and Harry was solaced with a dollar.

A physician had a skeleton so fixed, that on entering the room a spring was touched, when, in an instant it grasped the person entering. A stranger called on the doctor for some medical aid, and was shewn into the room where the skeleton was; it seized him in a moment—he up with his fist to defend himself; but, to his great astonishment, he saw the ghastly figure disengaging itself, when he flew from the house like lightning. A few days after, meeting the doctor, (who

might be called a walking skeleton,) coming out of his house—"Ah, —are you there! you think I don't know you, with your clothes on? he seized the doctor by the throttle, and bestowing a few hearty whacks; take that for the sweat you gave me the other day."

Some time since, a captain of a vessel had a quantity of coals to go on board, and as a great number lay scattered about the wharf, he thought it would be best to get a rake that he might more speedily collect them together, he went into a counting house and enquired of the merchant, whether he could have the loan of a *rake* for a few minutes? The merchant smiled, and looking significantly round at his clerks, said, I believe I have a number of them, but no one who will readily answer your purpose; the captain comprehending the pun, replied, I think you are quite right, for neither of them, I suppose, would wish to be "*hauled over the coals.*"

NOTE FROM THE DOGS IN NEW YORK, TO
THE PUPPIES IN THE COUNTRY.

The dogs of the city present respectful compliments to those who live in its vicinity, or who *usually come into town*, and beg leave to inform them, that after the 1st of June next they are under the painful necessity of declining the visits of their suburban acquaintances—a law having passed which subjects to a penalty of ten dollars any dog, however genteel his manners, or important

his presence, who may be found collarless in the streets of New York.—The city dogs are extremely sorry to be thus deprived of the endearing company of their friends who *usually come into town* to enjoy a bone, or fight a battle. They sincerely hope that the reign of the *dog days* will soon be over, and that the delightful intercourse at present existing, will not be long interrupted.

In the index to a certain book, containing "the rules that govern our daily conduct," is said to be this odd reference—"Swine—see *Justices of the peace*." Some time since, one of the learned judges of the supreme court was rallying a member of the committee who revised the laws of Vermont, on the singularity of the reference,—when a gentleman present, observed to "his honour" that he recollected one in the same index still more singular, viz. "adultery"—see *Judges of the supreme court*.

THE BLACK-BIRD, IN WINTER.

Poor bird ! my heart is truly wae,
Forlorn to see thee wand'rin' fae,
Whar ilka thing's thy mortal fae,
E'en heav'n's vice-gerent.—
Unfeelin' man—he waits to slay
Thee like a tyrant.

Aft times whan e'enin' frae her den,
Staw faftly up the dewy glen,
I've feen thee far frae treach'rous men.
Thy fonnet fingin',
While loud refoundin' to thy ftrain
The groves war ringin'.

But ah ! the times are sadly chang'd ;
The leafy forest whar thou rang'd
Clean bare by gurlly winter scaing'd,

Nae bield it yie'ls
An' hunger makes thee quite esirang'd
To open fiel's.

In hoary mist wi' biting breath,
Stern winter reigns in gloomy wrath,
Though calm the air yet fraught wi' death
 It brings starvation,
An' thou maun seek, to scape the scaith,
 Som'ither station.

Alas ! before the cottage door,
In humble mood thou'st fain to cower ;
Though bawdrons crouching to devour,
An' riddle traps,
Await thee still, thou looks them o'er
For antrin scraps.

Yet ah ! in this thou's no thy lane ;
Thy fate is aft the fate o'men,
Wha in their aëtions fair an' plain,
Nae guile expect
Till driv'n on knaves quite unforeseen
They're fairly wreckt.

Happy thy fate compar'd wi' their's :
Returnin' spring shall end thy cares,
But ah ! nae changin' time repairs
The broken heart ;
Still weepin' recollection tears
Wi' double smart.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

ON the deck, in the silence of night,
I watch'd the pale moon in the west ;
When the billow reflected her light,
In fancy's gay vision express't :

All the woes my fond bosom e'er bore,
From remembrance were fever'd and free,
And I saw not the cloud passing o'er,
'Till it figur'd the emblem of me.

While the dim cloud was melting in air,
Her mild splendour again I discern'd,
Not so, I exclaim'd in despair,
Have the smiles of my ANNA return'd ;
As the heavens, my love was o'ercast,
But the scene is still gloomy and drear,
For the dark shade of sorrow when past,
Left the prospect enshrin'd in a tear.

MY NATIVE HOME.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In Summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver ray ;
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his native home.

While at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream or whispering wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his native home.

Though love a fragrant couch might weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And reason scorn the splendid hoard ;
While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen,
While pomp, and pride, and power appear,
At best the glitt'ring plagues of men ;

Unfought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of their native home.

Let me to Summer's shades retire,
With meditation and the Muse,
Or round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse ;
The winds may howl, and waters foam,
I still shall bless my native home.

And oh, when youth's ecstatic hour,
And passion's glowing noon are past,
Should age behold the tempest low'r,
And sorrow blow its keenest blast,
My shade no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the grave a peaceful home.

DECEIT.

OH ! that the human form should wear,
Deception's garb for pelf ;
Or, hated vice, the semblance bear,
Of Innocence itself !

Almighty Parent ! when thy word,
This nice machine began ;
Why did this passion interlard,
The various pow'rs of man ?

Why should the seeming graces join,
Its natal horoscope ?
Or, sober manhood e'er combine,
To blast the virgin's hope ?

Why she in turn, urg'd by Deceit,
Though robb'd of pristine worth ;
With borrow'd modesty elate,
In virtue's guise walk forth ?

And why should hoary age, unwreath
Truth's garland ;—once its own ?

Or, quaint illusion stalk beneath,
A sanctimonious frown?

Creative Father ! though thy ways
Seem intricate and dark ;
Yet Faith's illuminated rays,
Shall cheer the vital spark.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

How fair wert thou, when first mine eye
Caught the light tint thy leaves that drest ;
Just bursting from obscurity,
To court the zephyr to thy breast.

To me thou didst recall the time,
When hope and fancy wing'd my days ;
When in my joyous youthful prime,
No pensive note e'er mark'd my lays.

Thou too like me wert but half blown,
Ere drooping for thy parent foil,
Thy richest fragrance far had flown,
And death had ta'en thee as his spoil.

He bow'd thy unassuming head,
And paler made thy modest glow,
Which boasted ne'er the brightest red,
But such a blush as pale cheeks know.

Thy lively green is faded too,
And thou dost not one trace retain,
Of that sweet flow'r the peasants woo,
To waft its perfume o'er the plain.

Poor Rose, adieu ! may I like thee,
When " death has laid my green head low,"
Have some fond friend to sigh for me,
And mourn for buds that never blow.

WRITTEN WHEN CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Great scene with awe I hail thy azure wave !
 And the great author of thy birth adore,
 Who first to thee thy wide dominion gave,
 Round every isle, and each indented shore.

But oh ! what horror does the fearful mind
 Assail, embarked upon thy trembling foam,
 Some fiend he thinks, that comes in every wind,
 Denies his course ; and when returning home,

Danger affrights him on the midnight main,
 When drowning cries in roaring waves he hears,
 Loft in despair he wishes once again,
 To tread that shore, which danger more endears.

Death in thy gloomy chambers doth reside,
 And thy deep face reflects his horrid form ;
 Come to my bark ! fair spirit of the tide,
 And guide me from the dæmon of the storm.

BEEF-STEAK AND OYSTERS.

What signifies all the dispute respecting the question of superiority in the ancients or moderns ? *Sir William Temple*, and *Doctor Bentley* and *Doctor Wotton*, and the *Earl of Orrery*, might have shed ink till this time, and never would the superiority of the ancients respecting a knowledge of the properties and the right use of the OYSTER have been established to the satisfaction of *GEORGE WATSON*.

I am clearly for the superiority of the moderns. What are the facts ? So superstiti-

tious and ignorant were the ancient Greeks and Romans, that they believed oysters to grow fat with the two first quarters of the moon, and become lean with her waning. *Ostreis et conchyllis omnibus* says *Aulus Gellius*, *contigit, ut eum Luna crescant pariter, pariterque decrescant* : so says *Cicero*. *Gellius* quotes *Luilius*, *Luna alit ostrea* : *Horace* also says, *nascentes implent conchyliis Lunæ*. It is true they had some taste respecting the relish of oysters; and knew how to distinguish well. What says *Juvenal* of the nicely discriminating taste of an oyster epicure?

Circeis nata forent an

Lucrinum ad faxum, Rutupinove edita fundo

Ostrea, calcebat primoprehendere morsu :

i. e. he could tell at the *first taste* whether they came from the Caietan rocks, the Bay of Lucrinum in Campania, or from Richborough, in Kent county, in England. And *Horace* mentions the great superiority of the Circean oysters:

Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris,

Ostrea Circaeis, Miseno oriuntur echini.

So also *Pliny* : *Circaeis autem ostreis neque dulciora neque teneriora, esse ulla, &c.* In short, it is my opinion, that the Circean oysters very much resembled the oysters at my house called the YORK COVE and QUEN'S CREEK. They knew as well as we, that the best oysters are taken from the coves; *optima sunt ostrea*, says *Pliny*, *si quando LACUS adjacet aut fluvius*; by which, says *Casaubon*, we are

to understand, the *Cove* oysters. But what is this to the purpose? It only shews that the ancients had a relish for *raw* oysters. Shew me that they ever cooked. Where is a treatise in Greek or Latin, on *roasting, stewing, frying*, and other ways of dressing oysters? Here is a proof of *modern* superiority. They had no *house set apart* for the particular purpose of regaling the lovers of this delicacy. *Juvenal* to be sure mentions a *bad* lady's eating great oysters at midnight.

Grandia quæ mediis jam noctibus *ostrea* mordet; but from the context it may be seen that she *bit* them [or rather *ate* them off—*mordet*] at home. This is another proof of *modern* superiority. In short, had G. Watson time to examine the writings of the ancients, (much of which he has forgotten since turning his attention to the delightful task of pleasing the palate of a patronising public) he might prove in almost every way, as it respects the oyster, that the ancients were far, very far inferior to the moderns. One proof more. Did they ever know the union of *beef steak* and oysters? Homer may tell about the *ambrosia* and *nectar* of his un-epicurean gods and goddesses, but where in the *Iliad* will you find a syllable relating to beef steak and oysters? It is all folderol; they knew nothing of good living.

Who first discovered the excellent qualities of the oyster, and brought into general use this first of shell fish; in comparison with which crabs, lobsters, craw-fish and clams,

“hide their diminished heads?” Did I know the name of such a “benefactor of the human race,” I would build him a *monumentum ære perennius*, made of gold and cemented with oyster lime.

For *nourishment* what equals the oyster? What says “*Willich* on Diet and Regimen,” a work that should be in every family? “Oysters are easily digested; they may be eaten with great advantage by the robust, as well as the weak and the consumptive; they possess more *nutritive animal jelly* than almost any other.” Though G. Watson’s reading is not so extensive as that of those who have read more than he has, yet he must acknowledge that neither in Galen, nor in Hippocrates, in Cullen or Boerhaave, has he ever found half a syllable against the wholesomeness of this sovereign of bivalved crustaceous aquatics. This animal, that lives in a house not made with hands, with but one door, for cheapness, flavour and salubrity,

Bears like the Turk no shell-fish near his throne.

Come then to the oyster restorateur where shall be wanting, neither WINES *red and white, rosy faced* BRANDY, *pure unspotted* GIN, *good old* JAMAICA, *foaming* PORTER, *sparkling* CYDER, nor *invigorating* BEER.

Cato the Censor (and where find we a more rigid moralist?) was wont to say, as Plutarch informs us, that a few glasses of wine, assisted the discussion of philosophical subjects. Sir John Hawkins says of another rigid moralist, Doctor Johnson, that he seldom more enjoyed

himself, than at a well ordered public house, with his literary companions. It is the abuse, not the use that injures health, wealth and reputation — Oh consider the dreadful ravages of intemperance.

This ugly monster,

“Tis strange he hides him in *fresh cup's* soft beds,
 ‘Sweet words, yet hath more ministers than those
 ‘Who draw their sword in war.”

G. Watson hopes that no one will suffer his *glass to wear the breeches*; nor even to permit his cheek to be crimsoned beyond the temperate due of Hygeia's rose.— Thou destroying angel intemperance! the sword and the plague bring but their hundreds, whilst thou bringest thy thousands to the court of death. — What Virgil says of the bees may be applied to intemperance.

Tristi languebunt corpora morbo,
 Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis;
 Continuo est ægris alius color; horrida vultum
 Deformat macies; tum corpora luce carentum
 Exportant tectis, et *tristia funera* ducunt.

But let me draw towards a close, by observing that I am a great lover of *peace of mind*, and have a great *affection* for all my fellow-creatures. I hence strive to prevent any injury to my feelings, or the feelings of others. There is nothing that touches G. Watson's nice sensibility so quick, as a neglect on the part of his kind customers, to settle all arrears, before leaving his house. With all his benevolence towards his friends, he must say, that he expects a *reciprocation of favours*; this *indispensable* return is PECUNIARY and IMMEDIATE.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Light wand'rer of the summer sky,
Whose glossy plumes of beauteous dye,
To my charm'd sight in shades unfold,
Each lucid tint besprent with gold.
Oh loveliest of the tribes of air,
To yonder od'rous shade repair ;
For there the lily spreads her charms,
And woos thee to her snowy arms :
And there the honey-suckle blows,
And proudly spreads each rival rose.
Repose the mingled blooms beneath,
And sounds of softest music breathe ;
Attention-o'er each sense will steal ;
Each nerve the tender strain shall feel ,
Of hapless love the tale shall tell,
And ev'ry note in its fine swell.
To my fond heart thy tale relate,
And mourn perhaps thy tiny mate,
By treach'rous human wiles ensnar'd,
And plac'd within the wiry guard,
To prove of absence ev'ry pain,
And of lost liberty complain ;
Pensive, yet sweet; the song must be,
Of love and sad captivity.
Oh fly not ! quit not yet my sight,
Still rest thou little airy sprite !
For sure thou art of fairy kind,
And for their uses wert design'd.
Oft hast thou sooth'd with plaintive strain
Of Oberon, the jealous pain,
Or near the fair Titania's ear,
Charm'd to repose her ev'ry care ;
The while her sportive elfin throng,
Hang round enamour'd of the song,
And when within their green retreat,
In music dance at eve's soft hour,
They press the turf with tiny feet,
Thou art the minstrel of their bow'r.

LIFE A STREAM.

As through irriguous vales and shadowy groves,
 A mildly-murmuring streamlet viewless roves,
 By verdant borders, wins its winding way,
 Escaping through the fields in Fairy play ;
 Till rapid force th'increasing waters gain,
 And mingle with the swelling main ;

Thus may my devious life securely glide,
 Far from Ambition's blood-empurpled tide,
 By Riches unoppressed, its course pursue,
 Nor mid Law's vortex be absorbed from view.
 When darkness veils my evening's closing hour,
 And nature yields to Time's resistless power,
 May Death's cold hand my wearied limbs compose,
 And kindly grant the welcome Tomb's repose.

CHARACTERISTICS.

I AM fond of the conversation of intelligent persons, and am pleased when in their company ; but my hopes have often been disappointed, by the peculiarities of some who were present ; who instead of permitting the discourse to flow in its proper and unrestrained course, direct it to a particular channel, for their own gratification, or without dwelling upon any subject, digress with as much celerity and frequency as Mr. Shandy.

Among the foes to the freedom and pleasure of conversation are those who obtrude remarks on their own profession and occupation. Is Fulvius present—if it be only observed as a cause of regret, that some late violation of the public peace, has passed without due punishment, he instantly interrupts you with an air of joy and impatience, and asks if you were at

court yesterday? "Did you ever here such a verdict as the jury found in the action of Detinue, Peters versus Peterson? I consulted Crok Jaq. and all the reporters, and every one is directly, unequivocally and decidedly in favour of the defendant. I advised his counsel to move for a new trial, or move it to the District by Supersedeas." Or is Medicus in the same mixed company, probably you will hear much about sudorifics, stimulants, sedatives, galvanism, &c. &c. and he will talk in so technical a stile, that you will understand him as little as you would an Hindoo.

Religiosus will continually introduce religious topics, as if it were criminal for a divine to enjoy innocent mirth, or as if he thought like the devotees of old, or the Monks of La Trappe, that the Almighty intended us for no other purposes but to think and talk of death.

Scepticus who has lately read several new treatises, will suffer you to listen to nothing but his comments on the futility of ancient systems. He will deny that the Sun is the source of heat, or the reality of objects. He will contend that men are capable of arriving at such a state of perfection as to render all legal restraints unnecessary, or that perhaps in a century hence, ships will sail under the ocean with as much facility as they at present sail on the surface. He cannot be at rest unless the discourse is controversial, and will remind you of these lines of Hudibras—

Who to their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canyast.

And keep their consciences in cases
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument.
Discuss, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White or Tully."

Pedanticus is a young man, who has read, or rather skimmed many books. He has few ideas of his own, and has never suffered reflection to produce many. He cannot give a reason for an opinion which he advances. He more resembles a common place book, than any thing I know. His design is to pass for a man of reading, genius and taste, and to attain that character, it has been his practice, to note every passage that strikes his fancy, and get it by rote, and by repeating it in every company often, whether it be applicable or not, he has gained the reputation of great erudition, and a prodigious memory. For his quotations there is no peace. There is no end to them, and whenever he appears, you must either rudely out-talk him, affront him, or remain in profound silence, for he resembles Aaron's rod, he swallows up every subject of discourse.

Once when two merchants were speaking slightly of the price of tobacco, he exclaimed with a sudden start, as if out of a profound reverie, "this reminds me of a story I read some time ago" and then proceeded in the narrative contained in the letters of Lord Lyttleton, of

the strange being who joined some Englishmen at a hunting match.

Frothy is a gentleman rather diverting at first, but ultimately as troublesome as the others. He will not relate the most trivial incident, without the action and gesture of a public speaker. He formally and laboriously proves facts and positions, which no one denies. He will harangue, ten minutes to prove that commerce cannot exist, unsupported by agriculture, or that the Virginian partridge commonly so denominated, has no resemblance to the English bird of the same name—with all the volubility of superfluity, and all the vehemence of enthusiasm; until he almost foams at the mouth, like Gil Blas chopping logic at Oviedo.

THE SAILOR BOY.

Dark flew the scud along the wave,
And echoing thunders rent the sky;
All hands aloft, to meet the storm,
At midnight was the boatswain's cry.

On deck flew ev'ry gallant tar,
But one—bereft of ev'ry joy;
Within a hammock's narrow bound,
Lay stretch'd this hapless Sailor Boy.

Once, when the Boatswain pip'd all hands,
The first was he, of all the crew,
On deck to spring—to trim the sail—
To steer—to reef—to furl or clue.

Now fell disease had seiz'd a form
Which nature cast in finest mould;
The midwatch bell now smote his heart,
His last, his dying knell it toll'd.

“ Oh God !” he cried, and gasped for breath,
 “ Ere yet my soul shall cleave the skies,
 “ Are there no parents—brethren near,
 “ To close, in death, my weary eyes.

“ All hands aloft to brave the storm,
 “ I hear the wint’ry tempest roar ;
 He rais’d his head to view the scene,
 And backward fell to rise no more.

The morning sun in splendour rose,
 The gale was hush’d, and still’d the wave ;
 The Sea-boy, far from all his friends,
 Was plung’d into a wat’ry grave.

But HE who guards the Sea-boy’s head,
 HE who can save, or can destroy,
 Snatch’d up to Heav’n the purest soul,
 That e’er adorn’d a Sailor Boy.

HOPE.

How sad is friendship’s parting hour,
 When anxious throbs the bosom swell,
 How fondly memory lingers o’er
 The vanish’d forms we love so well.
 Alas ! what anguish rends the heart
 In that sad hour when friends must part.

Yet young ey’d hope shall turn the view,
 A cheering scene of bliss to paint,
 When starting tears the eyes bedew,
 And all expression shall be faint,
 To mark the joy with which we greet,
 That rapturous hour when friends shall meet.

TOASTS.

It has been a controversy of long standing, and was formerly subject to much uncertainty, whether the ancient or the modern philosophers were superior in wisdom. For a

long time the ancients appeared to have the advantage, and were particularly distinguished above their rivals for their choice sayings and profound maxims, in which much deep thought was expressed in few words, and the most admirable wisdom couched in short, pithy sentences. In those times a philosopher was the most popular, as well as the most estimable of men. The SEVEN SAGES were almost worshipped as divinities ; and few, even among the legislators and defenders of the country, were honoured like a *Thales*, a *Plato*, or a *Pythagoras*. Their discourses were listened to as oracles, and every word that dropped from their mouths, was recorded in the memories not only of their disciples, but of the common people. From the recesses of their academic groves, the people of those days were instructed in the principles of morals, the government of the passions, and the conduct of life ; and the influence of their doctrines was diffused through the state with wonderful energy. The methods however of the modern sages are different from those of the ancient. Instead of short sentences and wise sayings, these great professors chiefly hold forth in learned lectures on their own inventions, diversified with spirited invectives, and embellished with a profusion of fictitious narrative : so that truth in their discourses, is swallowed up and extinguished in a blaze of wisdom. The happy ascendancy acquired over the community by these great masters, seems to be very nearly equal to that of a So-

lon or a *Socrates*. From a view of the eminent advantages of modern philosophy, aided by the art of printing, it appears that the scale has been for some time turning in favour of the moderns; and I am inclined to think, that in consequence of one extraordinary modern invention, the question of relative superiority may now be considered as at rest. The invention I speak of is that of TOASTS. This is a species of philosophy properly modern; being unknown to the Greeks and Romans, though some suppose they have discovered traces of a practice, in some respects similar, among the Scythians and Gauls. Unknown to the ancient schools, it is practised by all the modern. *Epicurus* was ignorant of it; and yet nothing is more familiar to our modern *Epicureans*. *Cato* the stoic never dreamt of it, and yet all our modern *Catos* are well versed in this science, and have its maxims in their mouths, on all public occasions. The custom of TOASTS has now become a great branch of public instruction, and is doubtless the happiest contrivance ever hit on for inculcating general principles. It completely fills up that interval, where something appeared still wanting to give us a decided superiority over the ancients; and while the press, manages all the details of doctrine and discipline, it is reserved to our sage toast-makers to instruct and refresh the public mind with great leading truths, couched in the form of maxims, pointed with the sting of the epigram, and carried directly to the brain by

the cheerful glass. Admirable union of philosophy and wit; of the *utile* and the *dulci*; where the surly *Diogenes* shakes hands with the jolly *Aristippus*; and where *Anacreon*, crowned with the olive and vine, sets to music the divine words of *Aristotle* and *Plato*, while he pours out libations to *Bacchus*! It is here, at some public table, on some periodical solemnity, that modern superiority appears conspicuous. On some jocund day, the philosophers of all the schools assemble to eat, to drink, to hold wise discourse, and to utter profound oracles, under the discharge of cannon accompanied with loud huzzas. All alike glow with the pride of philosophy. Men of all shades of character join in the expression of sentiments and maxims worthy of the most venerable sages, and seal the truth of them with the dashing of glasses, swinging of arms, and cheering huzzas, sometimes three, sometimes six, and at others nine, according to the importance of the toast. A set number of wise sayings are first toasted in succession. These may be called the *primary circle*; which are usually prepared with wise premeditation by the fathers of the schools, and are intended to exhibit their grand system of doctrine. Then follows the *secondary circle*, vulgarly called *VOLUNTEERS*. They commonly comprise such eccentric flashes of wisdom and wit as do not necessarily belong to the system, and yet some times serve to grace it wonderfully. These are generally given out

by the principal teachers: But sometimes a very humble tyro in philosophy will put himself forward and let fly a VOLUNTEER, that shall astonish the whole company.—Most of these toasts of both sorts, when analyzed, may be found to contain a *definition*, a *plaudit*, a *prayer* and a *curse*, or some one or more of them; and thus constituted, they embrace nearly the whole circle of modern philosophy. The *definition* expresses the pure abstract doctrine, and distinguishing dogmas of the academy; the *plaudit* is the incense offered up to great men—the *prayer* is the invocation of blessing—and the *curse* what shall I say? What can it be but the voice of NEMESIS the AVENGER thundering in the ears of the wicked.

If all the TOASTS produced within these few years and now extant, were collected by some able hand, they might be formed into a code of wisdom, that would remain immortal. Such a code, digested with skill and accompanied with a learned commentary, would entitle the compiler to the gratitude of his country, and the praise of posterity. To any one so inclined, I could mention a few particular toasts, which for their richness, and point would deserve a volume, or at least a dissertation.—While we have a sufficient number of learned toast-makers and patriotic toast-drinkers, we ought never to despair—We shall be safe, and philosophy will flourish.

CITY LIFE.

I do not know what you meant when you urged me to visit town ; you told me I should find the folks very clever, and see a great many fine things — I partly believed you ; and yesterday paid a visit to my wife's half sister, Mrs. Tumbleup, who lives in a house jammed in among a great pile of houses, with a doorway about as wide as a carrot-bed. I got to town about ten o'clock in the morning ; and on inquiring of a young fellow where sister lived, he told me to ride down — street to the corner of the green, turn round the printing office corner, and after going down — street to Mr. —'s, turn round to my left, there she lived at the first house on the right hand, just at the head of — street. — “ Much obliged to you,” says I — “ now I know just as well as I did before. ” The puppy began laughing ; and I was left to inquire again, or find my way alone. The next man I spoke to proved a little more civil ; he went with me till he could point out the house, and then wished me good morning.

I found sister's folks at breakfast, late as it was ; they seemed glad enough to see me, but looked crooked at my old boots ; and when I asked where I should turn the old horse, they went to the door, and pointing down street told me that Mr. —'s stable was there. I thought this plaguy odd, seeing I had come *cousining* : however I began to think I must do as I was bid ; so I scrambled away through the mud, and saw old Sorrel

safe in a brick stable as big as a meeting house.

By the time I had got back to sister's and told wife's and children's love to her, and all that, the clock struck twelve. I was glad to hear it; as I had eaten very early breakfast, I began to feel pretty sharp set. However I had my longing for my pains; for not a bit of dinner did I see till after two o'clock: we then sat down to a fine looking piece of beef; but it was not half roasted; so that I rose from the table about as hungry as I sat down.

After dinner, I was preparing to go down to the water side, to do some business for one of my country neighbours, when sister told me I must be back by half past four to tea. I obeyed her punctually, and judging from our country practice, I hoped I should find some butter-cakes, & ham to make amends for my tough dinner. On my return at the tea hour I found several young folks at the house, who, I suppose, had come there to see sister's eldest girl Sophy. When I first got in, Sophy got up and made a curtsy, and told them that I was Uncle Brushwood, and then told who they all were; but I have forgot now, & besides, I must hasten to tell you about my tea scrape—the very pickle of all the plagues which this town-visit has brought upon me.

After we had waited about half an hour, a little negro came out of the kitchen, with a towel tucked under his chin, lugging along a great tin platter as big as a bread-tray; I stared like an owl, and could not tell what to make of it.

The platter had about a peck of tea cups on it all full, besides a sugar pot, and I do not know what else : and to top off all, the puppy brought it right to me ;—I started back—the young folks tittered like a flock of blackbirds—Sister scowled, and called out, “ Brother don’t drink hyson—I’d forgot it !” The negro then carried it to the rest : they all took a cup off the platter, and first put a bit of sugar into it, and then drizzled in about three drops of milk out of a little thing no more like a milk cup than a gridiron. They held their tea cup in their hands and began to sip, red hot as it was : Sister said, “ You’d better try a cup of our hyson, brother—I guess you’ll like it.” I thought I must do as I was bid again ; and so I tried to work it as the rest did—I got my cup into my hands : but I am sure it was hotter than the rest ; for the very faucer burnt my fingers ; and at this moment along came the negro with another platter full of bread and butter—And now, had you seen me, you would have pitied me from your very soul.—In one hand I held the tea cup, as hot as a warming-pan ; and in the other a great bit of bread and butter ; and for my life I could not tell which way to go to work to eat the one or drink the other.—The sweat ran down my face with mere vexation ; but at length, as I was doleful-hungry, I made a greedy bite at my bread : in doing this I tilted the tea-cup in the other hand, so that sister’s hyson slopped over on my

fingers, and scalded me so intolerably, that down went bread and butter, tea-cup and all. The butter side of the bread fell spat on the knee of my new velvet breeches; and the hyson, after scalding my knee to a blister, run down my boot to my very toes—Up I jumped and capered about the room, like a bell-sheep; the boys and girls ran out of the room, and left sister and me together. I wiped my velvets, while she was picking up the fragments of my tea-cup; and as she carried them into the kitchen, I seized my hat, took a French leave, got old Sorrel from the stable; and after a ride of five hours I got safe home at ten o'clock at night.

I need not tell you that our folks were dolefully frightened to see me return at that hour; that if you happen to call pretty soon, you may see my new velvets half spoilt; poor me, limping round the house with a scald on my knee as big as a leather apron, and wife scolding like a bedlamite, because, as she says, I have disgraced the family—However, if I ever go to town *cousining* again, they may ship me for a jack-ass to the West-Indies.

THE LIMNER.

Egotism is a fault, from which very few of us are exempt. Newspaper editors, (I mean those only who sometimes write paragraphs) and newspaper essayists, in particular, are generally egotists. In a late excursion I came across a great egotist, who had the appearance and deportment of a gentleman.

I took my seat in the mail-stage with five other passengers, all strangers to me, and who appeared to be but little acquainted with each other. "It is an uncomfortable mode of travelling," said the egotist—"I wish I had taken my horse and sulky. I have just bought one of the best horses and the finest sulky in the state." The stage plunged into a deep rut with such violence, that every passenger was jostled from his seat—"Cursed roads," exclaimed Egomet after he had recovered his seat, "it puts me in mind of a droll affair I lately had with the road commissioners in our town. I convinced them of the necessity of attending to their duty." He then told a long story, of which I heard but very little, and ended with saying—"I did not want the money myself; I gave it to the poor." We passed an elegant house. "A fine situation," remarked one of the passengers. "Tolerable", replied Egomet, "but I would not give my house in town for five of it. I got mine, a great bargain, too. I knew how the business was situated; and so, took advantage—having all the cash by me." The next thing that drew our attention, was a carriage, with a lady very transparently dressed. A word was dropped concerning the *lightness* of fashionable female clothing. "Ay," interrupted Egomet, "the lightness of female clothing! that reminds me of a funny joke that I gave a lady of the first circle the other evening in company. I offered to bet her my gold watch against one kiss, that every

article of her dress could be drawn through my ring"; holding up his hand and displaying an elegant diamond ring. A gentleman passed with a very neat cane. Exclaimed Egomet, "if I did not know positively that I left my gold-headed cane locked up at home, I could swear that man had stolen it."

You may suppose, that by this time, we were all convinced that Egomet, was a man of high standing; and, thus far, it would appear that he was excessively ostentatious.—Circumstances, however, soon arose, which let us into a knowledge of his true character. Egotism, monstrous Egotism, was his foible. He chose to be the hero of every tale. He wished to be thought an adept in every thing. We halted for dinner. A roasted pig was brought on. He carved it with great dexterity. "This pig is badly dressed," said he—"I always dress my own pigs at home. I trust nobody else with it." A buxom girl waited upon the table. She stepped out of the room. "I never see one of these tavern-maids, but I think of a curious frolic I once had"——————She came in and interrupted him. After dinner, we heard a noise, at the door. Two fellows were engaged in boxing. They fought badly, and were parted. "Blundering dogs!" exclaimed Egomet, "I could whip a dozen such in ten minutes."

In the afternoon, passing a large field, we heard the report of a gun. A man had shot a lark. "I am very fond of that sport," said

Egomet,—“ I have a fowling-piece at home that cost me forty-seven guineas in London ; and it was cheap enough too, I never missed my mark with her but once, and then she was very foul. ”—Crossing a stream, we saw a boy angling for trout. This gave rise to a tedious story about angling ; and thus the whole day passed, no person having an opportunity to speak but Egomet ; and he carefully avoiding every subject but himself. As I am something of an egotist myself, you may conclude, I was not a little pleased to find that he had got to his journey's end that evening.

GRAVITY.

SIR ISAAC, that surprising Man,
 Long toil'd, with fruitless industry,
 The universal Cause to scan
 Ere he discover'd GRAVITY.

At length, one day, by chance, he spied
 An apple falling from a tree ;
 Then with triumphant joy he cried—
 “ The thing I sought for ! GRAVITY.”

That all things to their centre tend,
 Since NEWTON's days the Learn'd agree ;
 Prince, Statesman, Soldier, Lover, Friend,
 Has each his point of GRAVITY,

Self-interest, ambition, love,
 Compose the mighty Centres three,
 Tow'rd's which all human creatures move,
 With various pow'rs of GRAVITY.

The Judge, who looks so sternly just,
 So void of partiality,
 Like other atoms of frail dust,
 Is bias'd oft by GRAVITY.

The Lawyer, who turns black to white,
 And *vice versa*, for a fee,
 Acknowledges his magic might,
 Depends on *golden GRAVITY*.

The sage Physician, to whose skill,
 We trust our lives, if sick we be,
 (Let his prescription cure or kill)
 Owes half his fame to *GRAVITY*.

The crafty son of Merchandize
 Who labours like the busy bee,—
 Both when he sells and when he buys,
 Puts on the mask of *GRAVITY*.

As for the poor hard-toiling race,
 It needs no great sagacity,
 Their plain propensities to trace,
 Without the aid of *GRAVITY*.

But now I find the theme I sing,
 Begins to operate on me—
 So, Muse, compose thy weary wing,
 And sink in silent *GRAVITY*.

EPIGRAM.

Once two divines, their ambling steeds besriding,
 In merry mood, o'er Boston neck were riding,
 At length a simple structure met their sight,
 From whence the felon takes his hempen flight,
 When, sailor like, he squares accounts with hope,
 His all depending on a single rope—

'Ah where, my friend,' cried one, 'where now were
you,

Had yonder gallows been allow'd its due?'

'Where,' said the other in sarcastic tone,

'Why *where*—but riding into town *alone*.'

THE WITLING AND CLOWN.

A Witling of the dashing kind

Ask'd Hodge if he had seen the wind,

"Yes that I have quoth Hodge I vow,"

"I saw a mighty wind just now."

" You *saw* it Hodge ? it cannot be,"

Replies the man of repartee.

" Pray what was't like ? like" quoth the clown,

" T'was like t' have blown my cottage down !"

EPIGRAM.

A Sportsman not less keen than he
For quizzing wit and repartee,
One stormy night when winds blew high
Essay'd on Teague a *boax* to try ;
Ask'd what he'd take on distant tow'r
To face the pelting blast an hour.

" Take" quoth he—for wits too old,

" Take" what take ? " why take a—
COLD !!"

IMPROMPTU.

SAYS Thomas to George, " of what use is a *key*

" But treasure from thieves to secure ?

" What then is't if left in full view at the door,

" But rogues to the plunder t'allure ?

To the question of Thomas, George nodded " yes,"

" Why then replied Thomas, I see,

" The reason why each pretty Miss *on her breast*,

" Conspicuously fixes a *key*."

PROMISES IN BUSINESS.

Being a conscientious tradesman, and often put to shifts and inconvenience to act with entire satisfaction to myself and customers, I have had a deal of concern on my mind to find out some method to serve both them and myself to good purpose : for I do not like to tell fibs *unless I can gain some advantage by it*.

The matter is this—I am apt to promise to do work within a fixed period, and seldom keep my word. Thus a man bespeaks a pair of boots, and says they must be done by that

day week ; willing to oblige him and secure the job, I assure him, upon the honour of a gentleman, that they shall be ready on the *very day*, knowing, notwithstanding, that I have already engaged more work than I can do in six months. My customer calls, exactly at the time, and were I equally punctual, all would be well—but every body knows that the memory of the man who promises is not so *exact* and *strong* as his to whom the promise is made, and so it happens that I have forgotten the boots—and sure it can be no crime to have a bad memory—and if a man cannot remember, how can he ? I make my apology accordingly, and *promise* anew—but as my evil genius will have it, time goes on, and the appointed day comes round again, and still the boots are unfinished ; disappointment succeeds to disappointment, until at length my customer grows outrageous, and perhaps abusive.—Now what is to be done ? I am desirous of obliging every body, and yet satisfy but few. Dick Trim lately affronted me very much. He came to my shop, with a strip of paper in his hand, on which he had noted down the number of times I had deceived him, and even preserved a record of the very words I had used from time to time—and really alarmed me as he read aloud, before my apprentice boys, the catalogue which he had preserved of my transgressions ; and after that he pulled a bible out of his pocket, and backed what he had already done with as many scripture quotations, against liars, as made my very

hair stand on end ; and in my confusion, being just at that time pounding a bit of soal leather, I hit my thumb and bruised it so violently, that I have not been able to do any work since—and so, having leisure, I take the liberty of making matters known to you.

This affair sorely grieved me awhile, but I took comfort on remembering that as to the *hard sayings* in the Bible, they were uttered expressly against the Jews—a stiff-necked, perverse generation—more than *six thousand years* ago ; and even that such of them as are in the Testament are *very old*, and almost *worn out*. But, as Dick affronted me so much, and I did not wish him to make any more such unmannerly visits, I got rid of him by making my boys finish his boots and take them home ; and I am resolved, let what will happen, he shall never enter my shop again ; for I will let him know I have as rich relations, and am as good a man, and come of as good a family, and support as good a reputation as he, and am not ashamed to speak my mind to him, nor meet him any day—only let him keep his scrips of paper and his bible to himself—and not come troubling his neighbours, who do not want any of his reading.

But I do profess, what with one, and what with another, they almost put me beside myself. A “cute” old gentleman in our street, knowing how my customers vex me with their unreasonableness in expecting me to keep my word, whether it suits me or not, has recom-

mended me to get a thing made, which will be a sort of wheel of fortune, and which shall go slowly round, by internal clock work. To this wheel I am to have as many prizes as I have customers, and as many blanks as I choose; and when a prize is drawn against any one's name, the fortunate adventurer shall have his work done immediately. The advantage, he says, will be here; that all standing an equal chance there will be less grumbling among the disappointed, each will be fortunate *some day*—and I shall save my poor brains numberless tormenting quandaries, and my tender conscience some twitches and qualms. At first, I thought his proposal a piece of queer impudence, or wag-gery; but having considered the matter, I am inclined to think well of it, believing it may prove a *convenience*; and would also recommend it to the notice of my brother mechanics, and to merchants and others, who have occasion to make and to break a deal of promises, when dunned either for work or for money; for, it will prove a saving of time, and keep a man from telling so many fibs; and when any one calls for an answer, let him look to the *wheel*, and not bother the master of the shop, who will, of course, take care to make the machine move slowly and have a plenty of blanks.

It was but last week that a merchant's apprentice, a pert, forward chap, who left his boots to be repaired, only a few months before, brought his marking pot and brush, to

my house, and receiving the usual answer, without further ado made a long black stroke quite across my shop wall, and said that every time he came there after, and I told him a lie, he would do the same. As I hate such doings, I plainly told him it was foolishness, and would answer no purpose, for, says I, you will soon black the wall all over, and what will you do then? "Do!" said the saucy youth—why then I will begin to mark with white, and after that with black again, until you get my boots done."

Now I have no relish for such nonsense, and shall abominate his nasty markings, and would almost as soon have another visit from Dick Trim, with his slip of paper and bible; for they will be like a standing reproach to me every time I look up, and also tempt some of my other customers to be equally mischievous, and if any one should take it in his head to cut a notch on some part of my shop every time I disappointed him, I should soon see an end of shop and all, and be literally cut out—and yet I do not know but I am threatened with a worse evil or plague than them all; for Joe Twist said, but last night, "Simon, I have called so often for the shoes I left here to be mended, some months ago, that I am resolved I will call but *once* more."

"Fellow, says I, why I do not care if you never call again (for I had his shoes and could lose nothing as I thought)—but he answered me, very coolly, that call *once* more he would, and bring his taylor's work with him, and not

stir from my house, but *eat, drink and sleep* with me, till his shoes were mended ! Should others hear of Joe's threat, and be like minded, I shall soon be eaten out of house and home, and business too, and therefore I am determined to do something "right off hand" to get rid of these *pestlements*; so I have been thinking, that, if so be you will get a wheel made for me, and send it to my shop, I will put it up and try it, and then enter into a *promise* to make you a pair of boots.

N. B.—An apprentice wanted ; none need apply but of *good character and sharp ; fit to look after the wheel.*

CHARACTERISTICS.

Fortunately for mankind, and the harmony of society, our tastes and inclinations are as various and as different, as our faces and forms. Although we all unite in one great object of pursuit, and all our wishes and exertions have happiness for their end and aim, still, our ideas of the proper means to attain it, are always dissimilar, and often opposite in the extreme. "All Nature's difference, keeps all Nature's peace," says the most sensible of the English bards. The cause of this difference is referred by metaphysicians and moralists to the natural dispositions, talents or bias of the mind, or, to mental habits and propensities, acquired by education or other accidental circumstances. But it is not my business to solve this wonderful enigma. In hot weather, it is better to make ourselves easy, and to

take logical dogmas for granted, than to puzzle our brains with attempts to penetrate the grand arcana of the mind, or to discover the reason, why it is a useless employment to dispute concerning the difference and variety of our tastes.

My friend *Dan Spondee*, was of opinion, that the great secret, whereby a man may gain universal esteem, consists in gravity. He accordingly marched on through life with a solemn step and serious countenance and descended into the grave with the "austere composure" of a disciple of Diogenes. Peace to his ashes! Yet I have often smiled at his whim, and pitied his affectation, for he had assumed a character that "sat awkwardly about him," and which encumbered and embarrassed him most grievously. His taste was formed very early in life, by living with an old gentleman, for whom, he entertained a degree of respect, that rendered the ancient's words oracular, and even the nod of his head, a subject of high importance. Dan beheld the wig and scarlet cloak of his venerable friend with superstitious awe. The gold-headed cane, was in his opinion an emblem of sanctity and honour, not exceeded by the sceptre of a monarch. If Dan swore by the Morocco slippers of Justus, he esteemed his oath as sacred as the oath of the Celestials by Styx, which bound the Gods with an indispensable obligation. But alas, how vain are human wishes! How are our inclinations

and our means at variance ! Poor Dan now lies mouldering in an obscure corner of a church-yard ; not a stone marks his humble grave, and when his few surviving friends are no more, Oblivion's sable cloud shall settle on his turf, and his name and remembrance be utterly forgotten.

Dick Beeswax, has a bundle of habits sticking to him, which will encumber him through life, and prove continual impediments in his progress towards the goal of his ambition. His taste is for the fine arts ; his aim to excel in them all ; and the consequence is, he is perfect in none. This is a common character ; yet Dick has some singularities worthy of notice. Does he hear a lady play a number of airs, he is sure to applaud the worst. He talks with gravity to children, discourses concerning the belles-letters with a mechanic, and prattles about love and romances with a judge. He once affronted a party of modest and respectable females, by quoting some *single* entendres from a foreign publication, and in defence of his conduct, paid a fine *compliment* to the understandings of his offended auditors by declaring, that, the charm of novelty, was like the mantle of charity, and would effectually cover a multitude of sins. Dick, however, is *distinguished*, and he thinks himself admired. This is enough for him, and vain would be the task of endeavouring to correct his manners, by disputing with him about the evil tendency of his taste.

But, in order to prove, that each man has a doating partiality to his own taste, it is not necessary to seek for singular and striking examples among the whimsical and eccentric of our species. A candid examination will convince every one of the truth. Shakespeare says, with that propriety of thought, and strength of expression, by which all his writings are characterised, that “our judgments are like our watches; not two agree, yet each believes his own.”

CHARACTERISTIC.

To catch the “manners living as they rise,” and to delineate them with a faithful pencil, have employed the labour and attention of the most distinguished ornaments of literature and science. This subject though variously agitated, has not become stale and uninteresting — In the revolution of time, it presents to our view many distinct and disagreeing phases, interspersed with individual objects of sufficient importance, to attract our attention and interest our feelings. To examine and describe those appearances as they occur in succession; to pourtray the manners of a people, or the character of a nation, is the business of the impartial and philosophick historian, while to discuss the customs of a particular place, or the peculiarities of an individual character, falls more exclusively within the province of the observing essayist; who will always be fortunate if his selection should be so happy, his imagination so rational & excursive, and

his style so polished and correct, as to enchain the attention of the reader even for a few minutes.

In our intercourse with the world, it is necessary that our habits and manners, should assimilate themselves to those of the community in which we exist. The collective sense of mankind has every where erected a general standard; the admeasurements of which are to direct us in cases of doubt and dilemma.

In this respect, custom is literally a tyrant; that which has been most extensively sanctioned, is certainly preferable. It is as cogent an argument in favour of a particular action, as it is in support of the meaning of a given word, to say that practice has uniformly established it. Who is there possessed of a mind so penetrating and a judgment so infallible as to justify him in denouncing all the world beside; and in asserting that his conduct alone is correct and defensible.

An ostentatious singularity of manner, the invariable indication, of unbounded vanity and a contracted soul, is not more reprehensible than that assumed vulgarity of manners, (ironically termed philosophick) which affects to deride the opinion of the world.

Curius was a man of rather diminutive stature, his form possessed neither the elegance of proportion, nor the grace that is the consequence of activity; in fact, it was "just not ugly." His face devoid both of symmetry and regularity of feature, was like his body deficient in masculine lineaments, and his counte-

nance, though it wanted intelligent expression, had a half-cunning self-satisfied cast, that at once introduced you to his character : and if he smiled, your acquaintance with it might be said to be complete.

Had Curius known the celebrated Chesterfield, he would have regarded him with the most abhorrent antipathy; infinitely would he have preferred the awkward rusticity of a clown to the feminine refinement of the accomplished Lord. Roman integrity and Roman simplicity were the eternal themes of his eulogy. I have seen him thrill with rapture while descanting on the character of Cincinnatus, and if the elegance of modern times, presented itself in contrast to his imagination, he would execrate and revile it until overpowered by the conflicting sensations of anger and contempt. Should a female wish to ensnare him, she would much more certainly insure success by assuming the manner and attire of the artless tenant of the Hamlet, than by arming herself with the bow and quiver of the Cyprian youth, or the Cestus of beauty. To have dressed and acted in the customary way, would have been to him the most distressing and mortifying punishment. Sooner would he have passed for a thief than a fashionable man. Rather than to have had a brilliant seal or a golden key appended to his watch, he would have foregone the use of it. In consequence of this, poor Curius, though highly esteemed by his friends, (for he had many truly valuable qualities) was pointed

at, even sometimes hissed by the boys as he walked along the streets; and to the girls he was a source of eternal amusement. Indeed his remarks, when combined with his truly original manners, had something so peculiarly singular in them, that they would have put to rout the most determined gravity. With the highest zest for the pleasures of social conversation—he was frequently disappointed in his enjoyment. Frequently have I seen him leave the most delightful circles, disgusted and chagrined with an half formed determination to seclude himself for ever.—From these unfortunate circumstances a heart of the most inestimable value, and a mind that was almost amiable in its defects, became nearly insulated. He might be truly termed a microcosm. He was so disjoined by his habits and manners from the great structure of society as to form no part of the building which he seemed destined to ornament and support.

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die ?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
 And taught me pretty how to play,
 And minded all I'd got to say ?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well ?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 To love God's holy Book and Day,
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who was so very kind to me ?

My Mother.

Ah ! no, the thought I cannot bear,
 And if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will sooth thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

FRAGMENT.

MONITOR.

A futile, inconclusive argument.—
 Give me plain sense and unaffected truth ;

I disbelieve your fancied, rapturous joys,
 Illusions all. Romance and Poesy!—
 Vile impositions, formed to cheat mankind
 Of money, time, and manly energy.
 Oh mention them no more, I hate the sound.

AUTHOR.

'Tis sordid love of gold debases you,
 Absorbing every soul-ennobling passion.
 The tear of sympathy, the god-like wish,
 Th' impassioned glow of sensibility,
 That, while it views the miseries of man,
 Affords alleviation; these delights
 You never knew.

MONITOR.

Nor is it my desire.
 The sympathies, the sensibilities,
 The tender woes, which affectation feigns,
 Are foreign to my heart. I reprobate
 That soft, disgusting imbecility,
 Which quite emasculates our faculties.
 No more pursue deceitful vanities,
 Imagination's fascinating pleasures,
 Or sportive fancy's fond, illusive wiles;
 Abandon such allurements of the mind;
 Be my companion, quit these vain delights;
 Come, tread with me preferment's flow'ry path,
 And leave to madmen Fiction's airy flights.

AUTHOR.

Cease, tempter, cease to censure my pursuits;
 For intellectual joys are permanent
 And pure. Deceptive, fleeting are the gifts
 Of affluence, of elevated station.
 When smiling hours exhilarate our lives,
 For Fiction's charms increase endeared enjoy-
 ments;
 Or when calamity diffuses gloom,
 And wretchedness; then let imagination
 Waft us o'er mountains, groves, and vales of bliss,
 Communicating pleasures unalloyed.

Far lovelier the tints, which Fancy's power
 Displays to pale misfortune's mental view,
 Than all the scenes of dark reality ;
 Far lovelier joyous day's irradiant hues,
 Than melancholy night's obscurity.

THE LITTLE COT.

ROUGH Boreas now comes forth,
 Far from the distant North,
 And coldly whistles round our humble dome ;
 But we, secure, admire
 Our comfortable fire,
 Possessing joy, a friend, and happy home ;
 We look around, and bless our obscure lot,
 Pleasure and mirth within our little Cot.

While some poor helpless form,
 Doom'd to the pelting storm ;
 Cold and dejected wanders o'er the plain,
 Made white by fleecy snow,
 Where streams no more can flow,
 Being bound by tyrant frost's despotic reign ;
 How he would bless his comfortable lot,
 Cheerful and warm within our little Cot.

The social song is sung,
 While mute is ev'ry tongue ;
 Attention's paid to ev'ry vocal strain,
 That speaks of battle's rage,
 Of heroes who engage
 In murd'rous war, and seek superior fame.
 We praise each feat and well constructed plot,
 While seated happy in our little Cot.

Toil fills each passing day,
 But when it fades away,
 Nocturnal pleasures, rural sports succeed ;
 We envy not the great
 Who ride in coach and state,
 Convinc'd our life's felicity indeed,

Peace, plenty, innocence, are all our lot,
And sweet contentment in our little Cot.

WAR AND PEACE.

WHEN the sweet-smiling Moon rolls her orb through
the sky,
And the white clouds are flying afar,
I rove
Through the grove,
While no danger is nigh,
And with pensiveness utter a heart-broken sigh,
As I think on the horrors of War.

O'er the earth, hostile armies, in battle, around
Spread destruction and carnage afar ;
While blood,
Like a flood,
Stains with crimson the ground ;
And the groans of the dying, unnumber'd resound ;
Oh ! the merciless horrors of War !

Heav'n hasten the time when the battle shall cease,
And dread terror be banish'd afar ;
When love
Like the dove
With the Emblem of Peace,
Shall return to the Ark, and that wretchedness cease,
Which embitters the horrors of War.

Then the vulture Despair, from Misery fly,
And no ill-omen'd grief-bearing star,
Shall keep
Gentle sleep
From the fatherless eye,
Nor disturb the repose of the brave, with a sigh
For the wide wasting horrors of War.

LINES

Occasioned by overhearing an answer of one of the Turkish Captives in New-York to some questions respecting his wife. The words were :—" She look for me every day ; but I no come."

NOW o'er the darkly heaving main,
Her jet eye bright in sorrow roves,
And still she seeks, but seeks in vain,
The swelling sail of him she loves.

A sail appears—her heart beats high,
And from the lofty terrace see,
The signal flutt'ring to the sky,
Which should have been my guide to thee.

The whisp'ring breeze enamour'd, plays,
'Midst each perfum'd and filken fold,
And hast'ning low, the sun's last rays
Illume each tint, with brilliant gold.

Alas ! in vain—no answ'ring sigh,
Proclaims Abdullah's glad return ?
Yet, as 'twere Mecca's fainted shrine,
Still dost thou watch the surge, and mourn.

Retire, my love ! the ev'ning dew
Will damp thy tresses, as they play ;
Retire ! and in thy dreams review
His image, who is far away.

THE IDLER.

A hungry wolf is not more dangerous to a flock of sheep, nor a cat to a mouse, than an *idle* man is to the industry of a neighbourhood.

A pleasant story is told of a fellow who went into a town-market, and placing himself in the centre thereof that he might be seen by the butchers, began to gape wide his jaws

and yawn in a formal manner; when (so great is the power of sympathy) the whole of the butchers, as they stood at their shambles, began to gape and yawn in concert.

This tale, whether true or false, is explanatory of the influence of an *idler* on those within his sphere. The industrious citizen, who views his neighbour lolling indolently in his porch, begins immediately to draw envious comparisons. ‘Behold,’ saith he; ‘mine is a life of labour; I toil, and I sweat; but yonder man, who is no richer than I am, pleasantly passeth away his time, puffing the cares and disquietudes of the world from him with smoke from a segar, or an old tobacco-pipe: I will go and do likewise.’ Foolish man! thou hadst better not.

In the midst of summer, when the meridian rays of the Sun oppress by their intense heat the whole animal creation, who is there that has not experienced the attractive power of an *idler* as he loiters in the shade? “Lo!” crieth one; “there is *Lawrence* seated under the shadow of yonder building; doubtless it is a cool and a refreshing place; come let us go and sit with *Lawrence*.” Friend, if thou valuest life, thou hadst better mind thy business, and pursue an object more estimable than pleasure and ease; that will be profitable to thyself, to thy family, thy friends, or the public.

Attracting by his evil example a circle of disciples around him, the *idler* becomes an important personage. He is the instrument

of VICE and worketh wonders: The group whom the evil influence of his indolence hath collected together, amuse themselves with trifles; serious and weighty topics of discourse are too burthensome for their mind; quips, cranks, and legends only are palatable. When the chief *idler* hath spread himself upon the portico, *Nathan* the carpenter espying him leaveth his work, and flies to him just to have a little chat. Then comes *David* the smith; and *Ephraim* the hatter; and *Barnaby* the scribe. The tale passeth round, and every one is merry—Meanwhile the Sun journeyeth to the west, and the work of *Nathan* and *David* and *Ephraim*, and *Barnaby*, is neglected; and when called for, it is unfinished. Verily if they continue under the enchantment of the *idler*, poverty will overtake them.

The *idler* is generally mischievous: He playeth off tricks, and is always contriving stratagems to render some one ridiculous, in order that he may have a subject for merriment. He gathereth on his memory the tattle of the day, and retaieth it in scraps to regale his companions. A joke is his supreme delight: and ribaldry his highest diversion.

Wherever these *idlers* abound, health, wealth, and virtuous morals decay. They gather together corrupt youth, and lead them very often to drunkenness. Full many a promising citizen has fallen a prey to the vicious practices of an *idler*.

Beware of him, therefore; for his is the

road to poverty, and the path that leadeth to misery.

NOBODY'S COMPLAINT.

Aye Nobody—and why not?—As for my single self, I see no just cause or impediment why my name and a newspaper should not be joined together, in the tenuous bands of scribbling wedlock, as any other body. There is your Busybody, and your Anybody, and your Somebody, and your Everybody—each in his turn run the race of typographical notoriety; whilst I, who boast a pedigree as great, nay, being eldest of the Body family, of greater antiquity than either, am doomed to grope through the labyrinths of mere verbal consequence. Against such an unequal distribution of rights among brethren of the same principle, and of the same texture, I solemnly protest and more especially against the unhallowed profanation of my good name and character. Yea, in my own proper capacity I am resolved to defend both; and, contrary to a certain dogma of philosophers, prove, that I, *No* body, possess the fundamental principles of a *real* body, or matter! inasmuch as I occupy *space*, to wit, length and breadth; though as for *depth* I do not contend.

All my enemies—that is, all the world, utter daily calumnies on my fame—Ought I not then to avenge it?

Says Goody Gaffer, ‘John! you will be the ruin of your family—carousing it every

night: Who was with you last night?"
'With me, mother—nobody!'

Little master lets fall a glass—it breaks—in comes the nurse—'Sirrah! who did this?'
'Nobody!'

Miss has a lover—he stays late—next morning a female friend gets a hint of it—for *the balmy breeze whispers these things to the sex*—She calls on her, and after some chit-chat, dryly observes, 'why really Melinda, you seem indisposed to-day—I fear you rested ill last night——Oh! while I think of it, prithee what rude creature kept you up so unseasonably?' 'Rude! me up! (stammering and crimsoning) why—why—Nobody!—when I'd swear by the ghost of a shadow that I never saw the hussy)

Obadiah Primrose is a beau; he struts about big with himself; wears a frizzled crop, bolster cravat, three inch vest, sack pantaloons, Suwarrow boots with tassels; carries a six inch rattan, and visits the ladies.

The other day, in a large circle, whilst officiously pressing a lady to take some lemonade, which she had repeatedly declined, he turned a part of it upon her gown. A friend, who sat near, but did not at the moment see the transaction, shortly after observing her gown soiled, inquired who did it? Maria, twisting up the tip of her nose, and glancing at Obadiah, replied with burlesque solemnity, 'Alas! *Nobody*;' What an insult to my name!

A young woman makes a false step; it

leaks out, all the world whispers, ' Whose is it; whose is it? ' and the same world maliciously answers, ' *Nobody knows!*' Scoundrels! when I know nothing at all about it.

TO CERTAIN LADIES OF W———,
and its vicinity, the petition of the word

"SHOULD,"

HUMBLY SHEWETH

That your petitioner has, from time immemorial, by the united suffrage of all the Lexicographers, Dictionary-makers, Grammarians, and other word-mongers, who have exercised jurisdiction over the English language, been denominated, classed and arranged among the auxiliary verbs—and that all the assistance which your petitioner has been called upon to render to the principal verbs, to which he has from time to time been attached, has been in cases, where duty was implied, doubt expressed, or a question asked—As, for example;

"Your ladyship *should* speak correctly."

"If your ladyship *should* speak correctly."

"*Should* your ladyship speak correctly?"

For the verification of these statements, your petitioner refers your ladyships to the works of *Lowth, Perry, Ash, Sheridan, Johnson, Lindley Murray*, and others.

Yet, notwithstanding the business of your petitioner was thus definite and confined, he has of late been frequently placed in situations awkward and uncomfortable, and which he

was never designed to fill. With much humility, your petitioner ventures to add, that your ladyships have been greatly implicated in the abuses he has sustained. Your petitioner, May it please your ladyships, is far from intimating, that you have thus abused him, with an *intent* to wrong and injure—No; he knows that you have acted by the instigation of a certain determined foe to all correctness of diction, known by the different names of *Ton*, *Fashion*, and *modern refinement*.

Your petitioner will proceed to state the particular case, in which he considers himself principally aggrieved. It has become fashionable, when a remark is to be retailed *second hand*, and it is needless to state, how often *your ladyships* have occasion for that mode of speech—it has become tonish in such cases to forego the old, homely, established form and to introduce your poor petitioner—thus laying on him a grievous and unprecedented burden; as, *ex. gra.* instead of “I heard that Mr.——said &c.”—“I heard Mr.——*should* say, &c, &c.”—thus conveying an idea not that Mr.——*made* the remark, but that he *ought* to have made it. When the object is simply to state a declaration actually made by Mrs.——, your petitioner cannot perceive the necessity of such a mode of speech as the following, “*I heard Mrs.——should* declare.” Nay, so irritated is your petitioner with his personal injuries, and so anxious for the purity of that diction, of which he forms a humble member, that he does not hesitate to de-

clare such perversions of language, grossly ridiculous, monstrously affected and absolutely absurd.

Your petitioner, therefore, humbly prays, that his case may be taken into consideration and that your ladyships would be graciously pleased to correct this procedure—and,

He, as in duty bound shall ever pray—

TRUTH.

Truth may justly be defined a conformity of words with thoughts and actions. When, the question is asked, "Can you tell me the truth," every one readily answers in the affirmative.

The truth is so simple and easy to be spoken, that the child, the poor and illiterate, have the same ability in this respect, as the man of mature years, the affluent, and the learned.

All acknowledge the general utility of truth, and their indispensable obligation to adhere to its sacred injunctions; therefore it is no wonder it finds so many friends and advocates. —

I will enumerate a few classes and professions of men conspicuous for *this virtue*, and at the same time, I would have others who are not particularly mentioned, consider themselves not less skilful in this *useful art*.

The farmer has live stock and produce to sell. The purchaser comes, and begins his inquiries. The farmer begins to tell the *truth*. His horses are sound, wind and limb.

His oxen are excellent for business, gentle, easy to manage, and never leaped over a fence two feet high. His cows are first rate for milk, and each fills a pail. His butter was all made in autumn, and his cheeses are all new milk.

The buyer depreciates every thing, and can afford to give but small prices. The market, says he, was extremely dull last week, articles sold for almost nothing, and, the probability is, they will continue to fall.

No sooner has the customer entered the merchant's shop, than he begins to hear the *truth*. The vender makes a specious introduction, mentions his fine assortment, and the good quality and cheapness of his goods. His gin is all Holland gin—his brandy undiluted, all French brandy and very high proof. His rum is all Santa Croix, excellent flavour, and totally unacquainted with *New England*. His molasses never drank any water, and his bohea tea never, by any accident, got mingled with his fouchong and hyson. His broadcloaths are superfine; very cheap, and will last forever. His calicoes, cambrics, chintzes and vests, &c, are beautiful figures, and the newest fashions.

In civil controversies, the party aggrieved hastens to the lawyer and tells the encroachment of his neighbour. Now, says the plaintiff, hear all the circumstances, view the merits of the cause, and give me faithful advice. He espouses the cause with friendly enthusiasm, and promises to speak impartially. He

begins to tell the *truth*. The case is plain — you have been injured, your rights infringed, and the termination of the suit will certainly be favourable. The trial commences, and the attorney is extremely happy to say that the merits of the cause which he advocates, perfectly coincide with his private opinion. Then witnesses advance, mount the stand and swear harmonious truths by wholesale.

Tailors and shoe-makers have, generally, a wonderful knack at speaking the truth.

Strolling beggars and bankrupts are famous for the truth. The honest beggar has lately been cast away at sea, or he was a faithful foldier in the revolutionary war, and was wounded fighting for his country.!!

The bankrupt has failed in trade. He has always been industrious, and managed with prudence and discretion. He has not spent his money at theatres—he has not attended balls and assemblies—he has not frequented brothel-houses, he has not followed gambling—he has not been extravagant;—*but he has been unfortunate!* He finds his debts exceed his capital, and closes business. He is *willing*; nay, very particular, to surrender to his creditors *all* his money and effects.

And now, I have mentioned a few classes of men “valiant for the truth.” You have been made acquainted with their merits and you know their wishes. You know, likewise, that “truth is the first ingredient in conversation”---a necessary requisite in legal proceedings and commercial intercourse, and the

best friend of Rulers and people. I have dwelt on the truth and nothing but the truth, and, presume the evidence adduced in behalf of the above characters is sufficiently explicit, and that you are ripe for a decision. I now put the final question whether you will give full credence to their declarations.

If it be your minds, to believe the *farmer, merchant, lawyer, and others*, you will please to say *Aye*. Gentlemen of a different opinion will say *No*.

TALE.

Reclin'd upon a bed of down,
(From some sad debtor ruthless torn)

The lawyer clos'd his wearied eyes :
Intreating sleep, grown coy, his rest to crown,
That with the early sun's uprise
He might his wonted path pursue
Where orphans goods attract his eager view,
Whose spoils already half his house adorn !
And where by potent aid of pliant law
He may their little all in his deep vortex draw.

Sudden a ray of distant light
Invades the doubly clos'd recess ;
His hov'ring slumbers put to flight,
And with increasing blaze, his sight oppresses.
His curtain opes ! a form whose look
His guilty soul with horror shook,
Fast by his side in blood-stain'd robes appears,
And in his quivering hand a dazzling mirror rears !

“ Dost thou not know me ? ah, full soon
Shall we terrific converse hold,
Unless thou grant'st my righteous boon
And quit thy cruel thirst of gold !”

H

Slowly he rais'd his drooping head,
 And to the vision, trembling, thus he said,
 " Who art thou ! and what mighty sacrifice
 Requir'st my passport to the shades of peace ? "

" My name is Conscience ! oft in vain

I strove to touch your flinty heart ;

But when at length access I gain,

Think not too lightly I depart ?

'Tis restitution ! I demand !

May that dread word still thunder in your ear,

Till it unclench your yet unsparing-hand,

And of your crimes in part my records clear.

" Behold ! where in this mirror true,

Yon injur'd woman fainting lies !

Her helpless orphans, robb'd by you,

Have sent to Heav'n their plaintive cries !

God heard them ! and commission'd me

Still on your midnight vigils to attend ;

Till you his high avenging arm should see,

Or, by restoring, make your Judge your friend !

" See further in that gloomy jail,

Your aged victim hopeless pines !

Nor aught his recent plunder can avail,

While famine, sickness, aid your dark designs !

The little your rapacious hand

Has failed to reach, your greedy eyes allure ;

And Death, that little to secure,

Awaits, prepared to strike, at your command !

Haste then ! make restitution ! set him free !

Or in a louder voice you yet will hear from me."

THE CONTEST.

'Twas in a lone sequester'd wood,

Close by the Mississippi's side,

Where genial zephyrs fann'd the flood,

Or skimm'd the surface of the tide :

A Mock-Bird, 'midst the feather'd throng,

Tun'd his glad notes to mirth and love !

The banks re-echoed to the song,
And fill'd with melody the grove.

When from a myrtle's branches gay,
With beauty join'd, with fragrance blest ;
Sweet Philomela rais'd her lay,
And thus the list'ning gale address'd :

“ Now tranquil is the winding shore,
And still the daisied meadows seem,
Save where the dashing of the oar,
Sounds on the Mississippi's stream.

Or where the Mock-Bird, perch'd on high,
With rapture fills the shady dale ;
With me let him the contest try,
To charm the much lov'd peaceful vale.”

Then thus began where breezes sigh'd,
Amongst the willows of the brook ;
The Mock-Bird with a conscious pride,
And the soft, daring challenge took ;

MOCK-BIRD.

“ See, see, the rose expands his bloom,
To scent th' ambient air around ;
But soon shall meet an hapless doom,
And drooping press the dewy ground.

Thus all must fade and leave this grove,
Where milder suns display their beams ;
Where temperate pleasure loves to rove,
And visit oft the murm'ring streams.”

NIGHTINGALE.

“ Behold, the sun reclines his head,
To sink beneath yon western hill ;
The evening sky is streak'd with red,
And smoothly glides each limpid rill.

The lily's snowy beauties spread,
To court awhile the vivid breeze ;
Whilst blossoms mingled odours shed,
Far scenting from a thousand trees.”

MOCK-BIRD.

" But look around where sable night,
With raven wing leads on the hours ?
Homeward each warbler bends his flight,
To seek repose in leafy bow'rs.

And from the moss clad forest, hark !
Faint echo's distant notes rebound ;
Roam through the regions of the dark,
And soft respond a feebler sound."

NIGHTINGALE.

" Now darts the moon her silver ray,
See how it gilds yon ivied grot ;
The gentle streamlets ling'ring stray,
As loth to quit this lonesome spot.

Safely now couch'd each warbler sits,
No agile pinions skim the sky ;
Save where the hateful screech owl sits,
And yields a tuneless feeble cry."

Thus Philomela pour'd her note,
Melodious on the night's dull ear ;
'Till emulation quell'd her throat,
Scarce can the muse withhold a tear.—

Too weak so long to urge the strain,
Eternal darkness shades her eyes ;
O'er-spent, she falls upon the plain,
Then faintly struggling, breathless dies.

There oft the Mock-Bird tells the tale,
And plaintively bewails her doom ;
When softer breathes the genial gale,
To cheer him in the mournful gloom.

E'er since, he tunes his nightly song,
Where groves and sylvan scenes excel :
Where winds the silver stream along ;
Mourning the notes he lov'd so well.

MODESTY.

NYMPH of the downcast eye,
 Sweet blushing MODESTY,
 Whose mien supplies the music of the tongue ;
 Thy charms were still delay'd,
 Thy beauties unpourtray'd,
 Though Fancy pencil'd while the Muses sung !

More lovely to my sight
 Than morn's returning light,
 That wakes the lowly dew-encumber'd rose,
 Or, mingling into day,
 With bright and purer ray,
 Its mellow lustre o'er the landscape throws.

O thou, the more admir'd
 When seeming most retir'd—
 Who far from pomp and grandeur lov'st to dwell ;
 Thou who art oft'ner seen
 Upon the village green,
 Or in the cottage, or the humble cell !

Come, sweet nymph, and bring with thee
 Thy sister, dear SIMPLICITY.

Come, gentle exile of Patana's shore,
 And draw the veil by Fashion rent aside ;
 Forbid each eye promiscuous to explore
 Those latent beauties Nature meant to hide.

Illume the cheek that recently display'd
 At once the lily's and the morning's glow :
 E'en in thy absence, health begins to fade ;
 And, see ! the crimson yielding to the snow.

And when thou com'st more grateful than the spring,
 Crown'd with green garlands, after winter's reign,
 With all thy blessings this instruction bring,
 And let the moral echo round the plain :

“ Those charms so fair were far more lovely still,
 If obvious only to the mental eye :
 Those beauties, form'd the ravish'd heart to thrill,
 Expos'd to all, will soon that power deny.

“ Those smiles, so open to the vulgar sight,
 Were soon unheeded as the mid-day beam :
 That bosom gives more exquisite delight
 Conceal’d, and throbbing but in fancy’s dream.

“ Arabia’s perfumes, lavish’d on the breeze,
 Soon grow familiar to the sated sense ;
 And each attempt that Beauty makes to please,
 Devoid of modesty, but gives offence.

“ The lofty fruit, that toil to reach demands,
 Acquir’d, a richer recompence bestows ;
 And the rude thorn, that guards from vulgar hands,
 But gives a higher value to the rose.”

THE PERPETUAL COMPLAINT.

BEING among the number of those with whom mankind are continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to those that have occasionally introduced them to the public. When I tell you I am as old as Time herself, you will allow, that on the score of longevity I ought to be respected ; and when I add that I am venerable in my appearance and temperature, as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant that I am not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, that though I seemingly take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, this circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality between us ; and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard ; for I must

confess, every body pays me due attention ; I am inquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necessary assistant to conversation : for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of their minds ; yet I am scarcely mentioned in any other light than as the source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name. Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour, sometimes too cold. If I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected of harbouring treacherous designs ; and men say to one another sarcastically, “ We shall pay for this ! ” If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am said to be good humoured even to satiety. Some wish me to weep when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay when I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be vapourish—if loud, boisterous and rude.—Aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting-corns, are often attributed to my influence. In short, I am so wretched, so censured, so abused, every day, that it would seem as if I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and

one who was present at the Creation.—But I will not detain you any longer, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance

THE WEATHER.

BEGIN IN TIME.

Albert possessed, at the death of his father, a wide domain; he planned vast improvements; and intended to meliorate the condition of his tenants. He daily contemplated this object; and resolved to set about it quickly. He thought of it in the morning and in the evening: but the follies and fashions of the times engrossed him for the remainder of the day; still he would do it; he was determined on it. Thus he continued until he had arrived at the age of forty, when he set about it in good earnest: But e'er he could complete his project, he died. He did not *begin in time*.

Clarissa was an enchanting girl; handsome, but not accomplished. She wished to be pious and godly; but she was *so* young; and had *so* many admirers—and, it would do when she grew older. She fell sick; Death hovered about her; then she wanted Religion; it was then she would begin; it was too late: she died in a phrenzied state. She did not *begin in time*.

Tom Dabball had a habit of swearing. He would fain mend it; he resolved on doing it; and he would begin soon. He kept on, however, till the age of fifty, and was then a

disgusting object of profanity. He began to mend ; but next year he departed this world. He did not *begin in time*.

Sam Thirsty was fond of strong drink. His friends told him if he persisted it would kill him. Sam laughed, thinking he could leave it off when he pleased. He grew old and grew worthless. Then he strove against it ; but it was all in vain : He did not *begin in time*.

Timothy Giddy chose to be a lawyer. He would study hard, that he would. He frolicked with the men and coquetted with the girls : Yet, he would begin, he said, to apply himself closely very soon. He went on in the old way, frolicking, coquetting and resolving, till the time came for him to appear at the bar. He knew nothing of law ; he had every thing to learn : He was laughed at, and scorned. He did not *begin in time*.

So it is with all things in life. Whatsoever you have to perform, therefore, do it presently, lest you die and the work should be left unfinished. Whether it be the improvement of the heart, of the mind, or of your estate, *begin in time*.

TOWN DRESS.

I am the only son of a farmer who has lived within twenty miles of your town for six years, and I have never yet been to see it ; but father has promised sister Nance and I, that as soon as haying and harvesting are over, we shall go to Marietta ; so you may conclude we are in a great "flusteration" about it.

Farmer Winrow's son was in your town last week, and tells such strange stories about the dress of the young men and women, that Nance and I are afraid to go there till we have heard more about it: he says as how the young men wear great trowsers as big as meal-bags with pockets at each side, into which they thrust their hands up to their elbows; and he says too as how they come up close under their arms—well, says I, then I suppose they don't wear any jackets? jackets, says he! why Tom they are not longer than a raketooth—so says I, and how is it then about their jacket pockets? pockets, says Ned Winrow! why they have cut off their old jackets above their pockets, so as to make new jackets, and new fashions of them; that's a good plan, says I, so away I goes, and gets mine cut the same way. Well; last Sunday when I went to dress me for meeting—fegs! the first I knew was that my jacket and trowsers would not meet by nine inches! so I had to give over going to meeting for that day, and father will not buy me any others, so I must stay at home and wear the old frock and trowsers, unless you think it will answer, to have my meeting ones lengthened up with wide waistbands and forepieces of another colour.

Now Ned Winrow tells sister Nance strange things about the way the girls must dress and talk if they mean to have folks take notice of them—he says they must first have a new bonnet from Mr. what do you

call him's new store ; and then they must go with their arms naked up to their shoulders : they must cut away the fore part of their gown down to within one inch of the Belt-Ribbon ; and must then draw over the open part of the neck, &c. a thin piece of gauze or Paris-net just to keep the flies from being troublesome. Now, says Nance, Ned, I do not believe that : O yes, says Ned, it is certainly true.—And then, says Ned, you must not call any of the male creation by their proper name, except a man, or they will turn up their little noses, cover up their faces, and blush.—And Ned further tells us as how he heard that you had alarmed some of the ladies so, they are almost afraid to look into your paper by publishing something that had Obs—Obs, *Obscurity* in it, I think they called it.—

Now I wish you to let me know how it is about piecing up the trowsers as soon as possible—also how you think it is best for Nance to dress when she goes to town.

STYLE.

CARE ought to be taken that our newspapers do not spoil our English. Every body reads them, and of course every body will be either disgusted with their faults, or adopt them for authorities.

If it be not incorrect, is it not affected to say, Mr. J. arrived passenger *on* the ship Florida ? As a large ship will contain several hundred men, I should think one man might

be supposed to go in the ship and cabin too, and not like a barnacle stick upon the bottom, or like lumber be exposed to the weather on the deck. Let affectation, which always looks a good deal like meanness, vanity and hypocrisy, let affectation be discarded, and in future let passengers arrive as formerly, snug and sheltered *in* a ship.

A writer *over* the signature of Zanga, is another buckram expression. Custom justifies, and therefore requires us to say, a writer *under* such a signature. The Connecticut papers are remarkable for telling us that a number of great *characters* came to town in the stage-coach. A man not unfrequently finds when he travels, that his character goes before him, and sometimes an unfortunate traveller leaves his character behind him. Now, this being permitted, it is quite clear that the aforesaid *characters* in the stage did not arrive alone without their lawful owner.

If a house burn down, which you know is generally occasioned by fire, our Gazettes inform us that the edifice fell a prey to the *devouring element*. Is not this high flown nonsense?

An *Obituary Notice*, translated into our mother tongue, means that somebody died. But as death kills some one or another every day, an obituary notice gives a sort of epick grandeur to the event. The French are very Homerick in their accounts of the slain in battle. They make every dead man bite the

dust. Instead of all Greek and Latin words, hard for common readers to understand, would it not be well to lay aside, in future, our *Obituary Notice*, and our *Necrology*, &c. and head the list of deaths with *Bite the dust*?

Common events cannot be related too simply and plainly, and too much vigilance cannot be used to prevent those corruptions and provincialisms which we have reason to fear will make our language as it is now written and spoken, unintelligible to our posterity.

CANTING.

THOUGH most men are different, yet search mankind through,

And *all* have a *Cant*, in whatever they do—

“*Mam*, examine that muslin,” the *Shopkeeper* says,
Who has retail’d in Corn-hill, such things all his days,
“’Tis as fine as a *hair*, and as thick as a *board*,
And more money, in London cost, *Mam*,—on my word.”

Thus praising their goods, they *all* lie and rant,
But never believe them—for ’tis but their *cant*.

Call the *Doctor*, and lo ! he puts on a grave face,
“Hem, Sir, I assure you, a very bad case ;
I should have been sent for before ; but no doubt
My skill and my pills the disease can drive out.”
Of his wonderful cures too, much he will vaunt,
Perhaps true, perhaps not, ’tis only his *cant*.

Apply to the *Lawyer*, behold he will quote
What my Lord *Coke* has stated, or *Littleton* wrote !
He will prate of replevins, demurrers and cost,
“And an action so manag’d can never be lost.”
The continuations and proof he will want,
And will *pocket his fee*—for that is his *cant*.

The *Soldier* will tell you the perils he's seen,
 The sieges and battles in which he has been ;
 Of the wounds he receiv'd and the feats he has done,
 And no music to him's like the roar of a gun.
 A part of his story most fully we grant ;
 For the rest—a foldier sometimes has his *cant*.

The *Critic* will snarl—"that line is too long,
 And the subject of this is too grave for a song."
 Then the style—"oh 'tis flat"—the metre—"oh
 worse ;"

"But we may put *any thing* now into verse."
 To seek out a blunder or fault he will pant,
 And cavil for words—for 'tis but his *cant*.

The *Author* exclaims, "'tis losing one's time,
 To employ it in prose, or in *fashioning* rhyme :
 If good, or if bad, yet still 'tis in vain,
 For the author no money nor praise can obtain ;
 No judges of merit or taste are extant,
 Are not all poets poor ?"—and that is his *cant*.

The *coquet* too will say, "I pray you be gone
 I ne'er was before with a man all alone ;
 O ! what will the world say ; I hate you, so go ;
 Nay, don't be affronted—I did not mean so."
 About *virtue* and *honour* too, much she will rant,
 You all must allow a coquet has her *cant*.

The *Buck* he will yawn and cry what a bore,
 "I ne'er saw the town half so stupid before ;
 I ha'nt had a row for at least now *four* days,
 And then so *fatiguing* are all our dull plays,
 Then the girls—my dear Jack, not a smile will now
 grant,

'Tis so cursed provoking"—and that's a *Buck's cant*.

If you speak but of London, or any thing in't,
 The fresh return'd *Traveller* quick takes the hint.
 "Excuse me—tis not so—I hope you'll allow
 My right—for I've been there, and therefore *must*
 know."

Of the wonders he has seen too, much will he vaunt,
 And most tiresome of all is the *traveller's cant*.

The *Editor* says, "lines to S." are on file,
 "On sleep" is in rather too sleepy a style.
 With personalities we never concern us,
 And must therefore refuse the essay of "Alvernus;"
 Of dullness like "R. T." we're never in want,"
 And much more he says—for 'tis but his *cant*.

PUNCTUALITY THE LIFE OF BUSINESS.

EVERY *man of business* will readily confess the truth of my text; and yet not one in a hundred, perhaps, is governed by it.

You are in great want of a pair of shoes—your shoemaker measures you for them—he will have them done such a day for certain—you call and send and send and call, and have good luck if as much as a thickness of foal leather be not worn out in running for them before you get them—while you are suffering in your health, and endangering your life by tramping about in leaky shoes.

The Taylor measures you for a suit of clothes—you have put off getting them as long as you could do without, and are now in a great hurry for them—he is liberal in promises, for promises cost nothing—but a violation of truth!—You are surely to have them on a set day—you fix your heart upon them—They are not done, but will be tomorrow—and may be this same story may be repeated till it is as thread bare as your old clothes, and your many disappointments devour more than half your pleasure in your new ones.

You take a piece to the weaver—you or your children are almost suffering for it.

“It shall be done in a few days.” A few weeks elapse—sometimes months, and even years, before you get your piece woven—and if it be not injured by mice or moths, you have to thank their forbearance for it.

The miller promises you your grist the next morning—Morning comes, and not a grain of it is ground. Several days roll round, your corn is still in the bag; and not unfrequently remains there till your hungry belly-ache makes you roar loud enough to frighten it into the hopper.

You want your grafs cut, your harvest in, your grain threshed out—You engage a person to assist you—You may depend upon it he will not disappoint you—But if your hay and harvest rot on the field, or the rats devour your grain, before your labourer arrives, you may console yourself with the reflection that you are not the first person that has been served so.

It is not merely these descriptions of persons who forget to remember that “punctuality is the life of business;” the same forgetfulness infests all classes of mankind.

The *employer* is often as far from punctuality as the *employed*.

Have not you suffered your taylor, your shoemaker, your weaver, or other workmen, to call again and again before you paid them their just dues?—Is not this a kind of robbery?—Besides robbing them of their money for a season, you rob them of their time in coming or sending for it—and “time is mo-

ney." If "the labourer be worthy of his hire," ought it not to be paid him when his labour is finished?

You, Mr. —, have owed your doctor a great while. He perhaps saved you from a speedy consignment to the "house appointed for all living"—and now you requite his services by refusing to pay his honest demand. Ingratitude is the vilest of vices—for all others there may be some apology—for this, none.

You, Mr. —, have a long bill due at Mr. —'s store. Punctuality is in a special degree the life of his business—without money he can get no goods—and without it, he had better sell none. Yet you detain his money from him, and perhaps lay it out for other objects not half so just or honourable. These things ought not so to be.

The Parson, among other good men, feels frequently, too sensibly feels, your want of punctuality. In this free country, no one is obliged to subscribe to the support of any Minister; so much the more ought you to be punctual in paying the small pittance which you have promised "the man of God." While he is toiling to furnish food for your immortal souls, surely you should provide him with sustenance for his mortal body—While he is seeking to make your death-bed easy, you cannot refuse your aid to render his life comfortable. Remember who has said, "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the Printer in my discourse. He is in a very difficult and disagreeable situation. He trusts every body, he knows not who; his money is scattered every where, he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his presses and his types, his labour and his living, all must punctually be paid for. You, Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, Mr. and Mr. —, and an hundred others that I could name, have taken Messrs. —'s paper a great while—You and your wives, and your children, and your neighbours, have been amused and informed, and I hope improved by it—if you miss one paper you think very hard of the printer or post for it, for you had rather go without your best meal than without your paper—have you ever complied with the condition of subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with your paper? Have you contributed your mite to repay him for his ink, his paper, his types, his presses, his hand-work, and head-work? If you have not—go—pay him off, “and sin no more.”

Verily, brethren, this want of punctuality is “a sore evil under the sun”—an evil which is felt by all classes and conditions of life, and which all ought to unite to scout out of society. The scripture moveth us in sundry places to render unto every one his due, and to “owe no man any thing;” and experience teacheth us that without punctuality there is

neither profit nor pleasure in business. But were it otherwise, promises ought not to be broken—"for what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

ADVERTISEMENT.

DOCTOR LOGGERHEAD,

Has the pleasure of informing his friends, and the public, that his celebrated "Omnipotent and Antimortuous Grindstones," have proved to be an undoubted *remedy for the whole catalogue of human maladies*. The whole fruits of his researches are united, in a wonderful manner, in these invaluable grindstones, and none have witnessed their effects, without astonishment the most profound. Having devoted a long and laborious life, solely to the investigation of those arcana in medicine, which have hitherto been hid from the Hippocrates' and Galens, both of ancient and modern times, Dr. LOGGERHEAD would deem it but affected modesty to deny, that he is a perfect master of his profession. He is sensible that many impositions have been practised on the public by illiterate and designing pretenders to discoveries in this science; and, although a few of those discoveries have been highly honourable to their authors, and useful to the community, yet not a single medicine has hitherto been known, whose power has not been baffled by some one of the diseases incident to man. Observing this grand difficulty, and irresistibly impelled, by motives of humanity, to attempt its removal, Doctor

LOGGERHEAD conceived, and has proved, the possibility of a general antidote. Uniting, in a single article, the virtues of all medicines, he has rendered the means of health perfectly efficacious and simple. So strong is the Doctor's conviction of the universality of the grindstone's applicability, that he hesitates not to risk his reputation as a man of truth, *and even as a physician*, in pronouncing his Grindstones a *certain, safe, and speedy cure for any disease whatever*.

Directions. The Grindstones must be taken, morning and evening, in doses of one to six dozens, according to the age, and constitution of the patient. To infants, they must be given in less quantities, and without the cranks. They may be masticated, or swallowed whole as is most agreeable, or convenient; for, in trifling matters, it is best to indulge the fancy of the patient. Should they create a nausea, the dose must be repeated; and in case of indigestion, a saw-mill, while in motion, must be administered; or, if the patient will submit to it, about 3-8ths of a grain of Eff Giz Jac, or the essence of the common Jacobin's Gizzard

DoCTOR LOGGERHEAD has often been himself disgusted by certificates of cures offered to the public—yet so respectable are the sources of the following, that he cannot, in justice to himself, and the public, refuse them publicity.

I hereby certify, that being for many years subject to ten thousand disorders, I used very

plentifully of Doctor *Loggerhead*'s omnipotent and antimortuous grindstones, and was instantly restored to perfect health.

TIMOTHY TUFFER.

I hereby certify, that I was formerly very much addicted to the hippo; being very furly and fullen, and frequently falling into mad fits; in one of which I very spitefully devoured all the patent Grindstones I could find, and have been hopping up and laughing ever since.

JEMMY JUMPS.

I hereby certify, that I unfortunately fell down in a mud puddle, and was unable to get up, until Doctor *Loggerhead* very humanely unloaded upon me a cart full of his omnipotent Grindstones; since which time I have never seen a mud puddle, nor have felt any inclination to approach one.

MARY PRIM.

This may certify that I have ever been taken for a natural fool, but Doctor *Loggerhead* says I am a very respectable man.

STULTUS SUMVELFUI.

Indeed it is very certain that I have been very sick all the days of my life; but Doctor *Loggerhead* has made me very well ever since.

PADDY O'BRIEN.

Middlesex ss.—August 26, 1805.

Then personally appeared the subscribers to the above certificates and made solemn oath that they are all true according to the best of their knowledge and belief.

VARNEY VERITAS, *Jus. P.*

N. B.—To prevent impositions, the public are informed that the *genuine* omnipotent and antimortuous Grindstones are round and flat; and are moreover accompanied with the seal and signature of the patentee.

SPECTACLES-MAGICAL.

THE custom of wearing spectacles, which I have observed has lately become so predominant among young men, has suggested to me many curious speculations. As glasses were formerly worn by aged persons to aid the imperfections of their visual organs, and seldom by any other persons, or for any other purpose, I became somewhat alarmed at seeing so large a portion of the young men suddenly accoutred with this badge of optical imperfection:—and being yet in my juvenile days, I was led to investigate the cause of so sudden and general a revolution in the optical system, under an apprehension of my own liability to so great a malady. That this grievous affliction should be peculiar to the male sex was what also much alarmed me, and led me into many curious and elaborate investigations of the structure of the different sexes, and particularly of the head.

But all my researches in philosophical as well as anatomical writings were in vain—I was still in the dark—still in jeopardy.

I have also for a long time laboured under grievous apprehensions from another consideration. Being somewhat inclined to study and deep thinking, I imagined that whenever my eyes failed so much as to need the assistance of glasses, I should be wholly deprived of the power, pleasure, and utility of thinking. You may, perhaps, think this very odd, but as the *root* of the nose is said to be the seat of thought, I readily supposed that the iron legs which are placed astride that part of the nose, would by their pressure preclude the possibility of thinking. I accordingly made the experiment; and truly, I found all my cogitative powers immediately benumbed; and I could do nothing but stare through the glasses at objects which were presented to my eyes. All power of reflection was lost. Hence I concluded glasses were an index of stupidity as well as defective eyes, particularly in *young* men.

But how rejoiced was I, when I discovered that the custom did not originate in any male-natural-optical-imperfection; but on account of a truly magical power which they are said to possess, the wonderful effects of which are discovered in the female sex only.

In justice, however, to some of the fair sex, I am conscious that there are those in whom these effects are not found. A young man of my acquaintance had the misfortune

to possess a pair of large white eyes, which were so forbidding to the ladies, that he despaired of any success in gallantry; but no sooner had he cased them with a pair of glasses, than all the ladies in town were proclaiming his elegant and respectable appearance. He found that he had undergone, in their eyes, a complete transformation. Every thing which he did was admired—every motion which he made was graceful and elegant. He was captivating—he was charming. Another young lad, who being by profession a Cobler, and by the bye not the purest character in the world, having discovered the magical power of spectacles, determined on trying what effect they would have in purifying *his character*, and how far they would operate in transforming him into a respectable gallant. Accordingly he put on his Sunday dress, and saddled his nose with a new pair of dashing spectacles-magical, and went into the next town, where he was wholly unknown; and in less than three days, if you will believe me, he was introduced into all the polite female circles of the town. He was caressed, flattered, and admired. His very impudence and rusticity were called originalities and fashionable accomplishments. In short, to speak in the style of his admirers, he was all *the go*—all *the rage*.

Another young beau, who had the misfortune to be the subject of frequent burlesque among the ladies, on account of the

crookedness of his legs and roundness of his shoulders, and several other natural deformities, besides a natural imbecility of intellect—having seen the surprising effect of spectacles-magical, clapped on a pair, and immediately found himself cried up by the ladies as one of the most elegant and sensible young men in the town.

Another, whose thorough libertinism and debaucheries had fixed upon his character, as he supposed, an indelible stigma among the fair sex, by the aid of a pair of spectacles-magical, immediately wiped away all stain, and found himself as unspotted and chaste as Diana.

Thus, I am extremely happy to find that we are not all about to be troubled with so great an evil as I at first imagined; and I am still more happy, yea, “*terque quaterque beat-us*,” to find that our persons and characters can be transformed and purified with such ease, that fools can become men of sense and understanding, as it were, “in the twinkling of an eye.” Who then is so great a fool, as that he would not wear spectacles to become a favourite of the ladies, even at the risk of ruining a good pair of eyes?

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

MOSES TRUEMAN and James Sharper had been school-fellows. Trueman had a plain plodding mind: he was orderly and diligent, but discovered no marks of uncom-

mon ingenuity. Sharper was quick to learn, had ready wit, and was distinguished for craft and stratagem. He was esteemed the brightest boy in the school; and his doating parents fondly anticipated his future greatness. Their education finished, it happened that those two young men went into business about the same time, and under nearly equal circumstances.

Trueman was diligent, frugal, careful, and contented himself with the gain of honest industry. His promise he ever held sacred, and his word was as good as his bond. There appeared no kind of art or mystery about him; no disposition to take advantage of the ignorant or inexperienced; but he walked on in the plain path of downright honesty, meting out an equal measure to every person with whom he had dealings. Thus his character for prudence and strict integrity soon became established. His credit was such, that he was able at any time, on the strength of it, to obtain supplies of goods or cash: yet he made a frugal use of even his own credit, generally declining to extend it as far as it might go; for he prudently considered that he had better forego some present advantages in business, than to disappoint creditors, and at the same time put to hazard his own character for punctuality. No person ever heard Trueman say a witty thing. Though his judgment was sound, he was never thought a man of bright parts; but, what was much better, he was universally esteemed a man of

solid worth. His industry, frugality, and careful management, gained him a handsome estate; and his strict honesty acquired him the respect of all his acquaintance.

Sharper heartily despised Trueman's plodding method of life, and was determined to be a dashing fellow, and to grow rich by cunning and artifice. He knew that he was able to lay a hundred plans to deceive and take in simple people; and he had no doubt but he could make his fortune by it. At first he had some scruples of conscience; but he flattered himself, that when he should become rich, he should make such a liberal use of his riches as would atone for his knavery in getting them. He constantly busied his brain in spreading snares for plain, unsuspecting people; and he soon found that his craft and his gains exceeded even his expectations. Sometimes he would gain more on a single day, than Trueman did in three or four months. At one stroke, he swindled Timothy Goslin out of the whole of a snug estate; and he did it so cunningly, that no human law could touch him for it. Sharper's heart smote him a little, at the thought that he had brought Goslin and his family to ruin; but meanwhile, it tickled his vanity that he had performed the trick more artfully than almost any other person could have done it. Poor Goslin was not the only man that fell a prey to Sharper's craft—he utterly ruined several industrious, thrifty families; and there were

scores, and even hundreds, that he had cheated, more or less.

After all, Sharper is not worth a groat—nay, he is many degrees below *cypher*. All this may be easily accounted for. In the first place, it was a fixed principle with him, never to pay a debt until he was forced to it; and therefore, with the costs of court and the sheriff's fees, he often had to pay almost double. A few times, also, he met with sharpers who "bit the biter," and even outwitted him in his own way; and notwithstanding his crafty art, he sometimes was detected in his roguery, and had to pay dear for it. His credit lost, and his character blasted, every man's hand was against him: every man felt an interest in hunting him down, as if he was a beast of prey. If he happened to have a good cause in a court of justice, he was almost sure to lose it; by reason that the jury, knowing him to be a villain in his general character, could not easily be made to believe that he had acted honestly in any particular instance. Sharper has lived a life of industry and extreme disquietude. His mind has been continually on the rack, either painfully busied in devising means to ensnare others, or agitated with fearful apprehensions of detection, or haunted and mangled with the whips and stings of remorse and shame. Oft has he heard himself reproached and cursed—oft has he beheld the finger of scorn pointed at him—oft has he had to hide himself from the officers of

justice. Sharper is wretched, and nobody pities him; nobody is disposed to assist him. The same talents and the same portion of industry bestowed honestly on useful business, which he has employed in knavery, would have insured him a good estate, and rendered him respectable in society.

 TALE.

There was a man of Adam's race,
 A man was he, indeed, fir,
 Who tumbled down upon his face,
 Which caus'd his nose to bleed, fir.

His nose it bled—it bled full sore,
 It bled an hour or two, fir,
 It bled an hour or two, or more;
 Upon my word, 'tis true, fir.

Mean-while his friends and neighbours dear,
 Post-haste for surgeons sent, fir,
 They sent for surgeons, far and near,
 To stop the bloody vent, fir.

The surgeons came with look demure,
 Each panting hard for breath, fir,
 Each panting hard they came to cure,
 This *case* of *life* or *death*, fir.

Doctor Grimalkus first came in,
 With magic Tractors arm'd, fir,
 He view'd the patient—gave a grin,
 Which might have death disarm'd, fir.

He strok'd his nose full oft, full well,
 Still dropp'd full many a drop, fir,
 He strok'd his nose—but sad to tell,
 The blood he could not stop, fir.

With *zine and silver*, next approach'd,
 Galvin, the blood to still, fir ;
 Doctor Grimalkus, he reproach'd,
 Reproach'd, for want of *skill*, fir.

With much parade—parade—and show,
 He shock'd the bleeding man, fir—
 But still the fluent blood did flow,
 The fluent blood still ran, fir.

Next came a host of *patent* quacks—
 Of *patent* quacks a host, fir,
 Of *patent* nostrums, on their backs,
 They proudly made their boast, fir.

Each *patentee*, with hopes elate,
 His sovereign cures did try, fir,
 But each, alas ! was “ *call'd too late*,”
 “ *The man must surely die, fir.*”

* * * * *

Upon his back cold keys were laid—
 Cold keys upon his back, fir ;
 Until at length, the blood was stay'd—
The blood, at length, did slack, fir.

YANKEE PHRASES.

As sound as a nut o'er the plain,
 I of late whistled chuck full of glee :
 A stranger to sorrow and pain,
 As happy as happy could be.

As plump as a partridge I grew,
 My heart being lighter than cork :
 My slumbers were calmer than dew !
 My body was fatter than pork !

Thus happy I hop'd I should pass,
 Sleek as grease down the current of time :
 But pleasures are brittle as glass,
 Although as a fiddle they're fine.

Jemima, the pride of the vale,
Like a top nimbly danc'd o'er our plains :
With envy the lasses were pale—
With wonder stood gaping the swains.

She smil'd like a basket of chips—
As tall as a hay-pole her size—
As sweet as molasses her lips—
As bright as a button her eyes.

Admiring I gaz'd on each charm,
My peace that would trouble so soon,
And thought not of danger, nor harm,
Any more than the man in the moon.

But now to my sorrow I find,
Her heart is as hard as a brick :
To my passion forever unkind,
Though of love I am full as a tick.

I fought her affection to win,
In hope of obtaining relief,
Till, I, like a hatchet, grew thin,
And she, like a haddock, grew deaf.

I late was as fat as a doe,
And playful and spry as a cat :
But now I am dull as a hoe,
And as lean and weak as a rat.

Unless the unpitying fates
With passion as ardent shall cram her,
As certain as death or as fates,
I soon shall be dead as a hammer.

A TALE OF WONDER.

"NOW the laugh shakes the hall, and the ruddy
wine flows ;
Who, who is so merry and gay ?
Lemona is happy, for little she knows
Of the monster so grim, that lay hush'd in repose,
Expecting his evening prey.

While the music play'd sweet, and, with tripping so
light,

Bruno danc'd through the maze of the hall ;
Lemona retir'd, and her maidens, in white,
Led her up to her chamber, and bid her good night—
Then went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood now extended his claws,
And from under the bed did he creep ;
With blood all besmear'd he now stretch'd out his
paws—

With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his
jaws,
To feed on the angel asleep.

He seiz'd on a vein, and gave such a bite,
And he gave with his fangs such a tug—
She shriek'd ! Bruno ran up the stairs in a fright,
The guests follow'd after—when, brought to the light,
O have mercy ! they cried, what a *BUG !*"

" STOOP ! STOOP ! "

THERE do at times very many advantages arise from stooping, which I shall not now attempt to enumerate. It is a hard matter to get along through this up-and-down life without stooping now and then—and in default thereof evil consequences do sometimes arise ; witness what follows. In the particular incident, which gave rise to my motto, this idea is illustrated. Dr. Franklin was walking heedlessly along, and Mr. Mather vented the pathetic ejaculation. " I did not understand him," says the Doctor, " until I felt my head hit against the beam."

The analogy between Dr. Franklin's case and mine, has, from mere vanity at so near

a connection with the inventor of lightning-poles, more than half reconciled me to my misfortune.

Going into my room the other night, being a remarkably large man having neglected Mr. Mather's precaution, I bruised my nose most woundily. My hostess, who is well skilled in herbs, and has read Doctor Stearns's *Materia Medica*, applied catnip and vinegar. One of the Quinsigamond doctors was called, and he ordered it to be wrapped in green baize and to be very gently exercised; to avoid sneezing, in consequence of which my hostess and the family are to abstain from tobacco, and snuff, for the space of ten days; and after applying a triangular plaister, of twelve inches round, he gave me hopes of its speedy renovation.

*"Tedious the task, to paint the numerous ills,"
Which do attend big noses.*

This event has put me in the way of studying into the anatomy of noses. I have made no great progress as yet, but am fully convinced, that far from giving one any more distinct ideas of flavour, they are cumbersome and offensive only to the possessor; and I have wondered by what means this fact escaped the observation of Dr. Darwin, and other physical philosophers.

I have been pondering with myself whether it would not be an useful improvement in the human physiognomy to have two noses,

and have them change places with the ears. Overflowing with this idea, I bartered with the barber down the lane for a block, whereon to make experiments. With the help of a gouge and chisel, I have been enabled to form a tolerably correct idea of the appearance of one's face under such circumstances ; and am fully convinced, that a nose on each side of the head, and two pretty ears in front, would make a very handsome appearance. I could give information of sundry advantages, which would accrue from such a disposition of the organs of smelling and hearing ; as, for instance, the taking of snuff would be far less obnoxious to *me*, than at present it is.

I have too much modesty attached to my natural bias, to suggest it myself to the honourable legislature, to take this matter into consideration ; but I think, that in case of war, it would give our militia more rational hopes of victory in some instances, than they could otherwise reasonably entertain.

Two such *momentous inventions* coming together, as Charles Packard's wings and my new fashioned head, is a very rare thing, and a striking evidence of the progressive state of the arts. All that is now left for mankind to practise their ingenuity upon, is, as I am informed, the *perpetual motion*. This I intend to discover sometime in the autumn of the present year.

The wooden block, on which I have been working, may be seen at my lodgings every

day, Sundays excepted, until the 31st instant, when I shall forward it to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

A drunken Jockey having fallen from his horse at a public review, was taken up senseless, and extended upon the long table of the tavern. He soon recovered his breath, and groaned most piteously. As his head struck the ground first, it was apprehended, by some unacquainted with its solidity, that he had fractured his skull. The faculty hastened, from all quarters, to his assistance. The learned, scrupulous physician, after requesting that the doors and windows might be shut, approached the patient, and with a stately air, declined giving his opinion, as he had, unfortunately left at home, his Pringle on Contusions.

The cheap Doctor immediately pronounced the wound a compound fracture, prescribed half a dose of crude opium, and called for the trepanning instruments. The safe Doctor proposed brown paper, dipped in rum, and cobwebs to staunch the blood. The popular Physician, or Musical Doctor, told a jovial story, and then relaxing his features, observed, that he viewed the groaning wretch as a monument of justice, that he who spent his days in tormenting horses should now, by the agency of the same animal, be brought to death's door. The Literary Quack, pressing through the crowd, begged

that he might state the case to the company ; and with an audible voice thus began—The learned doctor *Nominativ-oboc-Caput*, in his Treatise on Brains, observes, that the seat of the soul may be known from the affections of the man—The residence of a wise man's soul is in his ears ; a glutton's, in his palate ; a gallant's, in his lips ; an old maid's, in her tongue ; a dancer's, in his toes ; a drunkard's, in his throat. “ By the way, landlord, give us a button of fling.” When we learned wish to know if a wound endangers life, we first inquire into the affections of the patient, and see if the wound injures the soul: if that escape, however deep and ghastly the wound, we pronounce life in no danger. A horse-jockey's soul, gentlemen—I wish your healths—is in his heel, under the left spur. When I was pursuing my studies in the hospital, in England, I once saw seventeen horse-jockies, some of whom were noblemen, killed by the fall of a scaffold, in Newmarket, and all wounded in the heel. Twenty others, with their arms, backs, and necks broken, survived. I saw one noble jockey, with his *nominativo caret*, which is Latin for a nobleman's head, split entirely open. His brains ran down his face, like the white of a broken egg ; but, as his heel was unhurt, he survived, and his judgment in horses is said not to be the least impaired. Come—pull off the patient's boot, while I drink his better health. Charmed with the harangue, some of the spectators were about following his directi-

ons; when the other doctors interfered.—They had heard him with disdainful impatience; and now each raised his voice to support his particular opinion, backed by his adherents. Bring the brown paper—compound fracture—cobwebs. I say—hand the trepanning instruments—give us some toddy, and pull off his boot, echoed from all quarters. The Landlord forbade quarrelling in his house. The whole company rushed out to form a ring in the green for the medical professors, where they had a consultation of fisticuffs.

The practitioner in sheep, horses, and cattle, poured a dose of urine and molasses down the patient's throat, who soon so happily recovered as to pursue his vocation, swap horses three times, play twenty rubbers of all-fours, and get dead drunk again before sun-set.

QUARRELLING.

QUARRELLING!—But you think it a mean and vulgar vice, through the prejudice of education. It had never fallen under that foul odium, had mankind generally been possessed of sufficient expansion of intellect, to consider this globe as a vast *arena*, inclosed and fanded for the combats of men with men; where cudgels crash, stones and brickbats fly, spears shiver, cannons roar; while blood flows, and groans of death and yells of con-

quest rend the heavens. Is not this the world we see, and quarrelling a constant part of the great whole?

In the golden age, anterior to the restraints of law, and the tyranny of government, men wandered uncontrouled. With dominion for their object, and war for their trade, each was armed with his cudgel, and it was almost as common to knock a man down as to meet him. Once on a time, two of these lords of creation, after a hard fought battle, conceived the idea of uniting for the subjugation of others. But as implicit confidence was unsafe, each seized the cudgel-hand, that is, the right hand of the other, and so made a league. Hence the custom of shaking, and hence the plighted right hand has in all ages and countries been a token of friendship, and the phrase a term of art for a treaty. Thus quarrelling laid the basis of society in the social compact; a matter of such infinite moment that a great nation, during the last century, found it necessary to decree, that among thirty millions of human beings there was neither parent nor child, husband nor wife, but all as perfectly unconnected as if they had been rained from the clouds. And agreeable to our hypothesis, it took an immense deal of cudgelling to bring them together again. This I think a more rational account of the origin of society, government, laws, and letters, than to suppose that men caught all these in the chase of wild beasts, or fished them out of the sea, or ploughed

them out of the ground, as certain grave philosophers have asserted.

Be so kind as to imagine that while the society mentioned, was forming, numerous others were going on in the same way. And there we shall have the whole population of our globe separated into compact and organized societies; and nothing remains but to rule them. As this was impossible while all retained cudgels; the strongest disarmed the rest, reserved a tremendous cudgel for himself and became their governor. This was the state of things at the siege of Troy.—Hence Homer never suffers an officer to appear on parade without his cudgel, and introduces king Ulysses, whose eloquence, he tells us, descended like falling snow, answering a seditious harangue of Thyrsites by a terrible mauling with his cudgel, or sceptre. The illiterate have, I know not what sublimated idea of the thing called a sceptre, but men of letters know that it is a cudgel only in Greek. And I would suggest whether for the avoiding of pedantry “The sceptre-bearers of mankind” ought not to be translated “the cudgellers of mankind.” It would throw vast light on the science of government.

In ancient times, the judiciary department of government was administered by the cudgel. This is no flight of fancy. I defy all the antiquarians and literati of the age to show how it was possible to imprison men before the erection of houses, or fine them

when there was no money, or hang them before the invention of ropes. And who, that beholds the corps of constables, with their tremendous tipstuffs, drawn up around the tribunals, but must recognize in this precious relick of antiquity, a proof of our theory. In those happy times execution followed the sentence like a clap of thunder. — Treason would naturally be punished by knocking out the culprit's brains, high crimes and misdemeanours by knocking him down; and contempt of court by breaking his legs.

So sacred was the cudgel of old, that church discipline was exercised by no other weapon. Thus Homer introduces the priest of Apollo to Agamemnon with a crown in one hand, and a cudgel in the other; the monarch imprudently profaned the latter; but he and his army soon got such broken bones, that he was forced to revoke his imperious choice. You may be sure the church militant has too much grace to forget the precedent. In short, the ecclesiastical cudgel has knocked on the head thousands of kings and emperors. It is true, the wood of which this holy cudgel was formed seems not to grow in this country, and there is a severe law against its importation, but what vigilance can wholly prevent smuggling?

But I cover my wing, and descending from kings, priests, and lawyers, pounce down on the rabble, that is, the mob. I mean the people themselves—Pugh! how imperfect is language. You know what I mean. I mean

the quarrellers who are not kings nor lawyers, nor priests; for we call these quarrels, battles, &c.

A quarreller is the glory of human nature. View him. He is a microcosm. He is the quintessence of creation, uniting in himself every great quality. He possesses the fierceness of a tyger, the courage of the cock, the pertinacity of the bulldog. He enters an assembly; every eye is fixed on him alone; his eye flashes; his brow thunders; every feature threatens. He insults ladies, and contradicts men: in a word, he is up to every thing. He cannot open his mouth, but liar, scoundrel, coward, leap out together. And then it is but a word and a blow. And for buffeting, clenching, kicking, biting, gouging, nothing can equal him. He minds neither blows nor bruises.

He rises into distinction surprisingly. In his own circle, and the earth has but its circle, he is hailed as a redoubted champion. Big Ben was as celebrated a personage in London as his sovereign; and Mendoza was at once the pride of one sect, and the envy of another. Bill the buffer, and Dick the dasher, are extolled to the skies; where the hero of Macedon is not once mentioned.

Celebrate, ye historians, your Alexanders, your Cæsars, and your Bonapartes; who shed blood by the hog'shead; but commend me to the champion of the fist, or cudgel,

before them all. Who can behold one of these godlike men, with his nose demolished, spitting out mouthfull of clotted blood and broken teeth without adoring the dignity of human nature? It was such a sight that made the philosophick Plutarch exclaim, "A brave man battered on all sides with blows, is an object on which Lords may look with envy." And I submit to the physico-theologists, whether it was not for the contingencies of the quarrel, that the creator furnished man with a spare eye.

States recognize and reward the quarreller's merit; in his case republics cease to be ungrateful. Legislators exhaust their wisdom in consulting for his interest; build him impregnable castles; appoint and pay his porter, cooks, and valets. Secluded from the gaping stare of vulgar curiosity, he pursues in solitude and silence the sublime projects of his mighty mind. And it is no small favour if the lord in waiting permits you to glance at his sacred majesty through the key-hole. On levee-days, when he meets his court, files of armed men protect his sublimity from insult. The gravest judges are his privy counsellors; the most eloquent lawyers eulogize his merits; the news-writers, volunteering in the cause of virtue, give wings to his fame. In a word, who but he, and all the world must know him. By this single virtue, many a man, whom cruel fate seemed to have buried in the ob-

scurity of his own alley, has arisen, towered, and soared into public notice.

O my country, how far art thou behind in the career of glory! In Europe, where science has seized the summit of Parnassus, every college can boast of a professor of quarrelling; while we, with mean parsimony, refuse such endowments, and our rising hopes are necessitated to pick up a smattering of the art, on holidays and in taverns. Unless something can be done by lottery, I see no means of promoting this sublime art, except making it a branch of domestic education. And as we have already anticipated the pernicious effects of religious prejudice, by excluding the Bible from our schools, it is hoped that our science may, in the family, supplant the catechism. There are probably not a few heads of families, better qualified to teach it, than the abstruse doctrines of christianity. "I will let you know, sir," said the dear creature, shaking the fist at her husband's nose, "I will let you know, sir, that I am your wife." "And I will teach you madam," exclaimed he, brandishing a massy cudgel, "that I am your husband." *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.* The children of such parents are destined to high things.

I must remark, however, that there is a rank among virtues as well as among men. Quarrelling is a masculine virtue, requiring such bone, sinew, nerve, toughness of integument and solidity of brain-pan, that young men who have been nursed in night-

caps, and have slept in beds of down, especially if they have enfeebled their native virtues, by the study of classical and polite literature, cannot hope to attain to the true sublime of this practice. But I conjure them in the name of Patriotism, to acquire at least a moderate proficiency, as their country may demand the exercise of their talents in its high legislative assemblies. And there

*When the fix'd parties, dumb and sullen sit,
Unmov'd by truth, and eloquence, and wit,
To rouse their feelings, smite them on the nose,
And on their ears pour syllogistic blows.*

THE WOODMAN.

YOU ask, who lives in yonder cot,
Remote, where strangers seldom tread ?
A woodman there enjoys his lot,
Who labours for his daily bread.
In this lone forest wild and rude,
He earns his meal by—cutting wood.

No wife has he to whom confin'd,
No child to bring perpetual care ;
No servant to perplex his mind,
No friend his frugal meal to share ;
Alone, and in a cheerful mood,
He earns his bread by—cutting wood.

From wealth and power he lives secure,
Unknown beneath his humble roof,
Untaught, yet blest—content, though poor ;
While every care he keeps aloof ;
Thus having naught o'er which to brood,
He spends his day in—cutting wood.

Soon as he views the rising sun,
He eats his crust of coarse brown bread,

Shoulders his hatchet and his gun,
 And thus, by constant habit led,
 In that recess where oft he's stood,
 He still continues—cutting wood.

To him indifferent, seasons roll,
 He values not the lapse of time ;
 He only seeks to mould his soul,
 And fit it for a happier clime,
 Where pain and sorrow ne'er intrude,
 Where soon he'll cease from—cutting wood.

Does not this peasant happier live,
 Than those who “ follow wealth and fame ?”
 Can these bestow what peace can give,
 Or raise to health the sickly frame ?
 He's blest, indeed, who poor and good,
 Earns his brown loaf by—cutting wood.

MY FATHER.

WHO took me from my mother's arms,
 And, smiling at her soft alarms,
 Show'd me the world and nature's charms ?
 My Father.

Who made me feel and understand,
 The wonders of the sea and land,
 And mark through all the Maker's hand ?
 My Father.

Who climb'd with me the mountain's height,
 And watch'd my look of dread delight,
 While rose the glorious orb of light ?
 My Father.

Who, from each flow'r, and verdant stalk,
 Gather'd a honied store of talk,
 To fill the long, delightful walk ?
 My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread,
 Nor strike the stinging nettle dead—
 Who taught at once my heart and head ?
 My Father.

Who wrote upon that heart the line
Pardeia grav'd on Virtue's shrine,
To make the human race divine ?

My Father.

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,
And taught the high, heroic theme,
That nightly flash'd upon my dream ?

My Father.

Who smil'd at my supreme desire,
To see "the curling smoke" aspire,
From Ithaca's domestic fire ?

My Father.

Upon the raft, amidst the foam,
Who, with Ulysses, saw the roam,
His head still rais'd to look for home ?

My Father.

"What made a barren rock so dear !"
"My boy ! he had a country there,"
And who, then, dropt a prescient tear ?

My Father.

Who, now, in pale and placid light
Of mem'ry gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night ?

My Father.

O teach me still thy Christian plan,
Thy practice with thy precept ran--
Nor yet desert me--now a man,

My Father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charm of thy angelic voice--
Still prompt the motive and the choice,

My Father.

For yet remains a little space,
Till I shall meet thee, face to face,
And not, as now, in vain embrace,

My Father.

THE BIRTH OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN CUPID first receiv'd his dart,
The boy exulting cried ;
“ Now mortals, dread its potent smart,
It surely shall be tried.”

Beneath his feet all prostrate lay,
A host of nymphs and swains,
The vengeful urchin deem'd it play ;
And laugh'd to scorn, their pains.

His mother saw his wanton sport,
And chid th' ungracious boy,
Who taunting, gave her this retort ;
“ You gave—and I destroy.”

“ Since then,” she cried, “ that gift's abus'd,
By your relentless rage ;
Another pow'r shall be transfus'd,
And those dire wounds assuage.”

At that blest hour her teeming thought,
For gods create at will ;
To life a fair perfection brought,
As e'er grac'd Ida's hill.

This bantling, placid and serene,
The mother, FRIENDSHIP nam'd ;
And bade her hie with pleasing mien,
Where tyrant CUPID reign'd.

She, ever faithful to the charge,
Her soothing pow'rs display'd ;
And pour'd balsamic gifts at large,
O'er wounds his dart had made.

He, weeping that her art indu'd,
With pow'r to balk his arms ;
Awhile transfix'd, with wonder view'd,
HIS RIVAL SISTER'S CHARMS.

“ Oh then,” he cried, “ since 'tis decreed,
Your skill shall equal mine ;

Let peace emblazon ev'ry deed,
And LOVE our hearts entwine."

The lovely maid, who knew not hate,
Her yielding heart resign'd ;
Till then we trace the happy date,
When LOVE and FRIENDSHIP join'd.

And should the boy still pierce a heart,
Or cause one tear to flow ;
Lo, FRIENDSHIP shall her balm impart,
And sooth each child of woe.

DUELLING.

I address you on the ancient and honourable practice of duelling. Had I no higher object than to amuse you with description, or to kindle the flash of feeling, I would call the *duel* the crest of human glory, the cheap defence of *honour*, the Corinthian pillar of polished society. But such pompous encomiums would be as offensive to correct taste, as the tremendous declamations of the enemies of *duelling*, who, by daubing it over with horrid colours of malice and murder, have exposed it in such a shocking appearance, that one would think it fitter for the infernal spirits, than for the polite class of mankind. Avoiding equally the partiality which drives praise to extravagance, and the moroseness which delights in aggravating the atrociousness of what it would calumniate, let us calmly inquire into the good and evil effects of *duelling* and carry candour along with us.

Let it be admitted that the *duel* partakes

of the imperfection of human things, producing, when it falls into improper hands, partial evil; though its natural tendency be towards general good. After this large concession is made, still it can be asserted that the *duel* has been practised, from time immemorial, in all civilized states; that it has never degenerated from its original principles and tendency; that it has been adored by those who have experienced its beneficial consequences; and reprobated by such only as have had no practical acquaintance with it; that when properly managed it has never failed to remove controversy, and its *cause* out of society; and in no single instance has the loser, who is always apt to complain, carried an appeal from a definitive sentence to any human tribunal. Can the pulpit or the bar, say so much for any one of their institutions?

The enemies of *duelling* fight with a shadow. What a horrid crime they cry for one christian to shed the blood of another in a duel! who ever doubted it? but whoever heard of such a thing? These gentlemen, when they prove that certain classes of mankind ought not to fight *duels*, sophistically conclude that the duel is universally unlawful. No, the advocates for *duelling*, unequivocally declare that the *duel* would be debased by rendering it universal; they maintain that not one in ten thousand of the human race, is entitled to the honour of leaving the world in this manner. The ladies are

excluded in a mass; because it appears to have been the intention of the Creator,—that they should cherish, not destroy human life. Their virtues are of a very different nature from those displayed on the *duelling-ground*; besides as ladies never give the *lie*, the cause of the *duel* does not exist among them. Among men, that large class, denominated christians, are prohibited by this law, and restrained by their temper from *shedding blood in single combat*; humility is *their* honour, and forgiveness *their* pistol. Lawyers settle their disputes by the *statute book*; the merchant appeals to the *ledger*; and the labouring class of mankind are so little accustomed to think, that they are incapable of forming that extremely abstruse and refined idea of *honour*, which makes it a man's duty to shoot his friend; and hence they universally confound the *duel* with *murder*.

There remains then one small class only who have the least pretensions to the *duel*: I mean *the gentlemen, or men of honour*, so called, because honour serves them for bible, God, and conscience; they live, swear and die, by honour. In a word they are subject to the law of honour! Were it the law of God, the law of the land, or the law of nations, modesty would seal my lips in the presence of this learned assembly—But as there may be a man of honour present, I shall answer the query in the exquisite words of Paley.

“The law of honour,” says that great philosopher, “omits all such duties as belong to the supreme Being, as well as those which we owe to our superiors, for which reason, profaneness, neglect of public worship, or private devotion, cruelty towards servants, injurious treatment of tenants or dependents, want of charity to the poor, injuries done to tradesmen by insolvency or delay of payment, with numberless other instances of the same kind, are accounted no breaches of honour, because a man is not the less an agreeable companion for these vices, nor the worse to deal with in those concerns which are usually transacted between one gentleman and another.”——He adds :

“The law of honour being constituted by men occupied in the pursuits of pleasure, and for the mutual conveniency of such, will be found, as might be expected, from the character and design of the law-makers, to be, in most instances, favourable to the licentious indulgence of the natural passions.” And concludes with these words, which should be engraven on the hearts of *gentlemen*. “Thus it allows of fornication, adultery, drunkenness, prodigality, duelling, and of revenge in the extreme, and lays no stress upon the virtues opposite to these.”

The greatest advocate for *duelling* never extended the privilege beyond these honourable men. It is their *right* as *gentlemen*, their elective franchise, their jury trial, their coat-

of arms: in short, they could do no more without it, than a philosopher without cockle-shells and butterflies; abolish *duels*, and they cease to be accountable creatures: how could they be governed or settle their controversies without it? How often, for instance, does it become necessary to ascertain which of two gentlemen is a *liar*, or which of them is better beloved by their common female friend? These and a thousand other equally difficult and important subjects admit of no other mode of decision. I hope a great and magnanimous nation will never rob gentlemen of a privilege without which the association of honour would crumble into atoms. And when it is considered that the principle of accommodation is interwoven with the whole texture of our constitution and laws, that it has been carried so far as to allow a large class of the community to speak the truth without swearing, I hope it will not be refused to men of honour to settle their disputes in their own way.

More might be said if one dared. Our constitution, after all the fine things that have been said of its merits, which indeed are great—is grossly wrong in the articles which forbid nobility and titles of *honour*. It should be amended so as to admit the consecration of nobility of merit, without remainder however. Into this legion of honour should be admitted all such as could prove themselves subjects of the law of honour, in all its positive and negative clauses,

which proof would be an easy matter, as their conduct is *notorious*. The title should continue for life, unless forfeited by some dishonourable crime, such as *repentance*. The insignia of the order should be a *dagger*, worn at the belt; and to distinguish them from the industrious class of citizens, a *cap* should be added, surmounted with a large *pair of pistols*.

The advantages of such an order would be incalculable; for, first, common citizens could then avoid their company—and secondly, when foreign men of honour should visit our cities, they could at once find a gentleman to conduct them to places of genteel resort, and display our virtues and manners to them in the most advantageous light; while our illustrious guests would be spared those awkward embarrassments into which they are so apt to fall, upon their first mixing with our simple and unpolished citizens; *duels* among such should be transferred from the class of *crimes* to that of *virtues*.

This matter is perfectly practicable. For if it be a correct principle that the *materials of legislation* should be sought for in the tacit maxims and habits of society, no time can be more suitable for such a law, than the present, as public sentiment has anticipated the law. Death by duel is not at all considered as *murder*.

Should one drunken porter in a rage knock out the brains of another, with a bil-

let of wood, or paving-stone; or a negro in the kitchen run a fellow-servant through the body with a spit, the city would be thrown into universal uproar, the union would ring with proclamations and rewards for his apprehension: nought but his blood could appease the incensed vengeance of the community; because such persons are considered as subjects of moral government. But a man of *honour* steps out in the morning with his second and surgeon, blows out his friend's brains, or whips him genteelly through the heart with a small-sword; returns home, dines with his friends, and appears at the theatre in the evening perfectly disembarassed; were it not for the licentiousness of the *press*, nobody would hear a whisper of the matter. No person considers it as *murder*. *Homicide* it cannot be in any sense of the word; it is only the *extinction* of a *gentleman*.

The objections I have heard against *duelling*, are, in my opinion, and I hope you will think so too, unworthy of a serious answer. To the pathetic descriptions of *weeping mothers* and *sobbing sisters*, and *widows* dissolved in tears, I answer in the words of the poet—that

Heaven is pleased to make distress become them,
And clotheth them most amiable in tears.

You point me to the orphans of the deceased—I point you to the children of the

survivor, and ask, are they in a preferable condition? You exclaim it was a violation of the laws of the land—I answer, that is the law's fault; repeal it, and the offence ceases. But the man deserted his post—No, he fell at it: he left a blank however in society! Grant at least that society has been saved the trouble of making the erasure.

But of all other things, I am surprised that it should be made an objection to duelling, that it excludes from the kingdom of Heaven. The objection would be insuperable if any man of honour ever proposed, or wished to remove to that country; but its laws, maxims, habits and enjoyments, are so entirely at war with all the souls of men of *honour*, that if they were cast on its shore by shipwreck, they would leave it the first fair wind. I have read somewhere that the *devil* left it as soon as he got a spark of *honour* in him, and I presume *men* of *honour* would follow the example. The only dishonourable circumstance attending the death by *duel*, for which I owe the mortification of an apology, is, that when men have not had the happiness of being *killed* dead on the spot, they have been known in a few rare instances to *pray*! and, what is still more rare, clergymen have been sent for. But when it is considered how much mental energy is impaired by a large effusion of blood, a candid mind will attribute such seeming defection to debility of reason, or the recurrence of

childish habits. Besides, these occurrences are extremely rare.

In a word, if *duelling* were confined to its proper objects, men of honour, there is no reason why the laws should prohibit it : no cause why we should be disturbed with absurd lamentations about the irreparable injury which it does to society.

And if once in a century a moral agent should, without passing through the lower grades of promotion, aspire at once to the honour of *fighting a duel*, men of honour shew their liberality by admitting him into their corps without further ceremony. And surely it betrays little dignity on the part of those whom he forsook, to weep incessantly over the loss of a man, who would rather be *dann'd* than keep their company.

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

MY Mother ! when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.

That guilty child, so long disown'd,
Can then, blest thought ! no more offend ;
And should'st thou deem my crimes aton'd,
O deign my Orphan to befriend :—

That Orphan, who with trembling hand,
To thee will give my dying prayer—
Can'st thou my *dying* prayer withstand,
And from my Child withhold thy care ?

O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see,

But let her look thy love bespeak—
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on—and thou'lt perchance forget
The long, the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caus'd those tears.

And in my pure and artless child
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view ;
Such as she was when life first smil'd,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah ! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast ;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear illusion flies ;
The sad reality returns ;
My crimes again in mem'ry rise,
And ah ! in vain my orphan mourns ;

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret her claims shall aid,
Nor wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delay'd.

For pardon, most, alas ! denied
When pardon might have snatch'd from shame,
And kindness, had'st thou kindness tried,
And check'd my guilt, and sav'd my fame.

And then thou'lt wish as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smooth'd,
Wip'd the chill moisture off my brow,
And all the wants of sickness sooth'd.

For, oh ! the means to sooth my pain,
My poverty has still denied ;
And thou wilt wish, and sigh in vain,
Thy riches had those means supplied.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung,
I'd clos'd my eyes upon thy breast,

Expiring while the fault'ring tongue
Pardon in kindest tones express'd.

O sounds which I must never hear !
Through years of woe my fond desire ;
O mother, spite of all, most dear !
Must I unblest'd by thee expire ?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all thy past disdain forget—
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crush'd my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own ;
O mother ! could'st thou see me now,
Thou would'st not have the heart to frown.

But see ! my Orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation's die,
Such as on mine in happier days,
So fondly charm'd thy partial eye.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
Grief her lov'd parent's pangs to see ;
And when thou think'st upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee :

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore ;
And thus in tend'rest accents speak,
“ Sweet Orphan, thou shalt mourn no more.”

But wilt thou thus indulgent be ?
O ! am I not by hope beguil'd ?
The long, long anger shewn to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child ?

And must she suffer for my crime ?
Ah, no ! forbid it, gracious Heav'n !
And grant, O grant, in thy good time,
That she be lov'd, and I forgiv'n !

FLEE YOUTHFUL LUSTS.

TO a person of reflection and sensibility, there cannot be a subject of more painful thought, than that which the morals of our youth present. In many of them, we observe the brightest colours of the human character almost totally eclipsed by the foulest immoralities. We see them triumphing in vice as a proof of distinguished spirit and refinement, and permitting their passions to shoot wild in all the dreadful luxuriance of folly and guilt. Amidst this wide-extended ravage of talents and virtue, it becomes not the man of benevolence to sit idle. Silence would be treason against society. Let us unite then, in the arduous, yet delightful task, of guiding the steps of inexperienced youth. Let us point their passions to heaven, and teach them to burn with a holy love. Let us teach them, that the happiness of this earth, consists not in brutal enjoyments, and in the debasement of their faculties; but that to be truly happy, it is necessary that their affections be pure, their objects innocent, their minds clean, serene and steady; and that the feeblest pulse of conscious virtue, distributes more genuine bliss through the system, than all the spasms and convulsions of libertine pursuits.

It has been remarked of virtue and vice, that in order to render the latter disgustfully repulsive, and the former irresistibly attractive, nothing more would be necessary than

to personify them, to make them the objects of human sight—to display them naked to the eye, instead of describing them to the mind of man. I know not what effect such an exhibition might have on the frigid hearts and inveterate habits of advanced age—but on a youthful mind I am persuaded the impression would be deep and strong. In vain would vice beckon them to her embrace, while her frenzied face, her gorgon locks, her distempered gesture, would drive back the current of blood upon their hearts, and chill it all with horror.—Virtue, on the other hand, with placid mien and sweetest smile, would wake into life each generous affection—touch their souls with rapture; and stretching forth her arm of snow, would only have to bid them come, to be obeyed. Thus would the *pencil* delineate them. Ours is a more difficult task. We speak not to the eye, through which the vivid communication is so direct, so rapid, so resistless; we address a slower organ, and must solicit patience.

The words of our motto present an immense subject. They might lead us to descant on the lust of pride, the great as well as little passions of misguided youth. Let us limit our remarks within a narrow sphere, and select from the cluster of youthful lusts, one which is more fashionable and perhaps more detrimental to them, in every point of view, than any other with which the present age is scourged: I mean the illicit indulgence of

that passion which was given to us for the preservation of the human species. Considered merely with reference to this life, I know not a more deadly antidote to bliss than this lawless tyrant over man. How often does it dig the grave for genius and character! How are all the energies of the mind unstrung by its excess; all the affections of the heart deadened or empoisoned; every virtuous propensity put to flight, and all the charms of chaste society lost and forgotten. Mark that youth to-day! See his cheeks crimsoned with a stream of health; his eyes beaming intelligence; his smiling lip portraying the peace which presides over his breast; and his step, how firm, elastic and sprightly. Attend to his conversation. Hear the depth of remark; the nice discrimination; the flash of fancy; the affecting sentiment of virtue; and the tone of eloquence. Every object lends a spring to his feelings or his reflections. He looks abroad upon the scenery of nature, and his heart beats with the sweetest agitation. He surveys the course of the planets—“*Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense,*” and his soul kindles with religious fervour. He traces on the page of history the revolutions of the earth, and experiences every change of emotion and sentiment: he applies the incidents of other nations to his own, and by the fate of one foretells that of the other. Glowing in the pursuit of knowledge, he watches the ope-

rations of his own mind's feelings ; he scrutinizes those of others—he observes the human character in all its grave as well as eccentric movements. In short, he is alive to all around him ; and presents to an admiring world, the interesting spectacle of a youth, combining the most sublime faculties, the most vigilant observations, and the warmest virtues. Mark the same youth a few months hence, ~~after his resurrection~~ from the bed of sin. Gracious heaven ! can this be the same ? Where is the vigorous gesture, the eye of fire, the firm and manly voice, and the roseate bloom of health ? See how feeble his emaciated form totters along ! Fled are the roses from his cheek ; dim the lustre of his eye ;—and his voice, once all melody, is now nothing more than tremulous discord. Or grant that his health may yet remain, his soul the breath of heaven, is sullied. No more are we enlightened by the profound remark ; no more are we astonished at the brilliant flight of imagination ; no more are we attracted by the amiable sentiment of virtue. His mind once so active, so extensive, so towering, now grovels and slumbers in the dust ! All its gay and rich creation of ideas has vanished like a vision of enchantment, and all its glory is extinguished ! His heart too, that once beat responsive to every call of virtue, that melted over the tale of pity, glowed indignant at the picture of cruelty, and rose into ecstasy at actions of generosity and magnanimity—

whither have all its delicate sensibilities fled? Scattered and hurled to ruin, before the black storm of vice. Melancholy reverse!—See with what grim discontent he scowls on that creation, the view of which once gave him pleasure!—The stars, that lately beamed light to him, now become his accusers, and prate of his midnight excesses! and, what of all others is the most heart-affecting change, that hand which but a few months ago was stretched forth in friendship and respect to greet him, now points at him “the slow, unmoving finger of scorn!”—Whither shall he look for happiness? For *happiness*, do I say? Whither shall he fly for *refuge*? The frightful phantoms of his ruined hopes start in gloomy array before his imagination, and haunt him to madness! Despair, distraction in every feature, he is reduced to the bitter alternative of pondering in solitude on the wreck of his name, or of assuaging for a moment the burning stings of conscience by a repetition of his crime. Miserable remedy!—as if every new transgression did not lend an additional thong to the envenomed scourge of reflection.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Let me appeal to the man who has made a progress in this crime, whether bliss be not a stranger to his breast?—nay, whether it be not the principal employment of his life to fly from the tormenting alarms of thought? Whether the clouds of ignominy and contempt which surround him, do not assume a darkness infi-

nately more dismal, when he remembers the splendour with which the sun of his youth arose? Whether he does not sigh with regret for the chaste society which he has forfeited? and whether, in the paroxysms of his anguish, he does not even pray for annihilation?

Well may he pray for it: for if the displeasure of this world be so intolerable, what will the displeasure of Heaven be—when his soul, divested of its earthly tenement, and with it of all the artifices with which he was wont to drown the clamours of conscience, shall have no other employment than to survey its own contamination—to behold at a distance the ecstatic world of saints and angels, and to writhe under the vengeance of an offended God? With what colour of plausibility can the libertine hope for future happiness? If his vices render him an unfit companion of the more respectable part of the human race, can he be a fit companion for the immaculate purity of souls in paradise? Or, suppose he were admitted to that blessed society, what happiness could he taste? Let him appeal to his experience on earth. What is the scene of his pleasure!—the company of the virtuous? No, from such his soul shrinks back, like the bird of night from the meridian effulgence of the sun: and, he seeks his poor pleasures in a circle whose every habit and sentiment, whose every look, word and deed, is pollution and guilt. Could he hope for peace

then, even if he were admitted into the bosom of Heaven? No! to him every cherubic smile would be a dagger—every hymn a draught of the deadliest poison.

If then, the libertine knows no real joys on earth, and can know none hereafter—if on the contrary, his life be a perpetual flight from an accusing conscience; if his practices tend, as they certainly do, to the degradation of his intellects, to the destruction of his character and tranquillity here, and to his perdition in that life which shall never end, I would demand of him, what object his crimes give him sufficient to balance all this havock? Is the insidious and mercenary smile of a prostitute an equivalent for temporal and eternal ruin? What pity is it, that every man's lips will answer this question in the negative, while the lives of so many give it an affirmative answer. What pity is it, that while the road to peace and character here, and to bliss in the realms of never-fading light, is so simple, so obvious, so direct, youth for ever deviate into the wilderness of vice. The time will come, when this choice shall be repented of! God grant that it be not too late, when death shall have dissolved the charm which had fettered their senses, and when repentance shall have no merit.—This view of the subject is too painful. Let us rather indulge the hope of reformation.—The arguments in its favour are so strong, that in order to be effectual, they need only

to be considered. On the one hand temperance, health, wisdom, honour, respectability, and peace; on the other, intemperance, disease, infamy, and misery. Pause, and weigh this statement:—Pause, before dissipation shall have scattered abroad the bloom of youthful beauty, and consigned your names to indelible disgrace:—Pause, before the anger of Heaven shall overtake you—when your tears of supplication and screams of terror shall be mocked—when you shall exclaim, amid the horrors of eternal ruin, “O! that I had obeyed the injunction of St. Paul! O! that I had fled youthful lusts!”

NEW-ENGLAND COUNTRY DANCE.

HOW funny 'tis, when pretty lads and lasses
Meet all together just to have a caper,
And the black fiddler plays you such a tune as
Sets you a frisking.

High bucks and ladies standing in a row all,
Make finer shew than troops of continentals,
Now see them foot it, rigadon and chaffe,
Brimful of rapture.

Spruce our gallants are, essenc'd with pomatum:
Heads powder'd white as Killington Peak* snow-
storm!
Ladies, how brilliant!—fascinating creatures!
All silk and muslin.

Thus poets tell us how one Mister Orpheus
Led a rude forest to a country dance, and
Play'd the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on a
New-Holland fiddle.

* “Killington Peak” is the summit of the Green Mountains, in Vermont.

But now behold a sad reverse of fortune !
 Life's brightest scenes are chequer'd with disaster,
 Clumsy Charles Clumpfoot treads on Tabby's gown,
 and

Tears all the tail off !

Stop, stop the fiddler, all away this racket—
 Hartshorn and water—see the lady's fainting,
 Paler than primrose, flutt'ring about like
 Pigeons affrighted !

Not such the turmoil when the sturdy farmer
 Sees turbid whirlwinds beat his oats and rye down,
 And the rude hail-stones, big as pistol-bullets,
 Dash in his windows !

Though 'twas unhappy, never seem to mind it,
 Bid Punch and Sherry circulate the brisker,
 Or in a bumper, flowing with Madeira,
 Drown the misfortune.

Willy Wagnimble, dancing with Flirtilla,
 Almost as light as air-balloon inflated,
 Rigadoons round her, till the lady's heart is
 Forc'd to surrender.

Thus have I seen a humble bee or hum-bird,
 Hov'ring about a violet or sun-flower,
 Quaff from its blossoms many rich potations,
 Sweeter than nectar.

Benny Bamboozle cuts the drollest capers,
 Just like a camel or a hippopot'mos ;
 Jolly Jack Jumble makes as big a rout as
 Forty Dutch horses !

See Angelina lead the mazy dance down,
 Never did fairy trip it so fantastic ;
 How my heart flutters while my tongue pronounces
 Sweet little seraph.

Such are the joys which flow from country dancing,
 Pure as the primal happiness of Eden ;
 Wine, mirth, and music kindle in accordance,
 Raptures extatic.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADAM SPITFIRE,

AT the sign of the Furies, in Hacklestreet, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern, offers her services to the public to teach the noble art of *Scolding and Quarrelling*, in good or bad humour, in love or spite; by the week, day, hour, minute, or second; early or late; before or after meal; without regard to any person, in Dutch or English. She has discovered a new way for women to pull the hair and cap of their adversary.—Scolding, &c. taught in the genteelest manner, to country women as well as town ladies. Judges and magistrates scolded in the neatest style. She has a very peculiar mode of scolding, adapted to every age and circumstance in life. Married women taught to scold their husbands blind, deaf, and dumb, in six weeks. As a proof of her abilities in this polite acquirement, she scolded eight husbands to death in three years time, and the ninth is far gone. She teaches how to make grimaces or furious faces; how to look sharp and Mary Magdalen-like: sleepy husbands may have their wives taught to scold them awake. She scolded the teeth out of her head the first year she followed this noble business, which renders her incapable of teaching the art of *Biting*; but, on the other hand she is not afflicted with the tooth-ache, which is a great advantage. She is well provided with needles and pins, to teach how

to scratch faces, arms, hands, eyes, &c.—
Water changed into vinegar by scolding.
Scolding done in the newest and most approved style, in black, blue, red, or any other colour, on the shortest notice.

HECTOR DRAWCANSIR,

PROFESSED DUELLIST,

SOLICITOUS to convince an unbelieving public of the full extent of his very superior ability, in the honourable, profitable, and *Christian-like* science of Duelling, begs leave to inform them, that he means to give a specimen of his excellence in the Art of HONOURABLE MURDER, on Monday, the 9th instant.

As no doubt curiosity, or perhaps a more amiable motive, may induce a number of the Fair Sex to honour his exhibition by their presence, he begs leave to assure them, they run no hazard of the laceration of their feelings, as with the most profound respect he assures them the destruction attending on this DREADFUL AFFRAY, will be confined to boots, coats, and vests. He regrets that the present CROPPING style, precludes his adding the demolition of a side curl—*a la Yorke*.

N. B. If any gentleman curious to be initiated into the mysteries of the science should become desirous of acquiring a knowledge of *polite modern* practice, he may be accommodated with a *flesh* wound, without endangering in the smallest degree the safety of his person.

Shortly will be put to press the

DUELLIST'S NEW GUIDE ;

BEING a correct statement of the various modes at present in practice, with considerable improvements by the Author, to which will be added, the most concise and accurate mode of giving a *public* statement of the valour of the combatants.

The whole addressed to the patronage of Duellists and their Seconds.

SOL. SHAVER & CO,

EXPECT shortly to receive from the mint of Fashion,

Gentlemen's Shawls and Shoulder-Straps.

Since it has been wisely determined by the regulators of fashion, that gentlemen's pantaloons shall come up as near the neck as possible, it must be very handy to have shoulder-straps instead of gallowses—besides *gallows* is an ugly name. And whereas the aforesaid regulation of pantaloons renders the wearing of waistcoats almost unnecessary, the said shawls for gentlemen, very ingeniously contrived for the purpose, will be *vastly* convenient and economical,

WANTED,

BY a lady of quality, among her servants, a full-grown woman, of a bad temper, violent passions, and ungovernable rage; she must be an adept in the art of boxing, lugging, hair-dressing, and stiff starching, as

she is to attend her ladyship's person—she must pen anonymous letters with the bitterness and acumen if the expression may be allowed of the devil—she must have studied the “Art of Tormenting” to refinement—her countenance and conduct must either be marked by consummate hypocrisy, or overbearing pride as occasion may serve; the ~~small~~ box, large masculine features, and blue eyes—in short, an ugly expressive face would be preferred; strong nails and sharp teeth are excellent weapons of female defence—she must have no deficiency in her speech, but great volubility of tongue in case of violent ruptures—to conclude, she must be by nature and by art a PERFECT VIRAGO.

N. B. No persons subject to sudden squalls need apply, for her ladyship being now advanced in life, finds the task too much for her nerves, and wishes to see the economy of the house still supported, as when she was in the zenith of her power.

THE FIRE FLY.

LITTLE Rambler of the night,
Where and whence thy glowing light?
Is it form'd of ev'ning dew?
Where and whence thy brilliant hue?
Hark! methinks a voice replies,
He that form'd the azure skies,
Great in least, and good to all,
Lord of man, and insect small,
He it was, that made this vest,
Search, adore, nor know the rest.

Little Rambler of the night,
Blessed be this voice of thine!

He that cloth'd thy form in light,
Is the God of me and mine.

Go enjoy in verdant fields,
What his royal bounty yields,
Nip the leaf, or taste the flower ;
Sip in nature's roseate bower ;
Filling full the span that's given,
With the boons of gracious Heaven.

FRAGMENT.

MONITOR.

BUT man was formed for social intercourse,
For humbler walks, and pleasures less refined.
Regarding Fancy's fascinating voice,
The mind becomes enamoured of the sound,
Accompanies the sprite through pleasant fields,
Of bland enchantment, where propitious suns,
By lucid tempests unobscured, effuse
The lustre of perpetual joy ; where love
And innocence, and peace predominate.
Delighted with the visionary land,
She cherishes a hope of dwelling there,
Of tasting undisturb'd ambrosial sweets ;
But soon a voice of stern authority
Remands the wanderer home. Appall'd and sad,
She journeys back, and mournfully surveys
The joyless prospect of reality ;
Vanish'd the bright illusions of the brain,
Vanish'd the few felicities of life
And thrice-embittered unimportant woes.

AUTHOR.

Extremes should be avoided. Virtue's charms,
Arrayed in superstition's garb, disgust ;
And Beauty's roseate smile, to vice resigned,
May hide a Milwood's heart. But who disowns
Their real, uncontaminated worth
For any adventitious injury ?

MONITOR.

When Fiction's blandishments ensnare the mind,
Farewell to study's laudable endeavours ;

Improvement, ardour, emulation cease.
 No more the glow of warm enthusiasm
 Diffuses rapture o'er th'awakened soul;
 The laurel-wreath no more inspires the breast,
 Reanimates no more to bold acquirements;
 But hating every masculine pursuit,
 Romance's votaries devour the page,
 Where forests, castles, hippogrieffs and ghosts,
 Where moonlight, music, thunder, shrieks and
 groans
 Diversify the scene with sweet confusion.
 The lamp burns blue, the dreadful curtain waves,
 And dim-seen spectres flit along the gloom;
 Imagination shudders at the sight,
 And half-recoiling, eyes the shades askance;
 Emboldened soon the legend she pursues,
 Pursues with self-delusion terror's call,
 Experiencing a not unpleasant horror.
 Thus pass the hours of misconceiving youth,
 Those golden hours, that never will return;
 Frivolity and indolence, the fruit
 Of Poesy, of Fiction, of Romance,
 Usurp the place of LITERATURE and SCIENCE.

 EPIGRAM.

" IF Nature never acts a part in vain,
 " Who, said an Atheist, shall this fact explain?
 " Why in the glow-worm does her power pro-
 duce
 " Such lavish lustre, for so little use?"

A plain blunt fellow, who, by chance, stood by,
 Heard what he said, and made him this reply:

" Nature, quoth he, explains her own design;
 " She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
 " When o'er an insect's tail such *light* she spread,
 " And left such *darkness* in a coxcomb's head."

PATENT MEDICINE.

Ramrod's Essential Tincture of Gridiron,

OTHERWISE CALLED

Nature's Grand Restorative.

DOCTOR SIMON RAMROD, by a scrupulous and chemical analyzation of vegetable substances, has recently discovered that Gridirons contain a subtle, invigorating fluid, sympathetically allied to the nervous or magnetic fluid of the human body, which, being skilfully extracted, and properly prepared, becomes a specific and infallible remedy for almost every complaint, both of mind and body, to which nature has been subject since the flood. It is found also, to have a powerful effect upon the brute creation, and on various inanimate substances; to give relief against accidents, to be a wonderful quickener of the circulations, and to give renovated strength to all muscular exertions; from which it is found useful to persons travelling by sea or by land, and to those exposed to extraordinary dangers.

To announce the instances in which Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron has proved beneficial, would be but to give a detail of all the diseases to which men, women, and children are subject. The following are but a few, out of a thousand and *upwards*, of certificates, which have been, or may be, procured, as a testimony of its efficacy—

The subscriber has long been afflicted with the tooth-ache, to such a degree that nearly

all his teeth had been drawn out ; and, by an unjust sentence, he also unfortunately had both his ears cut off. On applying a little of the Tincture of the Gridiron to his head, his teeth were restored, and his head was instantly supplied with as fine a pair of ears as he could boast of the day he was born.

JOHN EARWIG.

Not long since, riding on the highway, my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed. I *heard* of a phial of the Tincture of Gridiron in the neighbourhood, and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey, without further trouble.

JONA. SPEEDWELL.

Having from my infancy had an uncommon relish for Barbecues, I not long since attended one ; and, notwithstanding the splendid variety which a sumptuous table afforded, I was unable to eat a mouthful. I took a spoonful of the Tincture of Gridiron, and felt as perfectly satisfied as if I had eaten all on the table.

S. GORMANDIZER.

Sometime ago my house was very much infested with rats ; and one day, while I sat brooding over my misfortunes, a large number of them suddenly came upon me and ate me up. I instantly took some of the Tincture of Gridiron, and found myself at ease, and have never been eaten since.

JACK RECOVER.

I was, not long since, subject to extreme fatigue from dancing and other exercise. I took a small quantity of the Tincture of Gridiron, and have been dancing ever since, without the least inconvenience.

SAML. RIGADOON.


Riding out the other day, I accidentally fell into a ditch, and broke my legs, my arms and neck. On taking a little of the Tincture of Gridiron, I instantly recovered, and have never been near a ditch since, nor felt a desire to approach one.

TOM. TUMBLE.

Walking, not long since, near the machinery of a mill, I was caught and carried between two cogwheels, and every bone in my body broken to pieces. A phial of Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron being thrown into the mill-pond, I found myself restored, and as whole and sound as a roach.

DICK WHIRLIGIG.

NOTE.—Gridirons, taken in their natural state, and particularly taken whole, are, by skilful chemists, deemed extremely dangerous: but the recent discovery of a mode of preparing the Tincture from them, places them in the first rank of valuable plants.

 BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

Each bottle is stopp'd with a gimlet, and sealed with juniper-berries, and labelled "RAMROD'S TINCTURE OF GRIDIRON." To be sold *only* in Frying-pan Alley, at the sign of the Tea-kettle.

AN OLD BATCHELOR'S LAMENTATION.

TIME, swift as a post, yea, as swift as the wind,
Flies off with my life, and leaves nothing behind ;
Flies off with my joys, and leaves nothing in place,
But a painful review of a whimsical chase.

How light danc'd my spirits ! how joyous the hours,
While youth lent me vigour, and love lent me pow'rs ;
But I see with sorrow those pleasures decay ;
Yet alas ! when I had them, I flung them away.

Young Cupid oft threaten'd to play with his dart,
And sometimes he wounded—one side of my heart ;
But now I could wish, when his pranks I review,
His godship had stricken my heart through and through :

Then Hymen's soft bands had per chance been my fate,
Nor had I lamented my folly too late ;
Nor Chloe had frown'd with an air of disdain,
Nor the world had condemn'd me for living in vain.

No innocent prattlers now cling to my knees,
No tender endearments to sooth and to please ;
No bosom-companion to heighten my bliss,
Say, can you imagine a state worse than this ?

No more the gay spring in her bridal attire
Excites my fond bosom some nymph to admire ;
A stupid indiff'rence pervades my dull veins :
Hear this, and be wise, oh ye nymphs and ye swains.

Ye youths and ye virgins, Columbia's first pride,
Indulge the soft poison while youth's on your side ;
Join hearts and join hands, and with rapture you'll find
How happy the lot of the faithful and kind.

Ye bachelor drones, who intrude on the hive,
You most insignificant creatures alive,
Go, quit you like men, that no more it be said
You are useless alive, and despis'd when you're dead.

If lawless intrigue be the pride of your life,
And a mistress your glory instead of a wife,
Your boasted enjoyment is all a mistake,
And the height of your pride is the pride of a rake.

A rake is the bane of all permanent bliss ;
 'Tis pleasure they seek, but true pleasure they miss :
 For boast what they will of their favourite lass,
 She's a thorn in their side, and a snake in the grass.

Beware, oh ye fair, or with sorrow you'll find
 Their oaths are deceit, and their vows are but wind ;
 Let virtue and honour and truth be your care,
 And then you'll be happy, as now you are fair.

Return, ye blest moments, young days of delight ;
 What, must you for ever be chas'd from my sight ?
 Then adieu to all pleasure this earth can bestow,
 For a heart void of love is a heart full of woe.

BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence, thou sacred aid,
 And attribute of heav'n ;
 May thy blest influence still pervade,
 This world to mortals giv'n !

Thy genial influence cheers the heart,
 Of many a wretch forlorn ;
 When doom'd from home and friends to part,
 By dire misfortune torn.

'Tis like the sweets which erst were dropp'd,
 From Hybla's thymy hill ;
 The wandering stranger gladly stopp'd,
 To taste the bounteous rill.

Thus have I seen on Mary's cheek,
 The tear of pity fall,
 The " little brilliant " seem'd to speak,
 Its generous wish for all.

'Twas then my bosom felt the flame,
 Of SYMPATHETIC LOVE,
 The sweet sensation still remains,
 Grant Heav'n, it never rove.

FRIENDSHIP.

HOW sweet the ties of nature prove,
 When bound in friendship's chains,

They cherish life, they ease its load,
And lighten all its pains.

When fortune frowns, and traitors flee,
And turn their smiles to jeers;
When o'er the waves we're forc'd to roam,
How sweet are friendship's tears.

When disappointed love has wrought
A pang within our breast;
How sweet the victim's soul reclines
On friendship's downy nest.

When o'er the steep we catch at fame,
And lose the gilded prize;
How blest the sound! how sweet the tears,
That flow from friendship's eyes.

When age o'erspreads the hero's brow,
And checks his "wild career;"
When he reflects how short is life,
He sighs for friendship's tear.

When death shall come to seal our doom,
And bear us to the skies;
How blest the soul who views the tears
That moisten friendship's eyes.

THE SEASONS.

HOW mild the balmy breath of **SPRING**!
How fair the fostering vernal sky!
Hark! how the woodland minstrels sing!
Hark! how the whispering zephyrs sigh.

Usurping **SUMMER** shifts the scene,
And boldly flames in brighter day;
How transient is his fervid beam!
Shot but to dazzle, and decay.

Brown **AUTUMN** comes in solemn grade;
Unlocks her bounteous stores in vain:
How quick her boasted honours fade!
How faint her strength, how short her reign.

See WINTER fierce, in mad career !
Expiring nature blooms no more ;
No flowers bloom to deck the year ;
For music—hark ! the tempests roar !

Thus LIFE's progressive seasons pass
Our vernal blush, our riper bloom,
Our sober Autumn's sinking glass,
Sad prelude to a wintry tomb.

MARIA.

MARIA was among the fairest and sweetest girls that I have ever known. If the love of the fondest and best of parents—if the most enchanting grace and beauty—if the pure spirit and disposition of a seraph could have saved her from misery, Maria had been saved. My heart bleeds at the recollection of her. But let me try to command myself, while I tell this tale of joy turned into sorrow ; of the fairest hopes reversed and blasted — of the brightest lustre and beauty extinguished for ever.

Her parents were not rich, but they were good. Although they had lived much in the world, they retained a simplicity of character which is now rarely encountered except in the description of poets. Their benevolent breasts were fraught with a tenderness of feeling, whose luxury is known only to the poor and humble. The rich and the prosperous know it only by name. Their simplicity, their benevolence, their sensibility, were concentrated in the bosom of the young Maria—they gave an emphasis to her opening beauty—suffused her cheek with a richer

hue—and rode, in triumph, on the beams of her eyes, through the heart of every beholder. I remember Maria at her first appearance in the ball room. She was then about fourteen years of age. The inquiry ran—“what rose-bud of beauty is this!” The epithet was applied with peculiar propriety: it depicted in one word, her youth, her beauty, her innocence and sweetness. She danced; when light and etherial as a sylph, she surpassed whatever we have read of the wild, the striking, the captivating graces displayed by the rural beauties of the flowery side of *Ætna*. It was easy to read in the countenance of this gay and artless young creature, the exulting expectations with which she was entering into life. Her childhood had passed away amid the blandishments and caresses of her fond parents; all had been ease, indulgence, and gratification; admired, applauded, and beloved by every body who saw or knew her, every day, every hour, every minute had been filled with animation, joy and rapture. As yet she frolicked only on “life’s velvet lawn,” covered with a canopy of amaranth: and her young fancy was teeming with visions of bliss, to bright and boundless prospects. Alas! poor Maria: How soon was the serene and joyous morning to be overcast! A lover presented himself. Like Maria, he was in the bloom of youth, and had every advantage of person and address; but his breast was not like Maria’s the residence of pure and exalted virtue. He loved her indeed; or

rather he was infatuated by her beauty ; but he was incapable of forming a correct estimate of the treasure which was lodged in her bosom ; of that heart whose purity, delicacy, fidelity, generosity, and sensibility, an angel might have owned without a blush. The dupe, however, of fervent and pathetic professions, she accepted this man ; and Maria, who was formed to crown the happiness of a sensible and virtuous man, became the miserable wife of a weak and vicious one. Merciful God ! Must I remember the contrast which I so often witnessed, in agony ! Poor Maria ! her velvet lawn was exchanged for a wilderness of briars and brambles ; her amaranthine canopy for the keen cutting blasts of a winter's sky. I have seen Maria in the thronged assembly room, when every eye was fixed upon her with delight, and followed her in speechless admiration through the mazes of grateful dance ; and I have seen the same Maria far removed from the world's society, and even yet in the bloom of youth, all lonely and drooping like a wounded flower. I have seen the lovely girl presiding, like a bright propitious planet, at her father's hospitable board ; and I have seen her the solitary and menial drudge of her own gloomy and forsaken household. I have beheld her the animating soul of the polished circle, dispensing light and life by her smiles—and my own soul has sunk within me, to see her insulated from the world, and pierced and languishing under the neglect of her once ardu-

ous and assiduous husband. She had seen the time when every transitory dejection of countenance had been watched by him, its cause assiduously explored, and consolation administered with a tenderness that could not fail of its effect. But now, without a single inquiry, without one touch of pity, he could see her face pale with sorrow, and her once radiant eyes dim with weeping. At such a moment, instead of bending before her as he had once done, and pressing his hand to her sympathetic heart, he could cast on her a look so cold and chilling as to freeze the vital stream of life even in its fountain, fling out of his house with contempt and disgust, and lavish on the vicious and impure those affectionate attentions which he had solemnly vowed to her alone. He might have been happy, and might have realized for his beautiful wife all those dreams of conjugal innocence and bliss with which her youthful fancy was wont to regale her. But instead of these pure and calm joys, whose recollection might have gilded the moment of death, he chose riot, debauchery and guilt; to his own virtuous and celestial bed, he preferred habitual impurity and prostitution; and instead of the perpetual spring which she had fondly anticipated, poor Maria experienced only perpetual winter. She is gone; and, with her sister angels, she has found that peace which her unfeeling husband refused to her on earth. Her death stunned him into his senses. In vain he endeavoured to recal her fleeting

breath : in vain he promised and vowed if she could be restored to him, to atone for his past neglect by future tenderness. To him the resolution of amendment came too late.

AFFECTION.

DOES the bosom cease to glow,
Must the lyre in silence lie ;
Does the heart beat languid ?—No—
Friendship's flame can never die.
Never will it quit the breast ;
Where it once had been a guest.

Dance the spirits nimbly round,
Does life's current lightly flow ;
At the viol's sprightly sound
Beats the heart responsive ?—No.
When our dearest hopes are crost,
Music's magic power is lost.

Is the bosom cased in snow,
Are its best emotions chill'd ;
Does it cease to vibrate ?—No.
'Tis alone with sorrow fill'd :
But death's stern hand must set it free,
Before it can be cold to thee.

SCIENCE.

O say fair science, darling child
Of industry and toil ;
When wilt thou quit the great, the gay,
To bless—my humble soil ?
The sons of vanity and wealth,
Pay not their court to thee ;
Canst thou not leave their splendid sphere
To lend one ray to me ?

Me, who have toil'd the live long day,
Nor other joys have known ;
And wasted out the midnight lamp,
To call thy smiles my own.

But ah! to me, the nymph so coy,
Imparts no friendly ray;
In penury I'm doom'd to pine,
And linger out the day.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN POET.

IN a cogitative state,
The poet Mr. Plodder sat,
Lab'ring to pen a handsome lay,
Upon his Delia's natal day,
But e'er he'd written one short line,
He found himself in want of rhyme,
He rubb'd his forehead, till it bled,
And then he scratch'd his mop-like head,
He chew'd the quill, each word he writ,
And then his finger nails he bit.
At length he threw the paper by,
And with a very heavy sigh
Address'd his muse in such a tone,
As would have mov'd a heart of stone.
Swift from high Shockæ hill* the maid
Descends, and brings her poet aid,
Plodder, she cries, "no more complain,
"I will assist you, in your strain,
"Mind what I say, and then your rhyme
"Shall flow with ease at any time,
"Put down, for instance, words like these,
And fill the space with what you please:—

Delia thou my nymph, above all others—fair,
Thou angel with the carrot colour'd—hair,
By nature form'd to storm each youthful—breast,
And e'en to rob an anchorite of——rest,
With eyes to dim the twinklers of the——skies,
And raise a hurricane of lovers'——sighs,
Permit the bard upon thy natal——day,
Submissive at thy feet his verse to——lay;
Long may you live revolving years to——see,
From time's rude hand and ev'ry danger—free:

To cheer the world with thy resplendent—charms,
But only bless thy loving poet's——arms.

“ This is the rule that's now in use,
“ You see how soon it can produce,
“ Adopt it, and no doubt you'll shine ;
“ Many will deem your verses fine,
“ For men now think, and most works shew it,
“ That *sound* alone,† can form the poet,
“ To fancy, genius and invention,
“ Our modern bards make no pretension,
“ Nor do they—I mean no offence,
“ Care much for good old common sense.

* This proves that Parnassus is not the only seat of the muses. I dare venture to assert that there are three times nine muses on three several hills about Richmond, who if properly *encouraged*, would sing delightfully. This is the age of discoveries.

† What an old gander the once celebrated Dryden, at present seems to us great geniuses, when we read his advice, viz.

“ Learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.”

Rise in sense, and sink in sound ! ha ! ha ! ha !—Why is not music allowed by Congreve, to be capable of softening rocks and bending knotted oaks—and must we give up sound for dull sense ? Besides, there's another fellow, one Matt. Prior, he seems to have been an enemy to improvement—says he, as a precept,

“ Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink,

“ So he may cease to write, and learn to think.”

That would be a pretty joke, if authors in our country, were to be restrained from the above materials, until they *think*. Why, writers would for twenty years to come, be as scarce among us as the growth of nutmegs.

An impudent fellow had the assurance the other day, to speak extemporaneously to a poetess,

Madam, I think, you're very wrong,
Thus to be delving at sing song,

It sounds so like a scraper's tweedle,

Throw down your pen, take up the needle.

Would not a rhyming dictionary be very serviceable to our 1805 poets—for it is presumed they never intend to write in blank verse, because it is so dry—should they however condescend so far, would it not be advisable for them to gut old Milton, Thompson, and others, and then introduce them in a new form. If they chuse to have sense in their compositions, and yet are addicted to rhyme, suppose they hush up, as is the cooks' saying, poor Gray, beginning,

“Lo where the rosy bosom'd hours

“Fair Venus' train appear,” &c.

Or any other old animal, that can be so dressed as to suit the palate of the public.

I do not at present recollect any more notes that I ought to subjoin, although, true it is, I wish to imitate several modern bards, who seem to have composed poems, merely for the purpose of writing addenda, three times as long as those poems themselves.

A SERMON IN PRAISE OF SWEARING IN CONVERSATION.

Deut. vi. 13.

And SHALT swear by his name.

THERE is a set of men in the world, who need to be known only in order to be despised; men who are a constant subject for ridicule, and justly the derision of the gay and more refined part of the human species: men who are so stupid, as to be more enamoured with the pleasure of a benevolent action, more charmed with giving joy to the helpless and miserable, with drying up the tears of the distressed, or soothing the agonies of the bursting heart, than with the lordly pride of wanton power, than in rendering the wretched more

wretched, than with spurning at patient merit, or even the satisfaction of racking tenants, hoarding wealth, or all the high gratification of a debauch; more delighted with the visionary pleasure of indulging their own reflections, and the applause of a good conscience, than with the charms of a bottle, the transports afforded by the lascivious wanton, or all the high-wrought indulgences of a luxurious appetite. And, in one word, to sum up their character, more afraid of a false, or even an unnecessary oath, than of the point of a sword.

It is with these poor mean-spirited wretches that I am now to combat, in order to shew the great advantages that attend a strict compliance with the injunction in my text, *And thou shalt swear by his name*. I shall not here take up your time in examining the context, or even in considering what is meant by the command in my text, which some would confine to the necessary oaths, taken in a court of judicature; but, like all sound divines, and in compliance with the custom of all good commentators and disputants, consider the passage before us in that latitude, which is most adapted to answer my particular design.

One man takes his text, and endeavours, with the most elaborate eloquence, to prove, that the bible he preaches from is a work not fit to be read; that it never was designed for the instruction of such blockheads as his audience, who, by looking into it, incur dam-

nation. What concerns all to know, must be read by none but the priest, or whom he shall appoint. How glorious that revelation, which, in the hands of the multitude, points the way to misery, but, in those of the church, to eternal life ! It is she alone, who can infallibly inform us, that love, and charity, and compassion, and tenderness, so often mentioned in that old book, the bible, mean spite, and hatred, and the inquisition, and burning fagots.

Another proves, that the God of truth is the God of falsehood ; and, finding his scheme contradicted, by the language of scripture, from scripture nicely distinguishes between a revealed and a secret will, both opposite, both contradictory to each other. Scripture he proves to be a lye ; his opinion he proves to true from scripture. Ye deists rejoice in these your friends ! Admit them into your societies ! They, like you, can darken truth, they have assisted you in setting fragment against fragment ; and, when the dazzling sun-beams shine too bright, can wisely close their eyes. Let me too be permitted to rank myself on this side, and, countenanced by such great authorities, to take a text that suits my present purpose, regardless of every other passage that may be supposed to contradict it : nay, regardless of the text itself, any further than as it may serve for a plausible introduction to what I have to offer.

It is sufficient, therefore, that we have here a command to swear by the name of God; which I shall take, in the common and vulgar sense of the word swearing, to mean, not only all manner of oaths, but whatever goes under the denomination of swearing in conversation, or oaths, curses, and imprecations.

In treating this subject I shall consider,

I. The many advantages attending the frequent use of oaths, curses, and imprecations; in which will be sufficiently proved, the falseness of the assertion, that swearing is attended with neither pleasure nor profit.

II. Answer some objections. And,

III. Make a suitable application.

I. I am to consider the many advantages arising from a frequent use of oaths, curses, and imprecations.

In the *first* place, this genteel accomplishment is a wonderful help to discourse; as it supplies the want of good sense, learning and eloquence. The illiterate and stupid, by the help of oaths, become orators; and he, whose wretched intellects would not permit him to utter a coherent sentence, by this easy practice, excites the laughter, and fixes the attention of a brilliant and joyous circle. He begins a story, he is lost in a vacuity of thought, and would instantly, to his eternal dishonour, become silent, did not a series of oaths and imprecations give him time to gather up, or rather seek the thread of his discourse: he begins again, again he is lost, but having complimented his friends, by calling for eternal

damnation on them all, he has thought what to say next, and finds himself able to proceed with a sentence or two more. Thus he still talks on, while thought follows slowly after. Blest expedient! by the use of which polite conversation glides on uninterrupted, while sound is happily substituted in the place of sense: by this, mankind communicate familiar noise to each other, with as little intellectual ability and labour, as a pack of well-matched hounds; so often the object of their delight and admiration! O how preposterously absurd then! how false, and contrary to experience, is that ridiculous assertion, that swearing is attended with neither pleasure nor profit! For what higher pleasure, what greater profit and advantage can a man enjoy, than to find, that, *in spite of nature, who has directed him to be silent*, he can hear himself talk—talk without stammering, or drawling out each heavy sentence, that lags behind to wait on thought. Ye idiots rejoice! ye coxcombs, whose cossive brain never dictated the flowing sentiment, be glad! Ye whom learning never fired, in stupid ignorance lost, exult! Blest with ease and indolence, you talk, and those, like you, admire; while listening dæmons clap their wings, and grin applause.

Forgive me, if fired with my subject, I lose my usual moderation, for who can help being warmed at the mention of such glorious advantages as these? Advantages, which level the conversation of the mighty, and raise the oratory of the carman and the porter. Here

the lowest frequently excel; the ploughman, with clouted shoon, outvies his competitors, and practises the vices of the gentleman, with more success than the lord of the manor, or the splendid courtier, though adorned with star and garter. Here no abilities, no learning are necessary, no studious hours are required to attain perfection. Tropes and figures, all the flowers of oratory, all the pedantry of the schools, are vain and useless trumpery, compared with these ornaments: they require pains and study, nor can be applied without judgment, and the toil of reading what are foolishly called, the ingenious and polite authors: but swearing is, as I have said, learning to the ignorant, eloquence to the block-head, vivacity to the stupid, and wit to the coxcomb.

Secondly, Oaths and curses are a proof of a most heroic courage, at least in appearance, which answers the same end. For who can doubt the valour, the intrepidity of him who braves the thunder of heaven, who affronts the most formidable being in the universe, and treats with contempt, that all-enlivening principle which sustains and animates the whole creation? Of what a noble elevation is the heart of a coward conscious, when he thus defies the Almighty, and imprecates the fires of Hell! Let the blustering bully domineer, let him roar out his curses, and threaten all who dare provoke the vengeance of his potent arm; let him terrify by a surly frown, and intimidate when, with portly gait, he vents

ten thousand curses on the wretch, who impudently, presumes to oppose his mighty will—who dares doubt his courage? Who can believe, that the cane, or the toe, when duly applied, can have such magic power, as to make him twitt, and writhe himself like a serpent, till, with this exercise, his joints and his mind, become so supple that he can bend and cringe and ask for pardon? Let the meek foldier boast his deeds in war, and with oaths and execrations lace the self-flattering tale; who can believe that so great a hero should have an antipathy to the sight of steel? Or that he, who challenges the blasting-lightning to fall on his head, would tremble and turn pale at the flash of a pistol? No, this must never be imagined; for can it be supposed that he has less bravery in the field than in the tavern? With these blustering expletives then, the coward may strut and look big, and every minute give fresh proofs of an invincible courage: he may bravely sport with that being whose frown would make the heavens and earth to tremble: he may seem to snatch the vengeance from his uplifted hand, and throw it on his foe: he may invoke the wrath of heaven; and who can imagine that he is afraid of death, when he is continually calling for all the horrors of hell?

Thirdly, He hereby not only gives a proof of his courage, but informs the world, that he is entirely divested of all the foolish prejudices of education and has unlearned —

“ All that the nurse, and all the priest have taught;” that he has not only shook off the shackles of enthusiasm, but has banished from his mind, that reverence of the deity, which is the foundation of every system of religion. He is not suspected of being such a fool as to want instruction, since it cannot be imagined, that he has so dull a taste as to go to church, unless, if he be a gentleman, to ogle the ladies; if a clown, to sleep; or, if a tradesman, in complaisance to the sober old women of both sexes, who happen to be his customers: and he has this advantage, that he will never be taken for a pious churchman, a presbyterian, a quaker, or a methodist. And in reality, he is so far from being a bigot to any religious principles, that he belongs to no religious society upon earth. That he is not, nor cannot be a Christian, is evident; for what is christianity? It is extensive benevolence, humanity and virtue, to which he bids defiance with every curse. He cannot be a deist, because they openly profess the utmost reverence for the deity; and for the same reason, he can neither be a Jew, nor a Mohamedan, or a follower of Confucius. No, nor even an atheist; since we cannot conceive that he would so often call upon God, if he were thoroughly convinced there was no such being in the universe; however, he every minute lets us see, that he does not fear him. How unlicensed is his freedom, how glorious and unconstrained! Let the wretches, who meanly bend their wills, and regulate

their actions, by the sage dictates of reason and conscience ; who stoop to follow the rules of religion, and call them sacred ; let these bridle their tongues, let these confine themselves within the narrow limits prescribed by reason and good sense : the swearer knows better ; sense, and reason, and religion, are all subservient to his will, he disdains their fetters, and rules those which rule all the world beside.

Fourthly, and lastly, another advantage which attends this vice of the gentleman, this noble accomplishment, is, that it sometimes raises him to dignity and honour.

Under this head indeed, I take a greater latitude, and advert to a remote consequence of the practice of swearing : but, as there is such a close concatenation in all our habits, and virtue and vice are progressive in their very nature, I should not do complete justice to my subject, if I omitted the consideration of it in this particular view. When a man, therefore, by a happy association of ideas, joins to the other advantages of this vice, ideas of wealth and grandeur : when he sees no argument, that appears of any weight, to bind him down to the unthrifty rules of honesty, and his regard for his own private advantage is too strong, to let him have any for the private property of his neighbour ; what should hinder him, when a fair opportunity offers, from raising himself, by the ruin of his neighbour, his companion, or his dearest friend ? He has sworn to a thou-

stand lies in company, without any view of private advantage; what should prevent him then from taking one false oath, when the advantage is so considerable? Surely, neither conscience, nor reason, nor religion, can do this: no, that is impossible; for I, who am as infallible as any dignified priest, that ever mounted a pulpit, have asserted, that these are all subservient to his will.

Here the swearer, with an unbounded ambition, aspires to seize on wealth, and boldly to grasp at those riches, which fortune has foolishly given to a more deserving person; and this in spite of JUSTICE and EQUITY; who are his professed enemies. Thus he rises above the multitude, and gains a lasting fame; not by blood and slaughter, but by cunning, deceit, and artifice; by bursting through the most solemn engagements, breaking in sunder the bonds of society, and only violating what all honest men hold sacred. Suppose, that he fail in his attempt, and the property of the person he has attacked remain inviolate: he is conveyed to a castle, strong as that of a crowned head; where no impertinent intruders dare appear to disturb his repose: for in the day time he has a porter to stand at his gate; in the night his faithful attendants lock and bar his doors.

Surrounded with guards, he pays a solemn visit at the seat of JUSTICE; he has the honour of being admitted to the royal bench; he converses with that sovereign personage

herself, and, for a considerable time, takes up the whole attention of her prime ministers, the lords of her court, who, assiduous to pay him all due respect, wait his coming, in their proper habiliments; and, though it be ever so early in the day, he is never received with the disrespectful negligence of an undress. The ceremony being over, he is reconducted by the same guards who brought him thither, and who dare not presume to leave him, till he is safe within his palace. He now soon receives the reward of his baffled dexterity, the glorious fruit of his ambition. The day arrives, devoted to mirth and jollity; business and care are laid aside, and every labouring hand has now a holiday. He walks, or rides in his triumphal car, attended by a numerous throng of gazing spectators; he is mounted above their heads, and his neck, not his temples, adorned with a civic wreath, and his wrists with an embasure, composed of a matter, something coarser, indeed, than that of pearls and diamonds. This is no sooner done, than gaping thousands send forth shouts of joy, and bending low, even to the ground, pay him homage; then rising up, with loud acclamations, present their tribute, striving who most shall pay, who oftenest bend. He is covered, he is loaded, with their gifts, and sensibly touched with their bounty. The more he gains, the more unenvied here he stands, while all rejoice, and give the ap-

plause that is his due. But, let his modesty be ever so great, let his blushes be like the trickling drops of crimson, painting his bashful cheek, and prompting a willingness to retire from these honours; yet one hour, at least, he is constrained to stay, to receive the willing offers of the multitude. Thrice happy man! had conscience, or had reason swayed, thou never hadst thus been blest; unknown thou mightest have lived, unknown have died.

II. I come now in the next place, to answer some objections: but as these, after what has been said, must appear extremely trifling, I shall be as concise as possible, and hasten to a conclusion. It is said,

In the *first* place, that the swearer acts in direct opposition to all the rules of right reason.

But how can this be called an objection against swearing? What have we to do with right reason?—We leave it to the dull wretches, the men of reflection: and yet there are some of these, who attempt to mimic us: but if they act inconsistently with their own abilities, let them look to that. An upright man is a downright fool, if he swears at all. Let those who can talk without, extol their wonderful talents; they have no need of this polite vice to recommend them to the world. The squeamish wretch, who is afraid of a lie, has no need to swear to what he says, for he is certain that his word will be readily taken. But away with

these *yea and nay* wretches, men born to be pointed at; the sheepish, the sober fools, who, regardless of the boundless liberty which we enjoy, talk of rectitude of manners, religion, and conscience.

Secondly, and lastly, it is objected, that it is one of the most senseless, unnatural, rude, and unmannerly vices, that ever was invented.

This, it must be confessed, is paying a fine compliment to at least half the polite world. How can that be *rude* and *unnannerly*, which gives such a grace to conversation? It is true, we express ourselves strongly, and use none of those languid, sneaking epithets in our discourse, which your modest men, your men of humanity make use of: but as we talk without meaning, nobody can say that we mean ill. And indeed, it is a very injurious expression, to say that this is *unnatural*, when so many of us have the honour of being universally deemed to be little better than *naturals*.

Now I have proved so effectually the great advantages attending the practice of this genteel and fashionable vice, that there needs but one word by way of application.

Consider, O consider, how inestimable are the advantages which I have mentioned! If there be any one here desirous of obtaining these, and yet is troubled and intimidated with the impertinence of a restless conscience flying in his face, and threatening to haunt him, like a ghost, let him follow my advice, and

conscience will fall asleep. Would he steel his heart against compunction, let him advance by degrees ; if he be afraid of an oath, let him come as near it as he can, let him cry, *Egad, ramnation, and a dram ye* ; let him thus chip and carve a few common-place expressions, to fit them to his conscience, and the business will be done. This, practice will render familiar, and the coward, who first trembled at the thought of hell, will soon have the courage to call for damnation.

And now, ye, who have long indulged this vice ; who have arrived at perfection in this great accomplishment, and, by this mean, have gained that applause, which nature would have denied you, which reason refused, and conscience condemned : you, I say, who, by the assistance of this vice, have distinguished yourselves, either as the orator, the pimp, or the bully : you who, with more distinguished glory have graced the lofty pillory ; and you who, under specious oaths of speedy marriage, have violated virgin innocence, and rewarded the maid, that loved you, with eternal infamy ; consider these noble advantages, applaud, congratulate yourselves, and rejoice : you have not stopped at the most flagrant impieties ; you have challenged, and defied the blasting power of heaven to do its worst, and with a disinterestedness peculiar to yourselves have generously sold the reversion of eternal, inexhaustible happiness, merely for the pleasure of as-

fronting that great beneficent being, who has prepared it for you ; your indulgent creator, and almighty friend. How nobly ungrateful ! how unselfish your conduct ! Boast your bravery, and consider the wisdom of the exchange : for how blind must you be to every self-interested view, how deaf to the calls of self-love, while infinite unbounded felicity has no charms, when standing in competition with the delight of affronting a benefactor, with the pleasure of a curse, and the satisfaction of hearing your own impertinence ! STUPIDITY, IGNORANCE, and FOLLY, are on your side : act, therefore, like men, who profess to be their friends, and like the true enemies of REASON, RELIGION, and COMMON SENSE. You have seen your practice justified with advantages, which you never thought of : if these have any weight, if these have any claims, let them have all their influence. To sum up all, let every man act consistently with his real character, and, by his indulgence of this practice, or his forbearance, let his abilities, or his follies, stand confessed.

EDUCATION.

YE happy youths who tread, with willing feet,
 The path of learning's venerable seat ;
 Where Truth's fair form in classic shades is found,
 And Science breathes her inspiration round—
 Oh say, while youth yet folds you in her arms,
 And hope yet flatters with delusive charms,
 While joy attends, Companion of your way,

And no dark cloud obscures your infant day,
How sweet to range the Academick bow'r
And cull with eager hand each classic flow'r :
To dwell with rapture on each mighty name
That shines resplendent on the Roll of Fame,
And catch a spark of that celestial fire
'That rous'd the Hero, or that wak'd the Lyre !
How sweet to dwell on Homer's glowing line,
Homer the Great High Priest of all the Nine :
And heard the letter'd Prince of Roman song
Pour the rich tide of melody along :
With festive Horace—sprightliest son of mirth,
Whom Attic doves instructed at his birth,
Press the rich clusters of the teeming vine
And pledge, in Lyric draughts, the tuneful Nine.
Or list the Teian Bard, whose sportive soul
Glow's in his verse and sparkles in his bowl,
'Thrill all the madd'ning raptures of his lyre,'
While melting spirits wanton on the wire.
Or if the mind in sorrow love to share,
And seeks another's load of grief to bear ;
'Then pensive pour o'er Curtius' flow'ry page,
And mourn th'effects of Macedonian rage,
Sigh for Darius from his empire hurl'd,
A splendid ruin to instruct the world.

Not to the ancients only are confin'd
The various pleasures of the student's mind.
'Tis his with fancy's eye to range each clime,
And even arrest the "feather'd feet of time,
To pierce wherever truth or science shone
And make the labours of the world his own.
Hence, tho' to one small spot of earth confin'd,
We view the daring ardour of his mind
Look through all nature with a single glance,
Shew what depends on fate, and what on chance,
With Newton trace the comet on its way,
Or count each beam of light that gilds the day,
Delighted mark the varied planets roll,
And own the wise concordance of the whole,
With Locke and Reid unfold the inward man
And each fine spring of human action scan,
The secret chambers of the mind explore,

And feast the soul with metaphysick lore—
These are the sweets that crown your rising hours,
That strew your infant path of life with flow'rs,
That in yon hallow'd walls delight to dwell
And lure her votaries to learning's cell ;
For you the world yet spreads no wily snare,
For peace and angel innocence are there.
Oh may ye learn, beneath his fostering hand,
To whom is lent the promise of our land,
Whose liberal soul enlighten'd and refin'd
Delights in all the good of all mankind,
Delights to form to truth the infant breast
And blessing others is himself most blest,
Oh may ye learn t' improve the precious hour
Which Heav'n indulgent places in your pow'r ;
To wake each noble impulse of the soul,
Restrain each passion under just controul,
To own the finer feelings of the heart
And bid the sigh at others' sorrows start,
To view misfortune with a pang sincere
And give to mis'ry pity's tenderest tear—
Oh cherish in your commerce with mankind
The dear instinctive sympathies of mind,
And ever be with this great truth impress'd,
'Tis virtue beams the sunshine of the breast.
But most of all religion's sacred pow'r
Cheers pilgrim man thro' life's sad varying hour ;
To her in awful reverence we bend ;
The atheist's terror—but the christian's friend.
Hail ! meek religion. 'tis to thee we owe
Each source of bliss—each antidote of woe ;
'Tis thine when clouds life's transient day deform
To lift the sinking soul above the storm,
To beam the smile serene, the transport ev'n,
And grant a foretaste of the bliss of Heav'n.
And thou to whom in gratitude belong
The heart's warm tribute, and the muses song,
Who led'st my infant steps to learning's shrine,
And taught'st me to revere her form divine,
Taught'st me when journeying thro' life's turbid ways,
Where sorrows thicken and where hope decays,
Where those desert us whom we held most dear

And nought is left for misery but a tear,
 To raise, like Anaxagoras, my eyes
 And place my hopes of bliss beyond the skies,
 To seek resign'd religion's fair abode
 And rest my hopes and sorrows with my God.
 Oh may'st thou long, to us and science dear,
 Defer thy flight to heaven and linger here ;
 Still linger here a blessing to mankind
 And perfect what thy mighty soul design'd.
 And when at length, thy course of virtue run,
 We mark the lustre of thy setting sun ;
 When the last hour shall come when we must part,
 (Oh fatal truth that rends the poet's heart)
 May no rude pangs thy parting soul annoy,
 But dreams of bliss thy latest hour employ ;
 May soothing recollection of the past
 Beam comfort round, and cheer thee to the last,
 While joyful angels point thy trackless way
 To blissful regions of eternal day.

 SPRING.

HARK! it was sure the Turtle's note,
 The breezes bore along,
 At Spring's return she tunes her throat,
 Moaning these woods among.

Sad songstresses ! let thy music flow,
 In murmurs on my ear,
 And I will hail thy plaint of woe,
 While Spring's sweet buds appear.

Soft breezes catch the soothing sound,
 And fancy loves thy lay,
 While echo swells it all around,
 At morn and close of day.

Now nature mourns no more decay,
 But wakes again in smiles,
 And blooming sweet in rich array,
 Her vot'ry's time beguiles.

And oh, may swift the genial year,
 A brother's health restore,

Spread o'er that languid form so dear,
Hygeia's tints once more !

Spring breathes ! the balmy power breathes,
And infant buds expand,
Op'ning they twine in rosy wreaths,
Bath'd by Aurora's hand.

And now appear the finish'd bow'rs,
Adorn'd with vivid hues,
Foliage creeping with the flow'rs,
That blush through morning dews.

Zephyr exhales, and from his wing,
Does grateful odours shake,
While birds their matin chorus sing,
And sweetest concert make.

The waves no longer hoarsely roar,
Their dashings rude they cease ;
And slowly passing gently pour,
Soft sounds inspiring peace.

Oh nature ! pleasure giving pow'r
And great in ev'ry scene,
Belov'd is e'en thy stormy hour,
But more thy smile serene.

CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

OFT through these scenes I silent rove,
And mark the changeful year ;
See the first tints adorn the grove,
Or view the prospect drear.

And now the haunts late green and gay,
Awake the sombre thought ;
I mourn to see this swift decay,
And nature's ruin wrought.

For autumn now a mantle spreads,
Of brownish yellow hue ;
No flowers shew their blushing heads,
Impearl'd with morning dew,

But blasts now tear the faded bow'r,
 And howling fright the ear,
 While fancy at the dusky hour,
 Bids airy forms appear.

The foaming waves, they dash the shore,
 And melancholy sound;
 And while the winds that widely roar,
 Make solemn music round;

I mark the scenes with pensive care,
 And sympathetic sighs,
 For summer flown I drop a tear,
 Then on it moralize

THE RECLUSE.

*"And he made Man a little lower than the
 Angels."*

"In joyous youth, what soul hath ever known
 Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to his ear?
 Who hath not paused, while beauty's pensive eye
 Ask'd of his heart the tribute of a sigh?
 Who hath not own'd, with rapture smitten frame,
 The power of grace—the magic of a name?"

THE moralist may lament the depravity of human nature—he may paint in the liveliest and most fascinating colours the beauty and reality of VIRTUE—display the haggard face of VICE—exhibit her to our view stripped of her false and deceptive glare, in all her original deformity; but unless some more powerful auxiliaries are enlisted on his side, she will still triumph in security, and continue to defy the powers of reason and of truth. For these auxiliaries we need not wander into the regions of fancy, or call on "spirits of the vasty deep"—They are at

our doors, have nurtured us before we saw the light, are the nurses of our infant years, and the loved companions of our lives. In short, I would call on the female part of our race for their assistance in this momentous work. *Their* influence on society has ever been universally acknowledged, and should they with one accord join heartily in so great, so good a cause, nothing could withstand that influence. If they would not only pursue virtue themselves, but, enamoured with the beauty of holiness, and truly sensible of the dignity of the female character, give an open and decided preference to those who exult in virtue—what a wondrous change in our national manners would be speedily effected. Men, sensible that their only passport to the favour of the fair, was an honourable and virtuous name, would fly, as from a pestilence, the haunts of vice and depravity, where their morals are now corrupted, and their health becomes a prey to loathsome disease: they would be seen the delighted companions of rational society, and the faithful guardians of innocent credulity. The most lovely part of the creation would also be charmed with the change. They would instantly be exalted to that station in society to which their influence on idolizing man justly gives them a claim. They would be courted with all the ardent veneration that a pure and virtuous heart is capable of feeling; and they would rise in the idea of their fascinated lovers, until they in truth beheld

them but a little lower than those Celestial Hosts that chaunt Hosannahs in the Highest Heaven; and the epithet of angelic, now given in derision, we should scarcely doubt them entitled unto.

“Come bright improvement, on the car of time,
And rule the spacious earth from clime to clime!
Come, Heavenly Powers, primeval peace restore;
Love, mercy, wisdom, rule for evermore.”

Let the hardened sensualists laugh virtue to scorn, and seek for joy in the haunts of illicit love—Let the man of the world, whose mind hourly pursues every calculation of interest, and whose dreams each night are the golden treasures of Golconda, despise what he, without doubt, will call the foolish imagination of an enthusiast.—I write not for them, but to souls of softer mould; and *they* will believe when I avow that I have beheld VIRTUE in a female form, have been the delighted witness of its fascinating influence on society, and have paid a willing homage to its power. And if such have been the power of an individual, what can possibly withstand the whole sex armed in all the loveliness of virtue, and marching on conquering and to conquer?

Yes I repeat, I have known the influence of the propriety of principles and conduct; and who, that has been blessed with an acquaintance with the gentle ASPASIA, but will gladly assent to its truth. Born in one of the great cities of America, of parents who delighted in teaching the young idea how to

shoot, her mind at an early age acquired the power of discrimination: as she grew in years, she also grew in knowledge; and she at an early age became the delight of her friends, and the admiration of her acquaintance. Whilst with true politeness she ever, in the trivial and common intercourse of life, preferred the wishes of others to her own, and was perfectly willing to sing, to ride, to walk, to sit, and converse, as the state of her companions would dictate—in matters of essential right and wrong, she was immovable. No intreaties, no artifice, could engage her to countenance, or commit an action which that Divine Monitor, conscience, told her was evil; and nothing could deter her from pursuing what she was convinced was her duty. The dignity of her deportment put insolence to the blush, and vanity became abashed in her presence. The boldest libertine was awed into silence, and the half-formed jest died unpronounced from his tongue. Yet this was not in consequence of any haughtiness of manners, natural or assumed; she was ever cheerful, easy and condescending. But she disguised not that she preferred virtue to vice, was a believer in the sacred scriptures, and an humble follower of Him who died for her.— Possessing a person gracefully elegant, manners easy and polite, a countenance beaming with sensibility and good will, it cannot be supposed that she was without professed ad-

mirers. A number of gentlemen, supposed by the world to be unexceptionable, offered her their hands; but she had drawn a picture of her intended, of which these were not the likenesses. Aspasia therefore, with great gratitude and gentleness, suppressed their hopes, but in such a manner as, while it increased their admiration and filled them with regret, left them without the least reason to complain, and they became the *friends* of her whom they had aspired to call by a more endearing name.

I knew her well, was the delighted witness of her virtues; was honoured with her approbation; made happy by her friendship, and was admitted into her most unreserved confidence; and although accident has drawn me from her society, and cut me off from all direct communication with her—although I do no more imbibe instruction from her lips, nor am blessed with her sentiments warm and undisguised from the heart, drawn in language correct and impressive—I once owed much of my happiness to her friendship, and even now thus retired, I am not without the consolation of believing that her heart bears testimony of my truth and faithfulness, and that she would still greet with joy him she has long called her friend.

I have sometimes, in my accidental intercourse with the world, heard her name coupled with praise; and truly rejoiced on finding that she still continues her virtuous and brilliant course, that she is the support and

consolation of the widow and fatherless, the instructor of the ignorant and defender of the oppressed.—Go on, ASPASIA, thou art blessed with the approbation of Men and Angels, and hast prepared for thee in another and a better world, a Crown of Eternal Glory.

PETITION OF A GOOSE.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old Goose,
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,
Broke down with sorrow, lame, and past all use,
O ! give me corn, and Heav'n will bless your store.

My feather'd coat, once lily white, and sleek,
By cruel pluckings grown so bare and thin ;
These rags, alas ! do misery bespeak,
And show my bones, just starting through the skin.

“ Come, Biddy, come,” that well known, pleasing
 sound,
Stole in soft murmurs from Dame Parlet's farm ;
For plenty there, in youthful days, I found,
So waddled on, unconscious then of harm.

Soon as I reach'd this once blest, happy cot,
Feeding the pigs, came Parlet from the sty ;
More kicks than half-pence I too surely got,
She seized a broomstick, and knock'd out my eye.

A bandy cur, sworn foe to all our race,
Some few years past, when I was strong and plump,
Who, if I hiss'd, would run and hide his face,
Now boldly tears my breeches from my rump.

The wall-eyed brute next bit me through the leg ;
A snotty boy, too, out of wanton joke,
For whom I've laid, aye, many and many an egg,
Snatch'd up a stone, and this left pinion broke.

To go from hence you see I am not able ;
 Oh ! take me in, the wind blows piercing cold ;
 Short is the passage to the barn or stable,
 Alas ! I'm weak, and miserably old.

St. Michael's fatal day approaches near,
 A day we all have reason sure to curse ;
 Ev'n at the name my blood runs cold with fear,
 So inimical is that saint to us.

You have misfortunes ; why should I repine ?
 We're born for food to man full well I know :
 But may your fate, ah ! never be like mine,
 A poor old Goose, of misery and woe.

A numerous flock elected me their Queen ;
 I then was held of all their race the pride ;
 When a bold Gander waddling from Brook-Green,
 Declar'd his love, and I became his bride.

Goslings we had, dear comforts of my life ;
 But a vile cook, by some mad fancy bit,
 My pretty cacklings kill'd, then stuff'd with sage,
 And their sweet forms expos'd upon the spit.

The murd'refs next seiz'd on my tender mate ;
 Alas ! he was too fat to run or fly ;
 Like his poor infants yielded unto fate,
 And with his giblets, Cook, she made a pie.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Goose,
 Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,
 Broke down with sorrow, lame, and past all use,
 O ! give me corn, and Heav'n will bless your store.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN cloth'd in power, and eager hosts,
 With smiles and greeting lowly bend,
 Ah ! can the erring mortal boast,
 Of all his flatterers, *a Friend* ?

When blest with wealth, amid the crew
 That crowd our festive boards around,

Is he—the man sincerely true
In pure affection, always found ?

No ! when degraded, scoff'd, oppress'd,
The victim of unfeeling sway ;
When want and sickness from our breast,
Have driven the cherub Hope away—

The very knave, who swore he'd bleed
Rather than view our blessings shorn ;
The very wretch, we wont to feed,
Will treat ourselves and woes with scorn.

'Tis he alone, who still the same
In power, in sickness, and in need,
Aye, owns with joy the sacred flame,
He only is *a friend indeed*.

ODE

CANTABILE.

THE night was calm—the sky serene,
And darkness veil'd the face of day,
Tir'd nature clos'd her active scene,
And bound in sleep, her offspring lay.
The midnight watch had just been spoke.
Who guards the peaceful hours of night ?
When from the roof bursts forth the smoke,
And horror strikes th' astonish'd sight.

ALLEGRO.

Now see th' affrighted mother run,
Her tender offspring yet to save,
While round the father clings the son,
Whose piercing cries protection crave.
The crackling flames, like lightning darts,
From side to side destructive fly
The frame gives way, the roof now parts,
And all will soon in ruin lie.
When from the crowd a youth ascends,
Who dar'd the scorching flame to brave,
Fearless of death, he thus defends,
And tries his fellow man to save.

ADAGIO.

Blest Providence, whose power we own
To save or perish, though unknown,
Thy mystick will, we must obey.
And thou sweet Charity bestow,
Thy bounteous gifts to heal the woe,
And cheer the suff'ers gloomy way.

LOVE.

LOVE! thou sacred, tender passion,
Kind refiner of our youth,
Fly the seats of pride and fashion,
Haste to virtue, peace, and truth.

Here thy watchful vigils keep,
Never—never from us flee,
Softly let my Ellen sleep,
Let her dream of love and me.

Let my breast her pillow be,
Let me taste the fond delight;
Still, beneath the hawthorn tree,
Let me watch her slumbers light.

Let no thoughts approach alarming,
Gentle love, the hours beguile;
Let me see her eyes, so charming,
Open on me with a smile.

Let me see her, with confusion,
Hide her blushes in my breast;
When I press her to my bosom,
Let me hear her sigh she's blest!

Soft sensations crowd upon me;
Never may my heart repine;
Why should care or sorrow press me?
Since Ellen, lovely Ellen's mine.

FRIENDLY HINTS.

AS you are beginning business in trade, I am induced by personal affection and most ardent wishes for your welfare and prosperity, to offer you my advice. I well know that advice is seldom welcome: but to you I tender mine in confidence that it will be well received, inasmuch as since the mournful period when it pleased heaven to bereave you of your excellent father, I have in a manner stood in that endearing relation toward you, and have hitherto received from you the constant tokens of filial gratitude and love.

In the first place, deal fairly and hold fast to integrity. Let no temptation of gain on the one hand, nor any embarrassment on the other, ever lead you to step aside from the path of strict honesty. For aside from the consideration of a solemn reckoning hereafter, "honesty is the best policy:" it is the surest way to worldly thrift and prosperity. But to honesty there must be added a great degree of caution, lest you become a dupe to the arts of the knavish. Many a hopeful young man has been led by the conscious integrity of his own heart to such an overweening confidence in mankind as rendered him a prey to cunning sharpers and swindlers.

Unite care with diligence. Care preserves what industry gains: but the man who attends to his business diligently, but not carefully, throws away with one hand what he gathers with the other. A man in business should, as much as possible, make use of his

own eyes ; at least, he should have a constant oversight of all his concerns ; for if he leave this chiefly to others, it is ten to one, that he will soon find his circumstances embarrassed.

Endeavour to possess at all times a critical knowledge of your real circumstances. - For this purpose, and indeed in every respect, exact order or method in business is highly necessary. Men who do business without method, act in the dark ; they plunge along at random, not knowing where they place their steps. They quickly find themselves bewildered and embarrassed ; and there are many chances against them for one in their favour.

Prudently beware that your expenditure do not out-run your income. The style of living should conform to one's personal circumstances ; and such expenditures as can be well afforded by a man of fortune, might be inevitably destructive to him who has his fortune yet to make. " Money," says the old proverb, " makes money. When you have got a little and carefully saved it, it is often easy to get more. The great difficulty with the beginner, is to get that little." But if frugality does not store up what industry acquires, there can be no increase of capital.

Take heed of over-trading.—If you adventure beyond your depth, if depending upon a fictitious capital, you extend your business very far beyond your capital, the hazard of bankruptcy will be great. Indeed in this

case you would hazard not only your own property, but that of your creditors; which is hardly reconcilable with honest principles. "When the profits of trade happen to be greater than ordinary, over-trading becomes a general error, both among great and small dealers;" and a sudden shift in the state of commerce, (such as frequently happens) produces general distress.

Reckon nothing your own that you owe for: it is a deposit placed in your hands by your creditors; which it would be fraudulent for you to use in such a manner as to endanger their interest. Debts are sacred; and every honest man will use his endeavour to discharge his *bona fide* debt with punctuality and honour.

Be ever cautious of running deeply into debt. Flattering prospects of great gain in this way some times occur, but they often prove delusive, and leave the too rash adventurer under an insupportable load.

Beware of entangling yourself by imprudent suretyships. There are divers caveats in the sacred volume against this kind of adventure; and its fatal consequences have been often witnessed in our own times, and in almost all parts of this country.—Especially beware of dealing too largely in *accommodation paper*; for as in such a case, you must borrow the names of others as endorsers, you will frequently find yourself under the necessity of lending your own name in return, further than prudence would dictate.

And as a large number become linked together in this way, the failure of a few of them shocks the whole.

Persuaded that you will take these friendly hints in good part, and give them their due weight in your mind and practice, I only add the sincere expression of my ardent wishes that your honest and laudable efforts may be crowned with the divine blessing.



Hints to authors in general, but especially to those whose stock of ideas will enable them to fill a pamphlet only.—shewing the proper method of *book-making*, let the subject be ever so barren in itself.

Proposal for a History of Snuff, from the earliest period down to the present time—in 12 vols. fol. with a copious index.

Vol. 1. Word Snuff—whence derived.—General history of Snuff—by whom first manufactured. Sir Walter Raleigh first brought tobacco into England. History of Sir Walter's family from the time of William the Conqueror, proving indisputably, that the name ought to be written and pronounced *Rawleighe*.

Vol. 2. The life of Walter, with a copy of his commission from Queen Elizabeth for making discoveries in North America—with a defence of the Queen from the many *unfounded* aspersions cast on her character, concerning her intimacy with Sir Walter—the

earls of Leicester and Essex, &c. *Tobacco* a native plant of Virginia—History of Virginia and Maryland down to the present time.

Vol. 3. General Arnold burnt large quantities of tobacco last war—Cause of the American war—History of the stamp-act, with an estimate of the number of pinches of snuff taken previously to its passing both houses of parliament.

Vol. 4. History of the American war—Large quantities of snuff taken by the *quidnuncs* of London during that time, and proving clearly that the government of England was brought to a *pinch*.

Vol. 5. Account of the principal snuff-shops in and about London since the great fire Anno Domini 1666—Consequences of that fire—Table the 1st, shewing the quantity and value of snuff and tobacco destroyed. Table the 2d, the number of pipes and snuff-boxes broken, and otherwise destroyed, with a very particular account of two steel boxes in perfect preservation, and three pipes *burnt out* remarkably well during the conflagration, and taken from the ruins after the fire.

Vol. 6. Biographical accounts of the principal snuff-takers and smokers from the first introduction of tobacco into England—Name of the first person in England who carried a snuff-box—Hints for raising a sufficient sum to erect a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, in the shape of a tobacco-hog'shead.

Vol. 7. A dissertation on *sneezing*, proving fully to any reasonable man that the

faculty are entirely unacquainted with its causes; together with a criticism on the term "snuffing," in consequence of its being sometimes applied to the action of candles.—When tallow-candles first came into use.—The ancients generally used oil.—Large quantities of tallow imported from South America—History of Mexico and Peru, with an account of its subjugation by Cortez—with a critical dissertation on the materials of which the fire was made which was constantly kept burning in the temple of the sun.

Vol. 8. The names of the different kinds of snuff now in use, wherein their comparative merits are ably and fully discussed—*Macaboy* snuff made from tobacco growing only in a very small district in the island of Martinique.

Vol. 9. History of Martinique from its first discovery down to the present time—Quantity of snuff consumed in that island—the ladies remarkably fond of snuff.

Vol. 10. Tobacco generally made by slaves—a dissertation on slavery with a history of the slave trade.

Vol. 11. Mr. Wilberforce's speeches in the British parliament respecting the abolition of the slave-trade.

Biographical account of Mr. Wilberforce.

Vol. 12. Snuff-taking rather on the decline, causes of it deduced—the late excise-law supposed to be one, &c.

A copious appendix in four large folio lo-

lumes, containing *a brief* account of snuff-takers and snuff in the United States of America—an attempt to prove that it would be more to the advantage of the United States to import than manufacture their own snuff, inasmuch as the inconvenience resulting from having the tobacco on the spot, deters numbers from purchasing, and determines many others to import for their own use—together with the different authorities made use of in the book, with an index, &c. &c. &c.

One small volume of plates consisting of about 1500, containing views of the principal tobacco and snuff manufactories, snuff-shops, &c. &c. with ample references. As a specimen of the authorities alluded to in the Appendix, take the following :

SYRRE WALLTERRE RAWLEIGHE, whoe wasse a greate favouritte offe the Queene's highnesse, ande a manne offe fashionne asse welle asse a phyllosophere, introducedde the smoakyngge offe Tobaccœe intoe Englande. Inne a shorte tyme the practyse became quite the *tonne* ; nay, the Queenes Majestye herselfe, grewe fonde offe itte, ande woulde oftenne indolge herselfe, wythe a socyalle Pype withe herre maides offe honoure, ande somme offe the more favourede gentlemene offe the courte.

Inne one offe those smoakyngge partyes, her Highnesse havynge much agytatedde the nature offe their presente enjoymente, atte lengthe broke uppe the commpanie, verie

facettyouflye and wittyllie remarkynge, That
 “ alle the pleassure offe the evennyng affe did
 the pleassures offe thisse transitorie ande un-
 certaine worlde, hadde endedde in smoake !”
 Affe thisse notable ande pleasaunte obser-
 vacyonne wasse utteredde bye herre High-
 nesse with herre accustomydde gravittye offe
 countenaunce, the courtlie Barronnes ande
 noble ladyes presente didde notte welle
 knowe whetherre they were toe looke grave
 orre feryouse, toe laughe orre toe crye ; ande
 foe, eche offe themme puttynge a fore fin-
 gerre upponne their lyppes, theye didde
 inne concerte sneeze, ande inne a lowe voice
 cryed—“ *te he !*”

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
 And aching heart beneath the soil,
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
 And cast me helpless on the wild ;
 I perish—O my mother Earth !
 Take home thy child,

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
 Shall gently moulder into thee :

Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange voice affrights mine ear ;
My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave ;
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
“ I am the GRAVE !

“ The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at last a tongue to chide ;
O listen !—I will speak no more ;
Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a *wretch* of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And Ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee,
Ah ! think not, hope not, Fool ! to find
A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the powers of tongue to tell !
By the dread secrets of my womb !
By Death and Hell !

“ I charge thee *live* !—Repent and pray ;
In dust thy infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy !—Go thy way,
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a *Mourner* ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights ?
Endearing days forever flown
And tranquil nights ?

“ O *live* !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven’s unchanging will
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a *Wanderer* ?—Hast thou seen
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck’d sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune’s mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn’d in wretchedness to roam,
“ LIVE !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

“ To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow.

“ LIVE !—and repine not o’er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told ;
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship’s gold.

“ Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And sooth the bosom’s deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

“—In *Woman* hast thou plac’d thy bliss;
And did the Fair One faithless prove ?
Hath she betrayed thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love ?

“ LIVE !—’twas a false bewildering fire ;
Too often love’s insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But *kills the heart*.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden’s virtuous charms !
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest,
In beauty’s arms.

“——Whate’er thy lot—whoe’er thou be ;
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

“ A bruised reed he will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy’s sake,
He wounds to heal.

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his Providence adore :
’Tis done !—Arise ! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

“ Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time’s dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found :
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,

“ The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD’s glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day !

“ The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The SOUL, immortal as its fire,
“ Shall never die !”

BOTANICAL GARDEN.

IT ver, et Venus, et Veneris prænuncijs ante,
Pennatus graditur Zephyrus vestigia propter,
Flora quibus mater præspergens ante viæ
Cuneta, coloribus egregis et odoribus opplet.

LUCRET.

A spacious plain extends its upland scene,
 Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between;
 Soft Zephyrs blow, eternal summers reign:
 And showers prolific, bless the soil—in vain.

DARWIN.

From different climes, from various regions
 brought,
 All that can charm the eye, or fix the thought;
 From cleansing Hyffop, still the theme we greet,
 Till all Libanus lie beneath our feet.

MY OWN!!!!

I was most astonishingly gratified, and wonderfully pleased, to see some hints on the subject of a Botanical Garden—from the immense advantages which would attend such an institution, I am really at a loss to divine, why the *thing* has only been spoken of—and why it has not been written upon, read, and put in practice long since.

There are but two objections, which present themselves at this time to my view—the first is, that from the increased, and increasing population of this flourishing city; the land in the vicinity cannot be purchased, but for a price far exceeding what *some people* might think its real worth: and the second is, that if we should *be so fortunate* as to succeed in making the purchase, the soil I mean of a sufficient quantity very near the city, is of such a quality, as not to afford even variety enough, to answer every purpose of the institution.

To the first I would answer, that although some one of the community might make a profitable *job* of it, yet every one knows that public advantage is so connected with pri-

vate interest, that we see them walking hand in hand through the streets, lanes, alleys, and over the bridges of this city every day; and no one will doubt, that public advantage will always increase private emolument: and it must also be considered by every person, that even under the supposition that some *patriotic* individual should be entitled by means of this scheme being carried into effect, to receive from the *generosity* of the director *that are to be*, 150, or 200 per cent. more than his lands are worth—it will very probably convince that very man of the salutary effects resulting from such an institution, and of course he might be induced to subscribe for 40 or 50 shares—when, if the transaction had not taken place—he would not perhaps have advanced a single dollar to transplant all the exotics in the four quarters of the globe to our soil, even if he knew that they might with time and care become naturalized to it.

To the second objection I must answer, that it is by no means apochryphal, but a well attested fact, that the Maltese and for ought we know many other nations, are so extremely choice in the culture of some of the fruits of that island, as to import earth from Sicily; their own soil not being sufficiently strong for every purpose of horticulture:—Now I am very well convinced, that we might not import earth from Sicily only, but from every part of the known world, except Palestine, where I am told it is rather scarce—but even there, when we come to our

rock-plants, we might receive very considerable benefit by importing huge masses of solid rock, much larger than can possibly be met with in this country—to give an instance or two—for that particular place in the garden set apart for the culture of tea, a ship might be fitted out at a *trifling* expence to take in a load of earth for the express purpose—to Botany-Bay it would answer a double purpose; for according to *Sir Joseph Banks*, the garden might be half filled not with earth only, but with plants of every kind which are not *come-atable* in this country, and which are of course highly valued by the virtuosi. The charge consequently attendant on these imports, might be considered as enormous by some plodding, calculating, miserly persons, but when we view the astonishing utility of the *thing*, such a *paltry* objection will immediately vanish.

There is another objection, which however did not strike me when I first began to write this plan, viz. that although we may spend our money in importing earth and rocks, yet it will be impossible to import climate from the frozen or torrid zone, dry weather from Peru, a whole rainy season from the West-Indies, or an inundation from the Nile or Mississippi. Luckily, however, this objection, which appears to be irremediable, may in a great measure be so disposed of as to be reduced to a mere nothing, in comparison, to what it was at first sight.—Now be it known to all those who have been

so unfortunate as not to have read the life and magnificent works of the great CATHARINE of Russia *of blessed memory*, that she had, and perhaps the present Emperor now has, a garden wherein all the productions of the globe have been transplanted with the most astonishing success—This garden is planted over a vast number of arches, in the interior of which are furnaces, properly arranged, the heat of them being continually regulated by thermometers in such a just proportion, that the same degree of heat is conveyed to each plant that it would have received had it remained in its native soil:—her not being acquainted with Swift's works, immediately accounts for the inconvenience attending the want of sunshine, a sufficient quantity of which, one of his projectors confidently affirms, may very easily be extracted from cucumbers!!!

But I am still more astonished, that although many have given their ideas as far as respects the utility of such an institution, yet not one of them all has given a plan, or even a prospectus of one; and as this leaves an immense vacuum in the minds of many, who would perhaps, after reading this scheme, cheerfully subscribe, I beg leave humbly to propose the following outlines of a plan, which, if carried into effect, although it will be attended with some *little* trouble and expense, yet the pleasure it will give every true Darwinian soul, will be at least commensurate, and not only comport with the dignity

of our city, but also add considerably to the beauty of its suburbs.

It will be necessary in the first place, every body knows, to raise the funds; therefore, to give all persons the opportunity of coming forward on so noble an occasion, let the capital stock, which must at least be *ten millions of dollars*, be divided into one million of shares at ten dollars each, these, I am certain, will be very soon subscribed for, and then begin the garden on the FOLLYING plan, which is as near to one I have read in some European publication as circumstances will admit:

Plan of a Botanical Garden.

Let the ground plot be sufficiently large, say at first 5000 acres, to embrace every object which may be either useful or elegant, always taking care to blend the *Utile* with the *Dulci*, in such an agreeable manner as not to pall the imagination of the *big and little Masters and Misses* who may come to walk therein, either for profit or delight. The first grand division will be called the Hortus Linnœensis, which must be subdivided into three parts—

1. Herbarum—herbs.
2. Fruticetum—shrubs.
3. Arboretum—trees.

This will take in all herbs, shrubs and trees, beginning with the first class, and proceeding regularly down to the last class of Cryptogamia.

The second grand division will be the Pecadarium, to be subdivided, with the greatest care, as follows:

1. Hortus Ovinus, or Sheep Garden.
2. Hortus Bovinus—Horned-cattle Garden.
3. Hortus Equinus—Horse Garden.
4. Hortus Hircinus—Goat Garden.
5. Hortus Suinus—Swine Garden.

In this division the *swinish multitude* will be *allowed* to walk as much as they please, but by no means to attempt the taking any of the pigs away.

By way of variety, the third grand division may be laid off for the culture of the plants denominated saxatile, or plants growing on rocks, huge masses of which may be piled *stratum super strata* in one vast regular confusion!!! Here will be delightful recreation for the romantic love-sick maiden, as well as for the amorous, but neglected swain; here they may stand on the frowning brow of some awful precipice, think of their absent loves or lovers, and in an agony of despair, precipitate themselves to the bottom! and for their further accommodation, a stream of pure water, gushing from the side of a magnificent rock, shall wind its sinuotic course, until it meets with some reservoir, sufficiently capacious for all the purposes of *submersion*.

The fourth grand division, to include the HORTUS SICCUS—or specimens of plants which are to be kept in an apartment of the

green-house, under the particular care of the chief manager, who ought not only to have a thorough knowledge of *botany*, but also, something of *physic* and *chemistry*: in this division will also be, the

FLORA AMERICANA :

Where flowers from every part of America, will rear their gaudy heads; or more humbly creep along the *ravished* earth, perfuming the *astimished* atmosphere, so as entirely to overpower the noisome exhalations, proceeding from the putrid substances, unavoidably collected in a large city.

The fifth grand division to be called the

Escarium—plants which furnish food to man.

1 Roots,—as potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips, &c.

2 Stocks or leaves—as cabbage, spinache, &c.

3 Flowers.

4 Seeds as—peas, beans, &c.

With directions for those who may honour this part of the garden with a visit, shewing the relative quantity of nutriment contained in each kind; and the probable consequences which may result to the human body, from the use of them in their different stages, from their first putting forth until ripe.

To conclude with that grand desideratum, the

HORTUS MEDICINALIS;

the plants of which, as it may lay me open to the criticism of the gentlemen of the faculty, I forbear to mention.

Now, in laying this *grand* plan before the public, I do most solemnly aver, that I do not own one inch of ground within fifty miles of this city, nor indeed but let this be a secret between ourselves, any where else. So every person must see, that my motives are entirely disinterested; and moreover, I am so exceeding modest, as to declare, that if a better plan were to offer, I would immediately withdraw mine.

P. S. As I have entirely forgotten a *Vineyard*, you may take the liberty to *stick one* between any of the grand divisions, as by the projected plan, we shall have land enough.

P. S. Again. As a supplement to this garden, a piece of land in Louisiana, of about 100 miles square, and removed at a sufficient distance from any inhabited part, might be purchased from government, for the purpose of transplanting the *bohun upas*, or *poison tree* from *Java*; this would be a *monstrous* addition, and perhaps of what no garden in the world would have to boast.

FEW HONEST COBLERS.

Why should our shoes so soon grow old?
 And why the hide with which they're sol'd
 Be worn and out of date?
 Crispin! 'tis strange the thread that sews
 Millions of coats, should leave our shoes
 In such a ragged state!

In vain I sought the secret cause,
 Look'd in the leather for the flaws,
 The tanner curs'd in vain;

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Stept into shops where shoes were made,
Saw artists hourly ply the trade,
But none would this explain.

Then t'ward the west and cross the street,
Where folks at tall St. Michael's meet,
I hurried, vex'd in mind ;
'Till on the bank of Ashley's flood,
On soil of marsh I fighting stood,
For tanning use design'd.

Not far from thence a Cobler's son
Stood by his hides, and thus begun,
With aspect dull and sad ;
Thrice he came o'er the lazy stream,
The faults of shoes was all his theme.
For many a fault they had.

He said, the spacious ample hide
That doth for all our boots provide
No thinking man could blame ;
Since shap'd into so many soles,
Some would have flaws, and some have holes,
To blast the Cobler's fame.

The artist wife who shap'd the shoe,
One hide from every creature drew,
And scrap'd that hide with care :
This is an honest skin, he said,
Then he resolv'd to try his trade,
And make a handsome pair.

Soon as the hide had left the vat,
And hung aloft, a hungry rat
Attack'd it teeth and claws :
Ah ! cruel chance and rugged fate ;
He gnaw'd it early, gnaw'd it late—
Starvation has no laws.

Happy the man who finds a shoe
That's to his expectation true—
One real good below :

But oh ! the crown of wretched wights,
That travel barefoot these dark nights,
And wound the bleeding toe.

Thus snug the Cobler's hopeful son :
I found, at length, his song was done,
And thought his reasoning true—
Sure, then, cried I, ere I agree
For those curs'd shoes you mean for me,
I will go barefoot too.

Some happier Crispin tell me where,
What other shop affords a pair,
Where better work is found ;
Swift as on Quixote's steed of old,
I'll fly to get my boots new sol'd,
And wear them tight and sound.

THE TEARS OF SCIENCE.

AT the seat of instruction, where once she was bless'd,
Fair science sat mourning with sadness oppress'd ;
Her maps and her volumes lay scatter'd around,
Her globes, all in fragments, were strew'd on the
ground ;
There lay in rude tatters, the relics of sense,
The waste and destruction of genius immense !

She sigh'd, shook her head, and with anguish began—
“ Alas ! for the boy that believes he's a man,
When his stature grows tall, and his fingers begin,
To stroke the soft down that comes over his chin,
When he talks of assemblies, assumes the fine air,
Falls in love, *as he calls it*, and dreams of the fair.

This school, and those students, I claim'd for my
own ;
Here my precepts were utter'd my maxims made
known ;
I display'd the fair honours for wisdom design'd,
And the lasting content she bestows on the mind ;
I open'd my treasures—around me they came,

And roused their ambition for glory and fame.
They heard me with rapture—I saw in their eyes
Fair hope, emulation, and genius arise.

I hail'd the glad omen—My children, I cried,
Let no pleasing objects your bosoms divide,
'Till crown'd with fair virtue, with learning refin'd,
I restore you a blessing and joy to mankind.
Oh fond expectation! I saw with despair,
How oft they forsook me to wait on the fair;
While I talk'd of the planets that roll through the skies,
'Their minds were on dimples and beautiful eyes!
I laid down positions, and strove to explain,
'They thought of E****, L*****, and J***.
I saw a fine youth, as apart he retir'd,
He seem'd with the ardour of science inspir'd;
His looks and his pen were dispos'd in due place,
And deep lines of thinking were mark'd in his face.
Sweet hope in my breast was beginning to swell,
And I lov'd the dear lad that could study so well;
Nor shall my assistance be wanting, I cried:
I'll crown thy exertions—and sprang to his side.
Alas! an acrostic!—the verses were plann'd,
'The name was written, the letters were scann'd;
'The initials arrang'd, to promote the design,
And his genius was working to get the first line.

I shut up my Euclid—I blush'd for myself,
I laid Blair and Murray again on the shelf;
Disappointed, ashamed, o'ercome with regret,
I utter'd a wish I shall never forget:
“That the fair maidens, my counsels would prize,
And shun every lad 'till he's learned and wise.”

JACK FROST, THE DOCTOR.

When an Almighty sov'reign God,
Sent forth of late his chaft'ning rod;
When Philadelphia and York City,
In deep distress, excited pity;
When black despair and sorrows keen,
Almost in every face were seen,
When every aid from man prov'd vain,

And hundreds by disease were slain ;
 When thousands forced were to roam,
 In sorrow from their native home,
 And many looked on all as lost ;
 Then came the much lov'd DOCTOR FROST,
 As messenger from heaven sent,
 To ease the heart with sorrow rent.
 This famous Doctor from the Pole,
 He heals the body, cheers the soul.
 His magick power indeed is such,
 He cures his patients with a touch.
 Some Doctors, as most people tell,
 Make patients sick, to get them well ;
 He ne'er was known to give emetick,
 Or to administer cathartick.
 This wond'rous Doctor of great skill ;
 Makes use of neither bark nor pill ;
 And yet you'll think it strange to say,
 He cures his thousands in a day.
 At his approach, by all 'tis said,
 Pale sickness quickly hides its head ;
 And blooming health once more is seen,
 With rosy cheek and brow serene.
 'Tis true, for I will not dissemble,
 He sometimes makes his patients tremble ;
 But whilst they tremble they rejoice,
 And hail him welcome with one voice.
 Unlike the Doctors of our day,
 When cure's perform'd they'll have their pay ;
 But he'll not take a single shilling ;
 For all he asks, is to be willing,
 To render thanks to God above,
 For all his mercies, all his love.

A CHARGE

Delivered to the young gentlemen of the Philadelphia Academy.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant.....

THE importance of the connexion which

hath so long subsisted between us, and a consciousness of the high responsibility of the character in which I have acted, coinciding with my own inclination, forbid me to dismiss you from this seminary without bidding you an affectionate farewell. For your diligence and application, your conformity to my advice, your ready submission to the discipline of the institution, and the uniform urbanity of your manners, I thus publicly offer you my sincere thanks.

This day, my young friends, forms an important æra in your lives; you this day step forward upon the theatre of human life, with a stamp of character, and an attestation of merit, which cannot fail to make the most favourable impression upon the public mind, and to afford a very high degree of gratification to yourselves, your parents, and your friends.

Though you have as yet acquired the rudiments of a complete English education only, and the expansion of those principles into maturity, will depend upon your future application and exertion, many of you will here finish your scholastic studies, and chiefly direct your attention to the business of the counting-house, and a preparation to engage in that profession, which, as a commercial nation opens the most extensive field for usefulness and emolument; and of course attracts the notice of, and employs in its pursuits a majority of our youth. Those of you who are intended for what are called the learned professions,

and are now about to enter upon a course of collegiate studies, will find in that useful knowledge which you have already obtained, a solid foundation laid, whereon to erect the most splendid superstructure of classical and polite literature.

The proficiency which you have made and of which you have just given such ample and satisfactory proofs, in those essential branches of a useful education, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Composition, Natural History, Geography, and Logic, to which some of you have added Book-keeping and the elements of the Mathematics, qualify you to enter with confidence upon the study of any profession, or to pursue with success any path of science, which does not necessarily involve a knowledge of the dead languages; those, however, from the habits of study to which you have been accustomed, will be more rapidly and easily acquired than they could possibly be without such previous habits. So that at all events I am confident the time which you have spent in this seminary, has been diligently and profitably employed: and I trust that whatever may be your future occupations, you will always reflect, with satisfaction and with pleasure, upon that portion of your lives which you have passed under my tuition and guidance.

Go then, and by your conduct, animate the hopes, increase the esteem, and confirm the flattering expectations which you have inspired. Remember that your future usefulness

and respectability in society, will depend upon the characters which you now form, and the acquisitions of knowledge which you now obtain. Having secured the first principles of a correct education, your faculties will now be called upon to take a wider range in the fields of science; and you will henceforth gradually begin to mix with society and to be initiated into the manners and customs of the world. Believe me the present period of your terrestrial existence is an highly important one indeed; perhaps the most so of any you will be called upon to experience, as the formation of your characters, your future safety, comfort and happiness, on this probationary theatre of human life, in this "frail feverish state of being," and also your condition of happiness or misery, of reward or punishment in that state of retribution, the world of spirits, to which we are all rapidly hastening, will in a great measure depend upon the first impressions which are made upon your yet unformed, unvitiated minds, the reception which you give to the various solicitations with which you will on all sides be powerfully assailed, and the compliance or inflexibility of those principles of action which you have been taught to adopt as your safest and surest guides, through the dangerous pilgrimage of mortality. "Lifes Theatre" to you has hitherto "been shut." Like the first parents of the human race in Eden, you have hitherto enjoyed a state of innocence and undisturbed repose—but like theirs, your scene of ac-

tion must now be changed. "The world is all before you where to chuse your place of rest." As inexperienced and unskilful navigators launched into an immense and dangerous ocean, you will henceforth be exposed to rocks and shoals, to treacherous calms, and terrifying tempests. The soft and aromatic gales of prosperity and of pleasure, will sometimes strive to waft you into the alluring, yet deceitful harbours of sensuality and of vice, while the gay and airy phantoms of felicity which glide along the shore, will endeavour to enchant you with Syren songs of promised joy, and point to roseate bowers and calm retreats, of which they will solicit your acceptance and court your enjoyment. Sweetly they will sing of happiness and pleasure, and strive to induce you to "bid the lovely scenes at distance hail;" but beware of their fascinating delusive charms; the phantoms, false dissemblers! are fiends of destruction in the guise of angels, and the bowers and inviting retreats, to which they point, are the pits of perdition, and the caves of death.

If you happily pursue an undeviating course, and resolutely avoid this *Scylla* of prosperity and of pleasure, you will ere long probably be exposed to danger equally imminent from the boisterous *Charybdis* of adversity, where the whirlpools of disappointment, the storms of calamity, and the gusts of passion will threaten to "make shipwreck of your faith," to dash you upon the rocks of distrac-

tion and infidelity; or ingulph you in the vortex of despair.

To conduct you with safety through this hazardous voyage across the ocean of human life, the wise and benevolent author of its appointment, hath mercifully granted three infallible guides; whose salutary and unerring counsels, if diligently attended to, and carefully complied with, will assuredly lead you into "the haven where you would be; the promised land of rest, the heavenly Canaan," "where there is the fulness of joy, and perfection of felicity for ever more." These three friendly monitors are *conscience*, *reason* and *religion*.

By the *first* we are warned of approaching danger, or convicted of error in our course; by the *second* we are directed into a safe and unruffled channel; and by the *third* we are encouraged to steady perseverance, by the most animating promises of reward, and deterred from a relaxation of our vigilance, by the most alarming denunciations of misery and woe.

But, to pursue the metaphor no further, and to address you in that plain unimpassioned style which is perhaps better adapted to your present situation, and my own earnest solicitude for your future welfare: I shall comprize what I have yet to offer, as briefly as possible, in a few plain salutary *cautions against error*, and *admonitory precepts* for the government of your future life.

1st. *Avoid Indolence*.—Remember that idle-

ness is the parent of ignorance and vice. Time is a talent committed to us for improvement ; our prosperity, our respectability, and usefulness, depending upon the proper employment, the neglect or abuse of it. If the energies of the human mind be not called forth into action, and that at an early period of life, and those energies stimulated and strengthened by the powerful influence of habit, they will soon droop and become enfeebled by neglect ; or, hurried into the service of the passions, instead of being guided by the dictates of reason, they will inevitably lead their possessor into the absurd eccentricities of folly, or the disgraceful and destructive delusions of depravity and of vice.

Beware therefore of suffering a day, or even an hour, to roll over your heads, uncultivated, unregarded—By unvaried attention and diligent exertion, we become acquainted with the noble powers of our nature, and by the vigorous exercise of those powers, we arrive at the highest possible degree of dignity and happiness which our nature is capable of experiencing.

2dly. *Avoid Bad Company.*—" Evil communications corrupt good manners." Man is an imitative animal, and when the powerful influence of example coincides with the impulse of passion, it requires great firmness of mind, indeed, to withstand their united solicitations. Cautiously, therefore, avoid that vortex of temptation which is formed by associating with vicious or irregular characters.

And as you would preserve the purity of your *morals* by avoiding *vicious* company, be equally sedulous to guard your *manners* by avoiding *low* company; corruption of mind, vulgarity of conversation, and a disgusting awkwardness of deportment, are the inseparable consequences of such an intercourse.

3dly. *Avoid Dissipation, or an excessive attachment to Pleasure and Amusement.*—Relaxation of mind is as necessary to preserve its strength and restore its activity, as repose is for the body after corporal exertions; but amusement should only be indulged as a medicinal relief to the mind; not considered as the principal, or indeed a leading object of pursuit. By a temperate enjoyment of pleasure the energies of the human mind are quickened, and its original tone restored; but by unrestrained indulgence, they are soon enfeebled and destroyed. Idleness and pleasure are two most insidious and fatal enemies to mental improvement and true dignity of character: they invariably induce such a degree of frivolity and insipidity, as will ever render their votaries the scorn and contempt of the wise, the virtuous, and the good.

To these cautionary dictates against error, I must add a few precepts of advice, by a compliance with which, you will not command respect and esteem only, but enjoy the constant delight of an approving conscience, the soothing reflections of a cultivated mind, and the satisfactory consciousness of rendering yourselves useful and ornamental to society.

1st. *Be ambitious of excelling.*—The passions, if under the guidance of reason and religion, they be directed into proper channels, are calculated to promote happiness and prosperity.

Were, for instance, the passions of pride and ambition, which, when intemperately and injudiciously indulged, have caused such misery and havock in the world, always directed to the pursuit of laudable and virtuous objects, how different would be their effects! Instead of agitating the bosom with plans for the destruction and degradation of our fellow creatures, that we may rise conspicuously on the ruin of their fortune or their fame, those passions would teach us to promote as much as possible their interest and honour, and to command the powerful influence of example, by endeavouring to outvie them in noble sentiments and in generous and useful actions.—Be it your part then, to employ the infant energies of those principles in striving to obtain superiority in those pursuits which are accommodated to your time of life, and the views which may be taken of your future employment and establishment in society, viz. in the acquisition of useful knowledge, in the cultivation of benevolent affections, in the exercise of a respectful, submissive deportment to your superiors and elders, in kindness and gentleness to your inferiors, and in a general expression of urbanity and good nature towards all.

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2dly. As the operation of the passions, if judiciously directed, tends to promote our happiness and honour, so, if suffered to have an unrestrained sway, they will inevitably hurry the victim of their authority into the most extravagant and fatal excesses. Justly are they styled by a celebrated poet "The tyrants of the human breast," and certainly no period of life is more favourable to the obtaining of victory over them than yours; because at no period of your lives will their exertions be less powerful. Vigilantly therefore guard against the indulgence of anger, revenge, malice, and all those passions and propensities which endeavour to dethrone reason, and are in direct opposition to the precepts of religion.

" Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd ;
 " Immediately inordinate desires
 " And upstart passions catch the government
 " From Reason, and to servitude reduce
 " Man till then free."

3dly. *Associate as much as possible with your superiors*, and with those who are further advanced in age than yourselves, and are distinguished for their talents and virtuous accomplishments; from whose experience and knowledge you may derive useful instructions, and from whose language and deportment you will insensibly acquire a polish and refinement of character, which will render you pleasing and acceptable to all with whom you may associate.

It was said by the justly celebrated Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, who raised

himself by his personal merit to the office of Lord High Chancellor of England, "that he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he considered himself inferior to the rest of the company:" a saying strongly expressive of his sense of the benefits which he had derived from having been early introduced to, and continuing an acquaintance with, the most eminent persons of his time for learning, virtue, and talents.

4thly. *Cultivate a taste for reading and for study.* The human mind is naturally desirous of acquiring knowledge, conscious that true dignity and respectability of character depend upon it; but, there is a variety of principles which powerfully oppose that acquisition, particularly in the minds of youth—who, improvident of the future, regardless of any but the passing moment, and naturally of volatile and gay dispositions, think of present enjoyment only, and therefore too often indulge indolence, trifle away their time in frivolous and childish amusements, or criminally employ it in devising plans of mischief, or in executing schemes of folly. If the hours of youth be thus sacrificed, the succeeding years of manhood will be unproductive of that golden fruit which is the invariable reward of early diligence and application. Accustom yourselves therefore, before those propensities become confirmed by habit, to such constant activity of mind in laudable and literary pursuits, as will counteract their operation and destroy their

influence. They are the rust of the mind, which, if suffered to increase or to exist at all, will soon obscure its brilliancy, corrode its substance, and annihilate its strength.

Lastly. *Cherish religion, and frequently and attentively peruse the holy scriptures.* They will communicate to you the most valuable knowledge—the knowledge of yourselves and of the path which leads to Heaven.

The two most important events that can possibly engage our attention, which are inevitable, and for the occurrence of which it should be the chief employment of human life to prepare, are death and judgment; because upon that preparation altogether depends our future happiness or misery in the next state of existence. The present portion of our existence is a state of discipline or trial, without which, under the peculiar circumstances of our condition, as rational beings and free agents, we could not be entitled to reward, or obnoxious to punishment; nor could the virtuous energies of our nature be properly called forth into action.

When therefore the brevity and uncertainty of human life are considered, the immensity of reward which is promised to piety and virtue, and the dreadful nature of the punishment which is threatened for the neglect of them—surely the great business of life should be to prepare for eternity.

Let then all your thoughts, words, and actions, be regulated by the influence of that awful eternity. Rest your faith upon the

doctrines, and regulate your lives by the precepts of Christ and his Apostles; and you will assuredly obtain the esteem and approbation of the most respectable part of the community, enjoy the most exhilarating and soothing testimony of an approving conscience, and finally be received by your Almighty Judge, as good and faithful stewards of the talents committed to your trust.

In a particular manner, most earnestly do I recommend to you a regular observation of all the ordinances of public worship, and the exercise of frequent and fervent *private* prayer. Remember that we are fallen and accountable beings, that our thoughts, words, and actions are continually under the inspection of God—that the propensities of our nature are to evil—that those propensities are too powerful to be controuled by reason alone—that without the assistance of divine grace we cannot attain that purity of character which alone can render us acceptable to our Almighty Judge: and that this divine influence is promised liberally to those who sincerely petition for it. “Ask and ye shall have,” said our Divine Instructor Jesus Christ, “knock,” as it were at the door of Heaven, “and it shall assuredly be opened to you.”

Prayer preserves in the human mind a constant sense of the omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence of the deity, and of the imperfection, the frailty, and the responsibi-

lity of man. Nor be deterred from the exercise of this indispensable duty, by the idea of labour in its *daily* occurrence. We are not required to offer *long* but *frequent* and *ardent* prayers.—The single petition of the contrite publican “God be merciful to me a sinner!” was favourably received, when the elaborate address of the ostentatious Pharisee was rejected.

Prayer is the great, the blessed medium of intercourse between man and his Almighty Creator.

“Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream

“Of glory on the consecrated hour,

“Of man in audience with the deity.

“Who worships the great God, that instant joins

“The first in Heaven, and sets his foot on Hell.

Dedicate, therefore, your early years to the service of your Maker, and you will then find, that as you “grow in age, you will grow in grace,” and enjoy the unspeakable satisfaction which arises from the consciousness of a diligent preparation for death, judgment, and eternity.

FASHION.

IN days of yore, when reason held her reign,
And could with ease vain caprices restrain;
When men, accusom'd to one common course,
To fix their minds, requir'd no borrow'd force;
When brutal ay'rice did not rule the board,
Nor each his all for trifles could afford;
When splendid luxury was without a name,
And by abundance no one sought for fame;
When but a little was a good supply,
And all with faith on Nature could rely

In this more ancient and more happy age,
The beams of honour shone upon the stage.

The aged Sire just tott'ring to the dust,
To his fond child consign'd his sacred trust ;
With admonitions of his tend'rest care,
Of folly's wiles with caution to beware.
But ah, degen'rate race ! with pleasure cloy'd !
Of reason, wisdom, prudence, goodness void !
What specious charm has lull'd your minds to rest ?
Than your fond Sires, what makes you far more blest ?
Ah, vainly blest, if FASHION rule the day,
Fashion, a demon clad in false array ;
An idol, to which thousands bend the knee,
With anxious hopes from trouble to be free.

Fashion and lux'ry with their cursed train,
In modern times have long assum'd the reign
Have driven reason from her rightful throne,
And on her ruins rais'd aloft their own ;
Have won the smiles of every sex and age ;
All with delight in FOLLY's cause engage ;
Have burst the ties of harmony and peace ;
And bade the streams of joy and pleasure cease ;
Have oft despoil'd a noble, happy mind
Of treasures sacred, once by care refin'd.
Such are th' effects of Fashion's regal sway,
Perhaps the fate of many a future day.

To prove the fact, to Capitals repair,
And seek profusion on profusion there.
Explore the throng engag'd in Fashion's sphere,
Where all as one, her specious name revere.
Here, struts a Pigmy in his sumpt'ous lace,
There, from each lattice peeps a crimson face ;
Here, a poor miscreant, to the world a curse,
And still supported from his father's purse :
There, trips a Miss, the fact none have oppos'd,
To public view her modesty expos'd ;
Here, stands the Crier at each angle, bold,
At three, P. M. late Fashions to be sold ;
There, stalks an advocate for folly's show,

Pleading with warmth, PRO BONO PUBLICO,
In every fordid corner you behold
A mushroom upstart clad in splendid gold ;
And parents, children, all as one agree,
To hail EXTRAVAGANCE with social glee.

Are these the vices which pollute the age,
And still permitted to pervert the stage ?
Must we at Fashion's shrine obsequious fall,
And listen to her pleasing, fatal call ?
Deluded world arise, nor heed her voice ;
Let honest prudence be your noblest choice ;
Extravagance and folly, hand in hand
Too long, alas ! have overspread the land.

To change the scene and paint in diff'rent light,
Let sober Reason now resume her right.
With care let her just dictates be obey'd,
And our advancement prove HER sov'reign aid.
In her embrace, on life's impetuous tide,
Each hast'n'd footstep she will safely guide ;
Will guard the fortune of each passing hour,
And banish care by her coercive pow'r.

To prove that Reason is our safest rule,
Behold the peasant, taught in Nature's school :
No costly gems his daily garb compose,
In vain indulgence he seeks no repose.
In russet gown his smiling wife appears,
No cares disturb, no deep foreboding fears,
As faithful Sol o'ertops the eastern hills,
And with his beams expansive Nature fills ;
When the gay lark begins his matin song,
To which the strains of cheerfulness belong ;
In just succession in the rustic art,
Each in his turn, with pleasure knows his part.
And when at eve that God his lustre veils,
O'er gloomy cares the cheerful song prevails.

From busy scenes and blest with purest joy,
Lo, the Recluse in Nature's free employ,

No splendid toys his humble cot adorn,
Nor for his plainness is he view'd forlorn.
His simple habit proves his peaceful mind
For purest bliss and happiness design'd ;
For daily bounties which kind Heav'n bestows,
To Him who gives, his pure oblation flows.
His gen'rous hand each pilgrim's wants supplies,
Nor to the child of sorrow, aid denies.

Far happier these, than those in regal state,
Absorb'd in lux'ry, and ignobly great ;
Who seek for pleasures which from wealth arise,
And for abundance strain their eager eyes.
Who look for honours in the splendid sphere,
And the vain god, extravagance, revere.

The female mind, in idle dreams employ'd,
Too long, alas! has fancy's fruits enjoy'd.
Too long has chosen for its surest guide,
A Ratcliffe's trifle, or a Rowson's pride.
Go, search the toilet of the studious fair,
Where frightful ghosts in gloomy horror stare.
View the long pile which human greatness speaks,
And listen to a maid's despairing shrieks:
Where mournful spectres hover on the sight,
And bring to view the shades of endless night.
Such direful scenes employ, with fondest care,
The happy moments of our blooming fair.

And now, ye votaries of Fashion's cause,
Adhere to Reason and to Reason's laws :
Let no vain trifles o'er your firmness sway,
Nor seek the luring baubles of the day.
Thus, by your prudence you may daily learn
Between the good and evil to discern ;
May know, by tracing Nature's open rule,
What constitutes a sage, and what—a fool.

ANECDOTES.

Some years since, not fifty miles from Boston, lived an industrious old lady, who, ris-

ing early one Lordsday morning, gathered her dirty clothes together, and went hard to work, washing; which she continued, until a neighbour of hers, missing her from church, called at the house to know what extraordinary accident had prevented her attendance as usual; both the old ladies were surprised—the one at seeing her neighbour dressed in her best clothes and the other infinitely more so, at seeing her old friend at the wash tub.

After an eclaireissement had taken place, the old lady who had so ignorantly sinned, requested the other to sit down, and as she, by her sad mistake, had not been to church herself, to inform her what was the subject, the parson was preaching on—"he was preaching" said she "on the death and sufferings of our Saviour." "What!" said the other, "is he dead—well, my husband don't take the papers, and half Boston might be burnt down, and I know nothing about the matter."

A YOUNG MAN,

NATIVE of a pleasant part of New England, having no objections to enter upon a *married life*, hereby makes known his intentions to the young ladies of Carolina. He is about twenty-five years of age, of decent professions and fair prospects—can produce an unsuspected character—other particulars to be expressed on personal interview; to approach which, he suggests the following mode: The lady, whose attention may be

excited by this proposal, is desired to drop a billet into the box of the post-office, addressed to A. B. in which she will declare so much of her mind, as is necessary to hint the first avowal of an honourable courtship. She will also prescribe her fictitious address, together with the time and place at which he may deposit a letter of more explicit contents. This correspondence may be continued at the pleasure of the parties, until, by reciprocal understanding, they may appoint an interview. As his propositions are religiously sincere, he expects that her's also will be such, as far as she thinks proper to proceed. He pledges the honour of a gentleman, that, whatever may be her professions and disclosures, he will observe the utmost diplomatick silence and unremitting secrecy. She will be indulged, at any stage of the addresses, in suspending the correspondence whenever she chuses. Attention, in conformity to the above, shall be strictly paid for the space of fourteen days from this date.

Though an introduction to the acquaintance of a companion, so novel and unprecedented, may wear with many a theatrical appearance, the writer is conscious of nothing, why it may not be perfectly consistent with every object of courtship. As advertisements of this kind, though really sincere, are too often viewed as mere scenes of mock-gallantry, he tenders his assurances that this, BONA-FIDE, will be supported with serious intention and unaffected candour;

he begs moreover, that the lady who cannot otherwise be convinced, would so respect the proposition above stated, as to make an introductory experiment, isolated at her own pleasure, with caution and reserve.

AN old gentleman, whose father attended more to teaching his son the methods of accumulating riches than knowledge, lived some time since in a town in one of the eastern states—From application and industry, he had amassed a property of about 20,000 dollars: although not able either to read or write, he never hired a clerk, but had always been in the habit of keeping his own books. He had invented some few characters for the purpose of conveying his ideas to himself and others: they were formed as nearly similar to the shape of the article sold as the nature of the circumstance would admit. One day a customer of his called on him for the purpose of settling his account, the book of *hieroglyphicks* was handed down, and our merchant commenced with “such a time you had a gallon of rum, and such a time a pound of tea—such a time a gallon of molasses, and such a time a cheese.” “Stop there,” says the customer, “I never had a cheese from you or any other person—I make my own cheese.” “You certainly must have had it,” said the merchant, “it is down in my book.” The other denied ever buying an article of that kind. After a sufficient number of pros and cons, upon reco-

lection, he informed him that he believed he had purchased a *grindstone* about that time—"It is the very thing," said the merchant, "and I must have forgotten to put *the hole in the middle.*"

THE PETITION

Of a number of fat and healthy Swine,
Most humbly addressed to the honourable
street-commissioners of Philadelphia,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners have at this time very pleasant lodgings in the odoriferous sloughs of Pewter Platter alley, made some time since by laying down water-logs in said alley. But your petitioners are very apprehensive that they shall be disturbed, in consequence of some of their neighbours complaining of bad smells issuing from our habitations, which they fear will produce that ugly demon the yellow fever.—Now, gentlemen, we hope you will not regard either their complaints or their fears, as we know some of them to be very weak nerved people, too easily alarmed about trifles—and do beg that you will grant us the use of our comfortable lodgings, during the remainder of the warm months at least, for which your petitioners will thank you, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

THE RURAL PHILOSOPHER.

Fair Nature's beauties give sublime delight,
To whom alone she gives her charms to prize,

Ten thousand sweets regale th'attentive sight,
Which pass unnotic'd by incurious eyes—

Earth's verdant carpet, lo ! how richly wrought,
What grandeur fills the heav'ns from pole to pole ;
These swell the mind to majesty of thought,
And strike the finest feelings of the soul.

How great my theme ! how vast is Nature's plan,
My muses power to sing, alas ! how small ;
What wisdom, shines from insect up to man,
What truth and goodness visible in all.

There are who view the sweetly varied vale,
Yet feel no rapture at the pleasing sight,
There are who hear the moon's harmonious tale,
Yet see no beauties in the queen of night.

There are who view the flocks, and verdant downs,
The summer suns, and plenty pouring sky ;
Yet leave their charms to shepherds and to clowns,
Nor lift their thoughts, nor send their thanks on high.

To me the daisied bank, the cowslip field,
The craggy rock, the high o'er shadowing hill,
Pleasure sublime and sweet instruction yield,
And all my soul, with admiration fill.

The blooming hedge-row, or the leafless tree,
The summer's heat, or winter's frozen face,
In sweet vicissitude give joy to me,
And fill the scene with dignity and grace.

The smooth-rind poplar, and the pointed pine,
The mantling wood-bine, and the matted thorn,
In reason's ear proclaim a hand divine,
While Nature's plan they perfect and adorn.

The rose's blush, the laurel's glitt'ring green,
The tulip's glow, the crocus' golden rays,
Sweetly diversify th' enchanting scene,
And swell the chorus of their maker's praise.

The groves and purling streams the muses pride,
Woods, lakes, and lawns, and all the charms of
May,
Can't pass unsung; when all things sung beside,
In graceful concord aid the moral lay.

Learn wisdom, man! from all thine eye surveys,
See! order reigns throughout the spacious whole;
That just obedience every creature pays,
Should teach, correct, and regulate thy soul.

But ah! there are who view th' etherial plains,
Yet hear no music in the rolling spheres,
Who feel what chanting music heav'n ordains,
Nor count how fast, they number out their years.

There are who feel the sun's diffusive ray,
Yet unadmiring, view that world of light,
Who praise the varied wonders of the day,
Yet see no grandeur in the gloom of night.

E'en winter's bell'wing breath whose horrid noise,
Howls in tremendous tempests through the trees,
The Philosophick ear in peace enjoys
Nor finds less pleasing than the passing breeze.

The ratt'ling thunder shakes the solid world,
And fearful light'nings nature's face deform,
The virtuous mind in no confusion hurl'd,
Smiles in the tempest, and enjoys the storm.

He sees with wonder, Nature's first great cause
Hold out the scales, and keep the balance e'en;
Though boist'rous Eurys burst his wint'ry jaws;
With all the blust'ring turbulence of Heav'n.

The virtuous mind, with equal temper, views
The summer's glories, and the winter's glooms,
The sacred path of conscious peace pursues,
And looks unterrified on threat'ning tombs.

ELEGY.

Calm is thy rest, meek sorrow's child !
At length thou hast escap'd from grief ;
At length, to ev'ry anguish throb,
The final sigh has giv'n relief.

Yes ! thou art happy, sorrow's child
Though cold the sod that binds thy breast,
That breast shall agonize no more,
No more shall heave with woe suppress'd.

For sacred, from each prying eye,
In secret flow'd thy burning tear,
And mournful though thy hapless tale,
'Twas pour'd alone to friendship's ear.

Yet, now from rising anguish free,
How tranquil is thy silent sleep !
How calmly clos'd those languid orbs,
So often us'd to wake and weep.

Peace to thy shade, for thou wert mild,
As is the cradled infant's sigh,
And pure—if ever mortal were,
As souls that seek their native sky.

O'er thy pale form the high grass waves,
—And willows spread funereal gloom,
While eve's soft breeze delights to pour
Its whisper'd murmurs o'er thy tomb.

And oft at midnight's sacred hour,
Forms such as fancy loves shall throng
Due honors at the turf to pay,
And soothe thy spirit with their song.

AN AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

In fading grandeur lo ! the trees
Their tarnish'd honours shed ;
While every leaf compelling breeze
Lays their dim verdure dead.

E'er while they shook a lively length
Of flowers and fruit and green ;
Now shorn of beauty and of strength
They stand a shatter'd scene.

Ere long the fertile breath of spring
Shall all their charms renew ;
And flower and fruit and foliage bring,
All pleasing to the view.

Thus round and round the seasons roll
In one harmonious course,
And shed conviction on the soul,
With unremitting force.

Not such is man's appointed fate,
One spring alone he knows,
One Summer, one autumnal state,
One Winter's dread repose.

Yet not the dreary sleep of death,
Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy,
But man shall draw immortal breath,
In endless pain or joy.

Important thought ! Oh, mortal hear
On what thy fate depends ;
The voice of Wisdom strikes thine ear,
And this the voice she sends.

" When virtue glows with youthful charms,
How bright the vernal skies !
When virtue like the Summer warms,
What golden Harvests rise.

When vices spring without controul,
What bitter fruits appear ;
A wintry darkness wraps the soul,
And horrors close the year ;

When youths to Virtue's shrine repair
And men their tribute bring ;
Old age shall lose its load of care,
And death shall lose its sting."

CITY MANNERS.

I have been completely successful, and you must send me your congratulations immediately. — You thought my husband could never be brought to sacrifice what you are pleased to term a certainty for an uncertainty ; but you are mistaken ; men are different creatures at different times. I believe, nay, I vow I am almost certain, they may all be wrought upon by arts less specious than those so frequently played off upon our sex. If women would call into use but half of their sagacity, and would scrutinize the natural dispositions and propensities of men, their situations in life would more often accord with their own desires, and feminine graces give a more general polish to society. But this must be done with care. Men are naturally jealous of authority, and will not tamely submit to any open encroachments upon it ; they cannot, therefore, blame us, if we follow their own example, and *wheel* them out of it, as they so often *wheel* our sex of what is of a thousand times more consequence, our virtue. In this, I am persuaded, we may always succeed : for, notwithstanding the charge of vanity, so universally ascribed to us, I do positively declare, and you will not forget that it is a matron who makes the declaration, that the men have a much greater portion of it than the supposed possessors. Do be so good as to cultivate these and similar sentiments among your acquaintances : I think they might prove beneficial ;

and I should receive additional happiness from the confirmation of my belief.

I have moulded my husband into the very *thing* I wished him. He already begins to see objects through the same medium with myself; and although he prated a good deal at first, about the heart-felt pleasures of the rural life, I soon put all such simple nonsense out of his head by descanting upon the elegancies of city enjoyments, the style in which we should be enabled to live, the choice of our company, and the facility of change; but most of all, upon *the profound deference and respect* which we should receive from persons of every rank. This I did not fail to contrast with our present situation; and dwelt particularly upon the term happiness, to which I had often heard him say there were as many definitions as there were persons in the world, and upon the insensibility and uncourteous dispositions of his boorish neighbours.

I am all in raptures at the success of my plans; and two or three attempts to go through my usual household duties, have absolutely failed; so that I do not see how I can do any thing better than to inform you that I am surfeiting upon anticipated happiness. I have sometimes heard men assert, that anticipation was preferable to enjoyment; but I believe they will find few of our sex credulous and visionary enough to coincide in a doctrine that defeats itself. If men had sensibility and vivacity enough always to *enjoy the present mo-*

ment, I am persuaded they would never mention the delights of anticipation.

But this, you exclaim, is all idle prating, mere speculation. Granted : we will therefore to the point. My good Proteus has already advertised his estate, and will probably be able to dispose of it soon ; then we hie us to the city, and begin to make preparation for living in a style worthy of my husband's character and high expectations ; then, I trust, I shall be of some consequence in society. I shall no longer be pushed from my own fire by the intrusion of unbidden guests, who must always be made welcome ; nor be compelled to give an exact statement of my family concerns to every impertinent old curmudgeon in the parish. In the city, you know every house is the lady's ; the carriages and servants are all at her disposal ; she gives all the entertainments, and all visits are made to her. This, now, is as it should be ; and we receive all proper respect. Instead of being tied to the side of your husband, at all times, walking regularly to church twice on a Sunday, and having nothing to look at but the monotonous countenances which you have seen all the days of your life ; we are indulged in a promiscuous intercourse with the sexes ; plays, theatres, concerts, balls, and galleries of the arts, are perpetually created for our amusement ; and we are led, with admiration and delight, from one novelty to another by a hundred different beaux who are ever at your beck, and who

never seem satisfied but when they are *doing you a favour*.

I do assure you, that in cities, the ladies are of infinitely more consequence, in private life, than the gentlemen. They are plodding in their counting-houses the greater part of the day, while we are receiving and paying morning visits, reciprocating civilities, and at all times enjoying the present moment in a manner perfectly agreeable to ourselves. We are often assisted in these amusements by *gentlemen of elegant leisure*, who are the kindest creatures in the world, and who are never insensible to the merit of a fine woman. Several of these gallants have wives themselves, but this does not hinder them from adhering rigidly to the opinion of the "Wife of Bath."

I must say, and all women, you know, are extremely fond of having their say, that the *liberal opinions* and *genteel customs* that generally prevail in cities, are much to my taste, and afford a striking contrast to the narrow prejudices of a village education. You very well know how much restraint we are obliged to submit to, because we are of what is termed the better sort of people in the country. There can be no other reason in the world for all this, than a thin population. If this were not the case, every body's situation and circumstances would not be precisely known, and the immediate occurrences in every family would not be so familiarly discussed by the common vulgar. This want of popu-

lation, and the natural austerity of parents and husbands, are of very serious inconvenience to at least one part of every family. We are strictly enjoined to keep aloof from all others not similarly circumstanced with ourselves; and the destination of every visit, or of what is here nick-named party of pleasure, must be previously known and approved by the family before it can be finally resolved upon. In our dress, too, we are shamefully controlled; and instructed to fashion it so as to prohibit all play to the imagination. I really think that things have come to a fine pass when men are not satisfied with the absolute direction of our persons. They are not willing now, to allow us even mental freedom; and what they will next invent for our torture, it is impossible to conjecture.

But let us not forget, that things are not so every where. In the city, this rust has quite worn off; and the general polish of manners has given to every thing the most beautiful appearance. The fancy, and the judgment are left to the guidance of their respective possessors, for they are not always united in the same person, and the general prosperity of the citizens enables all classes to put on the same appearance, and to be present at all public amusements. It is not for me to inquire into the causes which have produced this delightful state of society; it is sufficient for me that it is so.

Perhaps you may think that the frequent interruptions of health, so often experienced

in cities, is a circumstance very much against them ; but this, I can assure you, is an objection more imaginary than real. The houses of the wealthy are generally situated in the widest streets, where there is a free circulation of air, and are very spacious—their stores or compting-houses, however, are generally down upon the wharves ; and if they will always keep themselves immured in them, where the air will not let them live, they must die of course, and we are free to better ourselves the sooner. This, I am determined, shall not keep me from the city one moment ;

“ For when my transitory spouse unkind,
Shall die and leave his woeful wife behind,
I’ll take the next good Christian I can find.”

You need not laugh at this confession, though it is a frank one ; for I will venture to bet you a dish of my best hyson, it has been made by many an honest wife before me. You may possibly think, also, that it can be no easy task for a widow, with children, to get a husband, where there are at all times so many charming young girls who are seldom disposed to be cruel ; but you may dismiss such a belief as soon as it is conceived, for I do positively assert, that

“ There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.”

It now only remains for me to assure you, that we are firmly resolved upon going to town as soon as possible, and that I shall be very glad to have as much of your company there as you can spare.

THOUGHTS ON APPARITIONS.

Ye spirits who inhabit worlds unknown !
 Terrific spectres ! whither are ye flown ?
 Oft have I heard, ye love at this dread hour
 To haunt the ruin'd aisle, or moss grown tow'r ;
 To flit in shadowy forms along the glade,
 Or stalk gigantic 'midst the gloomy shade.
 Yet here alone with silent steps I tread,
 Where broken walls their mouldering ruins spread ;
 Where the cold ashes of the fair and great,
 Vainly enshrined, repose in awful state ;
 Where the dark ivy clasps th' embattled tow'r
 And lengthens out a while its final hour ;
 But all is still ! no frightful ghost appears ;
 No ghastly phantom its huge form uprears ;
 No white rob'd spirits glide across the gloom,
 No hollow groan low mutters from the tomb ;
 But death-like silence spreads an awe profound,
 And darkness flings her sable mantle round.
 Then whither are these shadowy spectres fled,
 That nightly guard the relics of the dead ?
 And where is pale-cheek'd Terror's hideous train,
 That o'er the midnight hour is said to reign ?

Ah ! let grim Fear and superstition tell,
 A tale of horror from their murky cell ;
 Where by the glimmering taper's pale-blue light,
 They pass, in sullen mood, the dreary night ;
 Starting with frenzied looks at every sound,
 While visionary phantoms float around,
 Yes—they may tell of deeds with horror fraught,
 And dreadful fights that mock the labouring
 thought ;
 Yet will I scorn the vain deluding tale,
 Nor let their voice o'er Reason's self prevail.
 But can I still a hardy sceptick stand,
 Rejecting truths rever'd in every land ;
 While undisputed facts their force unite,
 To prove that spirits haunt the shades of night ?
 Ah no ! I must submit—I plead in vain
 Imagination's wild despotic reign ;
 Or say that Fear by Fancy's magic aid

May fill with airy forms the dubious shade :
 And bid the trembling heart, in manhood's spite,
 Start from a wavering bush with pale affright ;
 Yes—tis in vain ! for while with sad surprize,
 O'er many a dreadful legend Pity sighs,
 Some well-attested facts the mind perceives,
 And with discriminating power—believes.

Yet shall I dread at this dark hour to rove,
 Amid the solemn stillness of the grove ;
 Or where the time-worn battlements arise,
 Or the proud turret low in ruin lies ?
 I scorn the thought—assur'd that Sov'reign Pow'r
 Governs alike the dark, or moontide hour ;
 And here as free from rude alarm I stray,
 Amid these shades, as in the blaze of day ;
 While to thy care, O thou Almighty Friend !
 By night, or day, my spirit I commend.

But oh ! my heart delights while thus I rove,
 T' indulge the pleasing thought, that some I love,
 Who now have gain'd the radiant seats of bliss,
 Attend my wand'rings o'er a scene like this.
 Oh yes—methinks I feel her presence near,
 Whose memory claims affection's grateful tear ;
 Whose form so much belov'd, hath still the pow'r,
 With sweetest smiles to cheer the darkest hour ;
 Dost thou, indeed, my lonely steps attend,
 And o'er me now with kind compassion bend,
 Anxious with all a mother's love t' impart
 A balm to sooth the sorrows of my heart ?
 Might I indulge the wish that thou wert near,
 Blest spirit might I now behold thee here ;
 Such as thou art, array'd in garments bright,
 Or such as memory views with fond delight.
 I dare believe, my heart with glad surprize
 Would linger here till morning beams arise ;
 With strong desire that gentle voice to hear,
 Whose kindness oft has charm'd my infant ear ;
 And, fraught with tenderest love hath lull'd to rest
 The little sorrows of my youthful breast.

It must not be ! I look around in vain—
 Darkness profound, and awful silence reign
 O'er all the gloomy scene, which seems to lie
 Entomb'd beneath the fable-vaulted sky.
 Oh ! when shall this imprison'd soul of mine
 Burst from its dark abode with pow'r divine,
 And meet with those I love, on that blest shore,
 Where sorrow, pain, and death are known no more.
 Oh ! let my soul with hopeful patience say,
 "Thy will be done !" and wait that awful day,
 That bids my spirit wing its wond'rous flight,
 From this dark world to realms of purest light ;
 With rapturous joy, to share the glorious prize
 Of immortality beyond the skies !

MEDITATION.

The morning dawn'd with beauteous smile,
 And gaily rose the radiant sun ;
 My eye transported, for awhile
 Had o'er the glowing landscape run,
 Whenst from the south a cloud arose ;
 I saw with undisturbed repose.

The mild and softened rays of light,
 Seem'd on the mountain tops to rest ;
 The winding river clear and bright,
 An air serene, and calm confest ;
 The fields, though all the trees were bare,
 Appear'd their summer vest to wear.

Who could behold the scene unmov'd ?
 With hasty steps I bent my way,
 And o'er the lawn delighted rov'd,
 And blessed the giver of the day ;
 Why not each moment prove like this ?
 I sigh'd—and yet the sigh was bliss.

Returning with a vigorous mind,
 I vow'd the live-long day to range ;
 Or 'neath the oak to rest reclin'd,
 When nature might require a change ;

Such dreams and fancies oft amuse,
While wisdom's path we fail to choose.

Two hours had pass'd—I now allow'd
My scheme of pleasure to pursue;
I rose; not thinking that the cloud,
Unheeded, was a presage true;
Alas! with baneful influence wide,
O'er all the sky it seem'd to slide.

The sun had now withdrawn his rays,
The whistling winds with fury blew;
And ruffled was the river's glaze,
The heavens each moment darker grew;
Ah! now my hopes were lost in air,
And vanish'd all the prospect fair.

So when life's opening visions rise,
They dazzle and beguile our sight;
But, ah! the sweet delusion flies,
When bliss has gain'd its utmost height,
And leaves us nought but sorrow's gloom,
To light us to the dreary tomb.

Yet, if we courted hope's bright ray,
A glimmering always might be seen,
Painting the safe, though thorny way,
To where no sorrows intervene;
But where in full perfection shine,
Love, joy, and happiness divine!

COMMERCE.

TO be the herald of our own folly, and to proclaim all our latent weaknesses, requires some strength of mind; and I have a thousand times regretted, since my confinement, the existence of any tie which could turn my eye upon myself, or awake me from the lethargy into which I have fallen. I know you will disapprove of this sentiment, for it

impiety, and at any other time, I should fear the reprimand it will certainly bring upon me; but remember, there are times when we are both unable and unwilling to analyze our thoughts, or to scan our actions. The agony of my mind, the miseries which surround me, the loss of my gallant son, and the cries of the wretched prisoners for bread, must, therefore, be my apology, for my mental or verbal errors.

For what purposes were the passions of avarice and ambition given to the human mind? Why are mankind so generally dissatisfied with the middle stations in society?

I need not inform you how pleasantly I was situated in the county of Dutchess, where I had an extensive farm, kind neighbours, and true friends; where I had been successively town-clerk, justice of the peace, sheriff of the county, and member of the legislature. I need not dwell upon the ease, quiet, and substantial pleasures of a country life. You are acquainted with them all, and will therefore spare me the pain of an enumeration. But when I tell you that I inherited a great portion of my property, which I was in some measure bound to hand down to my children, you will not feel less surprize than I do at the extent of my folly, the absence of my reason, and the force of my credulity.

I am not, however, entirely to blame. Some of my friends, who had embarked in a successful trade, were continually urging

me to convert my property into cash, to come to this city, and to enter into the shipping-business. My wife too, who has proved a very ambitious woman, chimed in, and did not fail to magnify the prospects of success. She *longed* to figure in those splendid routes and parties, of which she had tasted during our occasional visits to town; and she was quite certain I should make more money in one year than we could spend in ten. I yielded—came to town—established a house—read price-currents—sent vessels to sea, and was, for some time, successful; but fortune, like the tide, both ebbs and flows.

A single blow deprived me of a beloved son, and an immense property. These losses were the more severe, as they occurred in that season of life when we just begin to feel the gradual advances of old age. I found, however, a considerable relief from my trouble and anxiety, in the friendship of Mr. Trick'em, to whom I owed a considerable sum. This gentleman gave me much of his company, and never omitted the kindest words; which I attributed to his magnanimity and generosity, and to the delicacy and tenderness of his friendship. Indeed he often insinuated that he was not ignorant of my *sensibility or situation* and that he feared to leave me long alone, lest my mind might prey too much upon itself. Such instances of sterling virtue occur so seldom, that they made a great impression upon my mind, and I

thought I could not do less than acquaint my friend with my exact situation, in every particular. He seemed much pleased with my confidence, advised me to cheer up, and hinted that a considerable loan, for a few months, might retrieve my fortune and credit. It was true, he said, that this money could not be procured for less than two and a half per cent a month, but that circumstances would sometimes justify a much greater premium. I thanked my friend a thousand times, and immediately called upon Mr. Shark, the broker, to execute his plan. As I had yet a great amount of property in ships and goods, I found no difficulty in completing the negotiation.

The conjectures of Mr. Trick'em were verified. I paid the most clamorous of my creditors, and appeared at the coffee-house, among men of business as usual. My prospects began to brighten, and I immediately concluded to pay my *friend* the balance of his account; and the more especially as he had hinted that he had a great deal of money to pay within a few days, and knew not how to collect it. Shortly after I had settled with Trick'em, I found my credit fast declining, and that I should be unable to redeem the property which I had deposited with Shark. He did not spare me, but sacrificed enough of my property at auction to secure his usury, and gave himself no farther trouble about the remainder, or its owner. Just at this time, when I was in the

midst of all my difficulties, I received word from another *friend*, that 'Trick'em had informed all my creditors of my embarrassment, and that he, as one of them, must be paid to-morrow, or that he would arrest me immediately. Mr. Break'em, who gave me this information, further stated, that Trick'em had facetiously observed to him, that "Ledger thought himself under a thousand obligations to me, but that if the country booby had not been ignorant of *the practices of trade*, he would have known that I could have no *interest* in "*keeping him up*" after I had wormed my money out of him; and that it was but natural I should advise certain *useful friends*, whom his foolish confidence had informed me were creditors, to look to him."

I had now, indeed, a full view of *the practices of trade*; and my embarrassments crowded upon me so fast, that I knew not which way to turn myself. I had seen so much baseness, ingratitude and treachery, that I began to think all mankind were villains, who perpetually prey upon each other; and that their seeming virtues were nothing more than different incidents, rendered accessory to the grand design, by which they might torment and destroy with the greater facility. But I will not detain you with the frantick ravings of a mind so perfectly killed with care. The denouement approaches fast.

As the shipwrecked mariner clings to the parting vessel, which he fondly hopes may

contain substance and strength enough to bear him to the shore; as the timid virgin, who is about to be sacrificed to the man whom she hates, supplicates the forbearance of her father, and watches his countenance; as the doating wife, who is in momentary expectation of being torn from the arms of a beloved husband, looks wildly round for the appearance of some pitying friend; so did your unfortunate kinsman in this trying hour. There were two gentlemen whom I could not but think had some friendship for me, as I had very essentially served them both, more than once. I therefore resolved to commit the remainder of my property, in trust, to their good keeping, that I might have something to exist upon till I could get my affairs in a train of settlement. These gentlemen betrayed me, and I was sent immediately into close confinement, where I am languishing in ill health, and suffering all the horrors of want.

BUSINESS.

You doubtless remember the exultation which I expressed when I took my leave of you, among other friends, for the purpose of embarking in trade in this city. I am sure I shall never forget the day. My feelings now powerfully attest the value of the salutary advice which you gave me previous to that event. You endeavoured to dissuade me, by every argument which even paternal care could suggest, to give up ambitious schemes, to content my-

self among those who had proved themselves my best friends, and to fix myself for life among the wise, the virtuous, and the happy, in preference to those whose friendships are selfish, and whose vices are contagious. You remember, with what alacrity I struck off my house, my lands, and all my moveable property, to the highest bidder, that I might see in my hands the sure precursor of a princely estate, and the gift of national honours and emoluments. I have not forgotten the anxiety and chagrin which my unwarrantable anticipation of those "blushing honours" pictured in your countenance. But if I be not entitled to your pity for my errors, I hope you will not withhold from me your forgiveness, when you are informed of my misfortunes. Do not say, that the last resource of every blockhead, is to throw himself upon the generosity of his friends. I know and feel that this is but too often the case; but you will do me the justice to believe, that there are some superior to such baseness, and at least one who will never cease to struggle with fortune till her revolving wheel has once more crowned his board, and compensated his sorrows and his toils.

When I first came to this city, I expected to have found the merchants open and candid with each other; that they would, at all times, furnish the new-beginner with correct advice; that they would cheerfully point out to him the men of fairest character and cre-

dit ; reciprocate temporary loans, and be honest with me at all times. As the very basis upon which their business is founded, is mutual confidence and honesty, I thought I could not but realize this latter expectation. But *experience* is equally beneficial to the confident and sceptical. If mankind could rest satisfied without resorting to this last, great test, how many nations that are now fallen, would have been great and happy ! How many individuals would have been in easy circumstances, who are now corrupt, debased and miserable !

I do not wish to intrude upon your time and patience, by declaring against the long list of human infirmities. Your observations through life have doubtless convinced you of the futility of repining at evils which can never be removed ; and your religion has taught you to consider them as the works of that chastening hand which rewards and punishes according to its own inscrutable wisdom.

When we consider the inducements which the situation of our country holds out to its citizens to embark in trade ; its extensive sea-coast, and happy position ; the number and activity of its hardy seamen ; and the universal poverty at the expiration of our revolutionary struggle, it ought to create no surprise that many sought to remunerate themselves by commercial adventures, by speculations in the scrip of the numerous monied institutions, which became necessary to a new nation and a new people, and by large pur-

chases of vacant lands, which were sure to increase in value as the nation increased in population. These causes combined, produced a universal passion for trade ; and the splendid success of the early adventurers has been but a too fatal inducement for others to follow, less qualified to succeed, and long after the golden crisis had passed away. The consequence of this mad business has been what many wise men predicted ; and future historians will now be obliged to name America with that giddy nation, which had her *Mississippi scheme* and with that avaricious nation which had her *South-Sea Company*.

When we reflect upon the circumstances, we shall not be surprised that our merchants have become cautious and even suspicious. Instead of reciprocating accounts of their success, and the causes that have contributed to it, with frankness to each other, they not unfrequently conceal their own situation even from their own families. Besides, every department of trade has now become so overstocked with adventurers, that it has created a universal rivalry and jealousy ; and there are at all times, and especially in trade, but too many whose *interests* and natural depravity lead them to betray, rather than protect and advise. Instances of such conduct are by no means rare, and the abuse of confidence has become common.

I need not now inform you, that my object in coming to this city, was to make a rapid fortune. After I had engaged in busi-

ness. I found my capital was not sufficient to accomplish this, and was forced to have recourse to others in a similar situation. A few days since one of those *friends* called upon me for the same favour, and “broke” the next day, with my money in his hands. A meeting of his creditors is called, he offers them two and six-pence in the pound, which we must take, or he will go upon the limits, live in style, and pay nothing.

I have had the blessed *experience* which every one seems so desirous of, and as I find all my beautiful visions are vanished, I shall endeavour to “back out” in time to save my bacon, and have authorized a person to negotiate for my old place in the country, which I shall forever regret that I once relinquished.

PROGRESS OF FEELING.

In the days of my youth, when reason's sweet billow

Scarce swell'd on the stream of reflection and thought,

I sprang with the sky-lark, refresh'd from my pillow,
Nor heeded life's ills, whilst my pleasure I fought.

But soon to my book with a heart palpitating,

The frown of authority bade me attend;

I thought it was hard—yes sure it was grating,

To see my dear sports with my liberty end.

Yet something soon rose, oh! 'twas reading's sweet pleasure,

To calm, to content, to enlighten my mind,

And wond'ring, I smil'd, as I con'd o'er the treasure,
Of fables, of tales, or the Bible refin'd.

Yes, I bless the dear day when my follies forsaking,
The friend of my childhood consign'd me to
school,

For something like science my soul was awaking,
And told me the head o'er the heart ought to rule.

Then the lore of the ancients increas'd the sensations
Which throb'd in my bosom, as reason arose,
Whilst Poesy smiling, held out her temptations,
And lur'd me to pluck from her blossom a rose.

Ah! the rose was most sweet, and much I lov'd
dearly,

To tune my wild lyre in seclusion's lone cell,
And oft as the beauties of nature would cheer me,
Enchanted, my song full of praises I'd swell.

But soon, from the smiles of dear nature a roving,
My heart to the luring of beauty soon fled,
And shortly I found that the rogue was a loving,
And rul'd—yes, for once, he rul'd over my head.

My strains were then sad, and I sung so sincerely,
'That beauty relented, and bless'd me awhile,
But truly I paid for the blessing most dearly,
As shortly I found that e'en beauty had guile.

So I turn'd quite disgusted from passion's wild billow,
Nor felt that my loss was a loss so uncommon,
Since simply 'twas prov'd, as I bound on the willow,
I thought her an angel, but found her—a woman.

Oh yes, when the calmness of reason succeeded,
And painted the follies affection conceal'd,
I bless'd the dear day when the false one receded,
And all the allurements of cunning reveal'd.

Thus tranquil I smil'd, and now often a straying,
Midst solitude's walks, I reflect on mankind,
Whilst haply my fancy is sometimes pourtraying
The changes and chances which round us will wind,

Now lifted by pleasure, now born down by sorrow,
 In the case of ourselves 'tis we only agree—
 So thus, like the rest, will I think of to-morrow,
 And care for the world, as the world cares for me.

MY BREAKFAST.

“ Good Cook, all ceremony wave,
 And, e're I'm famish'd, let me have
 What 'bove all other things I crave,

My Breakfast.

“ Two dozen eggs, and six smoak'd fish,
 Of butter'd bread, a moderate dish,
 And some good tea, is all I wish

For Breakfast.

“ Since I'm so moderate then, make haste,
 Else, honest Cook, you'll be disgrac'd,
 For really, I long to taste

My Breakfast.

“ Consider Cook, a day and night,
 Have pass'd, since I, half famish'd wight !
 Have eat, sole source of true delight !!

My Breakfast.

“ 'Tis ready, say you, joyous news !
 Your pardon then my gentle muse,
 Spite of your charms, I can't but choose

My Breakfast.

SLEIGH RIDING.

I envy not the Chariot's state,
 That idly rolls the proud away,
 Give me the pleasures which await
 The smother flight that wings the Sleigh.

Thus though the tempest howls around,
 And winter whitens all the way,
 Wrapt from its rage the blest are found,
 Who safely trust the gliding Sleigh.

See there the happy lover goes
 With some fair virgin far away,
 Safe in his arms she shuns the snows,
 Delighted with the gliding Sleigh.

Now o'er some frozen stream afar,
 Their nightly course they guide away,
 While round the pole each flaming star,
 Directs the swiftly gliding Sleigh.

But hark ! the treacherous surface round
 Breaks, cracks, and thunders every way,
 But born to hang, they'll never be drown'd
 Who trust the swiftly gliding Sleigh.

MUSIC.

AT a period when real melody is so much the subject of cultivation, it appears to me very singular, that no attempt has been made to reduce to some order

THE CRIES OF LONDON.

They still remain in a most unmusical confusion, for want of some person to superintend them, and to deliver out to the people their proper cries *in score*, that they may not injure our ears as they do at present, by their horrid screaming. This is much to the reproach of an age so musically inclined as the present, and I wish to rouse attention to a subject which they must daily hear on both sides of their head.

The great errors which have crept into our system of *Cries* are principally these : the same *music* is often applied to different words ; and we have a great many words set to music so improperly that the " sound is

not an echo to the sense." Not to speak of a great deal of *music* by the first mistresses of the *Billingsgate* academy, to which there are no words at all, and *vice versa*, of a great quantity of *words* without music, — of any one may be convinced.

I have said that the same music is often applied to different words. There is a man under my window at this moment; who cries *potatoes* to the self-same tune that I remember when *cherries* were in season; and it was but yesterday a woman invited the public to purchase *shrimps*, to a tune which has invariably been applied to *salt-cod*: as to *spinage*, and *muffins*, I have heard them so often chaunted in *D*, that I defy any man to know which is which.

Matches too have been transposed to the key of *periwinkles*, and the cadence which should fall upon *rare*, is now placed upon *smelts* and *mackarel*. One could scarcely suppose such absurdities in London, at a time when every barber's boy *whistles* Italian operas, and even the footmen belonging to the nobility give you *Water parted*—at the box-doors. There is another instance I recollect in *radishes*; every body knows that the *bravura* part is on the words, *twenty a penny*, but they swell these notes, and *shake* upon *radishes*. We have no ears, else we could not hear such barbarous transpositions, which must be done by people totally unacquainted with the *gamut*. You may think lightly of this matter, but my family shall starve ere

I will buy *potatoes* in the *treble cliff*, or allow them to eat a *fallad* that has been cried in *flats*.

Soot ho ! I will still allow to be in *alt* ; the situation of our chimneys justifies this ; but certainly *dust* ought to be an octave lower, although it is notorious, that the unmusical rascals frequently go as high as *G.* and that without any *shake*. Is it not clear that *dust* should be *shaked* ?

Of *water-cresses*, I must own the cry has a most pleasing melancholy, which I would not part with for the flippant triple tune in which we are solicited to purchase *cabbage-plants*—In *fallad*, the repetition has a good effect—*Fine fallad*, and *fine young fallad*, with a shake on the last syllable of *fallad*, is according to the true principles of music, as it ends in an *apogiatura*.

Hot cross-buns, although they occur but once a year, are cried to a tune which has nothing of that melody which should accompany *sacred music*. There is a slur upon *hot* which destroys the effect ; and indeed gives the whole a very irreverent sound. *New cheese*, I have to observe, has not been set to music, and is therefore usually sung as a second part to *radishes*, but the concords are not always perfect. *Duets* are rarely well performed when there is no other accompaniments than the wheels of a barrow.

As I would not wish to insinuate that all our cries are objectionable, I must allow that

ground ivy is one of the most excellent pieces of music we have ; I question much if ever Handel composed, or Billington sung any thing like it. What renders it more beautiful is, that it is a *rondeau*, a very pleasing and popular species of air. The repetition of the word *ground ivy*, both before and after the *Come buy my*—has a very fine effect ; or, as the critics would say, it is *impressive* and *brilliant* !

But while I allow the merit of this very natural and popular composition, what shall I say to *cucumbers* ? The original tune is entirely forgotten, and a sort of Irish air is substituted for it. But although I object to this tune by itself, I am persuaded that those who admire the sublime thunder of a *chorus*, will be highly gratified by a *chorus* of cucumber women in a narrow street. I have often listened to it, when it took my attention from every thing else.

Fresh salmon is objectionable both on account of the words and the music. The music was originally part of the celebrated *water-piece*, but they have mangled it so, that the composer himself could not recognise the original air. Besides, some use the word *dainty*, and some *delicate*, to the same notes, which occasions an unpleasant semiquaver. Indeed in general the word *delicate* might be as well left out.

Little or nothing of the *bravura* has been attempted in our cries, if we except the *rolypolys* ; *green peas* is a very fine instance of this

species of composition ; I know of nothing in any of our operas which goes beyond it ; it is to be regretted peas don't last all the year.

But to go over the whole cries, is altogether impossible, else I could easily prove that we are as much degenerated in this kind of music, as we are improved in every other — the barrel-organ men have injured our fish and garden-stuff women ; for indeed how can a woman, be she ever so good a singer, listen to their play-house tunes, and whip her ass along at the same time ? It cannot be done ; people who have nice ears are most easily disturbed by sounds ; and how can one give the elegant melody of *Windsor beans*, and listen at the same time to *God save the King* ?

P. S. If any scheme be set on foot for the valuable purposes which I have mentioned, I beg leave to intimate, that I have lately composed a set of appropriate airs for each article, from *foot* at seven in the morning, to *hot ginger-bread* at ten at night ; also a set of tunes for the watchmen in much better time than they at present preserve. These I shall be happy to submit to any committee of *Musical Cognoscenti* which may be appointed. If not, I shall print them by subscription at *half a guinea* the set.

HOPE.

Were fortune's smiles insur'd to man below,
The fear of hovering care he might forego ;
Were he assur'd that through his journey here,
Fate inauspicious would not force a tear ;
That joys perpetual would engage his mind,
In nature pure, substantial and refin'd ;

Instead of knowing what he now endures,
 Would taste the bliss which virtue e'er secures.
 But doom'd by nature from his earliest age,
 With num'rous ills and troubles to engage ;
 To stem, with patience, life's impetuous stream,
 To fancy spectres in each sparkling gleam ;
 Onward he goes—yet HOPE e'er long to see
 The world, from threat'ning ills and dangers free.
 Yes, HOPE, the anchor of the constant mind,
 Assures that man his wish'd for joys *may* find ;
 That he may know his time with bliss replete,
 His future days in happiness complete.

If thou would'st know that through th' expanded
 whole,

Fond hope indulg'd revives the sinking soul ;
 View the lone student in his early age,
 Employ'd in search, while leaning o'er his page.
 Fraught with the hope that, by his studious care,
 His name on fame's fair record may appear,
 He strives with mental force to prove at last
 Himself repaid for labours o'er and past.

See the fond mother o'er a darling child,
 In every feature smiling, placid, mild.
 Within her breast the seeds of hope arise,
 To future scenes she looks with longing eyes ;—
 Views the dear infant, clinging to her breast,
 Rising, fond hope, to be renown'd and blest—
 Beholds him happy in the world's just praise,
 The child of fortune, born to prosp'rous days.

Lo, the brave tar, the sport of every wind,
 To-day, depress'd—to-morrow, cheer'd in mind ;
 While tos'd on waves and toiling at his oar,
 Engag'd in thoughts of his dear native shore,
 Where dwells a wife, whose bosom heaves with sighs,
 Around an offspring, list'ning to her cries ;
 Hope cheers his breast—he looks with anxious eye,
 To climes remote, beneath the western sky.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Ye southern gales, that fan Peruvian groves,
 With gentle, am'rous wing,

Awhile suspend your tender loves,
And chide the loit'rer, Spring !
O, gently chide th' unkind delay,
That keeps the nymph so long away
From northern climes, whose drooping swains
I wish should hail her on their frozen plains.

Where'er the lingering maid you find,
By stream or vocal grove,
Around her waist soft osiers bind,
That she may cease to rove,
Then swiftly ply your rapid wing,
The captive fair one hither bring,
That all our fields in renovated charms may smile,
And flow'rs unnumber'd deck the loosen'd soil.

All nature mourns thee, blooming fair—
No more the streams delight :
No more embroider'd vales appear
To check the wandering sight.
E'en Phoebus darts a fickle ray,
And pours a dull, dejected day,
Refusing to dispense his splendid beams
To loose the frozen glebe, and thaw the icy streams.

Yet sad Canadia's sons, with dread,
Still court the wintry gloom :
For frost and snow on them more pleasure shed,
Than thy enlivening bloom !
With eyes aghast they view the plain
Portending thy approaching reign,
And wish St. Lawrence' streams may never flow,
But, bound in icy claims, repel their conquering foe.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

'Tis not scenes of festive pleasure,
Splendid equipage and dress,
Hearded heaps of glitt'ring treasure,
Can bestow true happiness.

No, the sweetest joy arises
From domestick dear delights ;

Where the peace that virtue prizes,
With attractive pow'r unites.

Far from scenes of sad vexation,
Happy they who can remove,
To their tranquil habitation,
Blest with competence and love.

Where good nature ever smiling,
Kindles joy in ev'ry heart ;
And affection, grief beguiling,
Sweetest pleasure can impart.

Piety the scene adorning,
With a lustre all divine,
Brings to view the glorious morning,
When their joys shall brighter shine.

Earth's delights at best are fleeting,
Ev'ry pleasure has its pain ;
But when these are all retreating,
'Tis to bloom more fair again.

O how lovely is the dwelling,
Where such joys as these abound ;
Each enjoyment sure foretelling,
All with glory shall be crown'd.

ADDRESS,

*Delivered to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate
in Union College.*

This day closes your collegiate life. You have continued the term, and completed the course of studies which are prescribed in this institution. You have received its honours, and are now to go forth as adventurers, unsuspecting perhaps, and certainly inexperienced, into a fascinating but illusive world, where honour flaunts in fictitious trappings, where wealth

displays imposing charms, and pleasure spreads her poisoned banquets. And that too, at a period when the passions are most ungovernable—when fancy is most vivid—when the blood flows rapidly through the veins, and the pulse of life beats high. Already does the opening scene brighten as you approach it, and happiness, smiling but deceitful, passes before your eyes and beckons you to her embrace.

Called to address you, at this affecting crisis, and for the last time; had I, like the patriarchs of the East, a blessing at my disposal, how gladly would I dispose of it. But I have not; and can therefore only add, to the solicitude which I feel, my councils and my prayers.

Permit me to advise you then, when you leave this seminary, and even after you have chosen a profession, and entered on the business of life, still to consider yourselves only learners. Your acquirements here, though respectable, are the first rudiments merely of an education which must be hereafter pursued and completed. In the acquisition of knowledge you are never to be stationary, but always progressive. Nature has no where said to man, pressing forward in the career of intellectual glory, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further." Under GOD, therefore, it depends upon yourselves to say, how great—how wise—how useful you will be. Men of moderate talents, by a course of patient application, have often risen to the highest eminence, and standing far above where the mo-

mentary sallies of uncultivated genius ever reach; have plucked from the lofty cliff its deathless laurel. Indeed, to the stature of the mind, no boundary is set. Your bodies, originally from the earth, soon reach their greatest elevation, and bend downwards again towards that earth out of which they were taken. But the inner man; that sublime, that rational, that immortal inhabitant, which prevades your bosoms, if sedulously fostered, will expand and elevate itself, till touching the earth it can look above the clouds and reach beyond the stars.

Go then and emulous to excel, in whatever is splendid, magnanimous and great; with *NEWTON*, span the heavens, and number and measure the orbs which decorate them—with *LOCKE*, analyze the human mind—with *BOYLE*, examine the regions of organic matter. In one word, go: and with the great and wise, and the good of all nations, and all ages ponder the mysteries of infinite wisdom, and trace the *EVERLASTING* in his word, and in his works. A wide and unbounded prospect spreads itself before you: in every point of which the *DIVINITY* shines conspicuous, and on which ever side you turn your enraptured eyes, surrounded with uncreated majesty, and seen in the light of his own glory, *GOD* appears. He leads the way before you, and sheds radiance on his path, that you may follow him.

Controul and subjugate your passions. Originally, order pervaded human nature.—The

bosom of man was calm—his countenance serene. Reason sat enthroned in his heart, and to her controul the passions were subjected. But the days of innocence are past, and with them has also past the reign of reason. Phrenzy ensues. He, who was once calm and rational, is now blind and impetuous. A resistless influence impels him. Consequences are disregarded, and madly pressing forward to the object of desire, he exclaims, “My honour, my property, my pleasure ;” but is never heard to say, “my religion, my duty, my salvation.”

While reason maintained her empire, the passions were a genial flame, imparting warmth to the system, and gently accelerating the circulation of the blood. But, that empire subverted, they kindle into a VESUVIUS, burning to its centre, and pouring out on every side, its desolating lava. The passions, said an inspired apostle, war against the soul: and the same apostle who said this, commands you to overcome them.

Cultivate and cherish the sympathies of your nature. These so blighted by the apostacy, still retain the tints of faded loveliness, and when sanctified in the heart, and unfolded in the life, even of fallen man, they possess a resistless charm, and furnish some faint idea of what he must have been in a state of innocence.

For the exercise of those sympathies, in all the paths of life, you will meet with pitiable

objects who will present their miseries to your eye, and address the moving eloquence of sorrow to your heart. Always listen to this eloquence ; always pity this misery, and if possible, relieve it. Yes, whatever seas you may navigate, or to whatever part of the habitable world you may travel, carry with you your humanity. Even there divide your morsel with the destitute ; defend the cause of the oppressed ; to the fatherless be a father, and cover the shivering limbs of the naked with your mantle. Even there, soothe the disconsolate, sympathise with the mourner, brighten the countenance bedimmed with sorrow, and like the GOD of mercy, shed happiness around you, and banish misery from before you.

In all your intercourse with mankind rigidly practice justice, and scrupulously adhere to the truth : other duties vary with varying circumstances. What would be liberality in one man, would be parsimony in another. What would be valour on one occasion, would be temerity on another. But truth and justice are immutable and eternal principles ; always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstances however urgent, or crisis however awful, can there be an aberration from the one or a dereliction of the other without sin. With respect to every thing else, be accommodating, but here be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than receive in exchange for it liberty and life. —Should you ever be called upon to make

your election between these extremes, do not hesitate. It is better prematurely to be sent to heaven in honour, than, having lingered on the earth, at last to sink to hell in infamy. In every situation, a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is still more so.

Truth is one of the fairest attributes of the Deity. It is the boundary which separates vice from virtue—the line which divides Heaven from Hell. It is the chain which binds the man of integrity to the throne of his GOD, and like the GOD to whose throne it binds him, till his chain is dissolved, *his word may be relied on*. Suspending on this, your property, your reputation, your life, are safe. But against the malice of a liar, there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to a returnless distance from that Divinity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue. He has sundered the last of those moral ligaments which bind a mortal to his duty. And having done so, through the extended region of fraud and falsehood, with no bound to check nor limit to confine him, the dreaded enemy of innocence, he ranges; whose lips pollute even truth itself as it passes through them; and whose breath, like the cadaverous mists of Hades, blasts, and soils, and poisons as it touches.

Finally, *cherish and practice Religion*. Man has been called, in distinction from the inferior orders of creation, a religious being, and justly so called. For, though his hopes and

fears may be repressed, and the moral feelings of his heart stifled for a season, nature, like a torrent which has been obstructed, will break forth, and sweep away those frail works which scepticism may have erected to divert its course.

There is something so repulsive in naked infidelity, that the mind approaches it with reluctance, shrinks back from it with horror, and is never settled till it rests on positive religion.

I am aware that, *that* spirit of devotion, that sense of guilt and dread of punishment, which pervade the human mind, have been attributed either to the force of habit or the influence of superstition. Let the appeal be made to human nature. To the position of irreligionists on this article, human nature itself furnishes the most satisfactory refutation. Religion is the first principle of man. It shoots up from the very seat of life, it cleaves to the human constitution by a thousand ligaments; it intertwines around human nature, and sends to the very bottom of the heart its penetrating tendrils. It cannot, therefore, be exterminated. The experiment has again and again been tried, and the result has always proved worthy of the rash attempt.

Young as you are, you have witnessed, with a view to this extermination, the most desperate efforts. But just now, a formidable host of infuriated infidels were assembled. You heard them openly abjure their GOD. You saw them wreaking their vengeance on religi-

on. For a season they triumphed.—Before them every sacred institution disappeared—every consecrated monument fell to dust.—The fervours of nature were extinguished, and the lips of devotion palsied by their approach.—With one hand they seized the thunder of the heavens, and with the other smote HIS throne who inhabited them. It seemed to crumble at the stroke.—Mounting its fancied ruins, BLASPHEMY waved its terrifick sceptre, and impiously looking up to those eternal heights where the Deity resides, exclaimed, “VICTORY!”

Where now are those dreaded enemies of our religion? They have vanished from the fight. They were, but soon are no more. Nor have the consequences of their exertions been more abiding. A great nation indeed, delivered from the restraints of moral obligation, and enfranchised with all the liberties of infidelity, were proclaimed free. But have they continued so?—No, their minds presently recoiled from the dismal waste which scepticism had opened before them, and the cheerless darkness which it had spread around them.—They suddenly arrested their step.—They retreated, in sadness and sorrow, from the paths which they had trodden.—They consecrated again, the temples which they had defiled: they rebuilt the altar which they had demolished: they sighed for the return of that religion which they had banished, and spontaneously promised submission to its reign.

What are we to infer from this?—That religion is congenial to human nature—that it is inseparable from it. A nation may be seduced into scepticism, but it cannot be continued in it. Why, I would ask, has religion existed in the world in ages which are past, why does it exist now, why will it exist in ages to come? Is it because kings have ordained, and priests defend it? No, but because God formed man to be religious. Its great and eternal principles, are inscribed in characters which are indelible; nor can the violence of infidelity blot them out. Obscured indeed they may be by the influence of sin, and remain not legible during the rage of passion. But a calm ensues: the calm of reason, or the night of adversity, from the midst of whose darkness, a light proceeds which renders the original inscription visible. Man now turns his eye inward upon himself. He reads “responsibility,” and as he reads, he feels a sense of sin and dread of punishment. He now pays from necessity a homage to religion, a homage which cannot be withheld; it is the homage of his nature.

The question is not then, whether you will embrace religion?—Religion you must embrace—but whether you will embrace revealed religion, or that of erring and blind philosophy. And with respect to this question can you hesitate?

The former has infinitely more to recommend it than the latter. It originated in heaven. It is founded not on conjecture, but

on fact. Divinity manifested itself in the person, and shone in the life of its author. True, he appeared in great humility; but though the humility in which he appeared, had been greater than it was, either the sublimity of his doctrines or the splendour of his actions had been sufficient to evince his Messiahship, and prove that he was the saviour of the world. He spoke as man never spoke! Whence did he derive wisdom so transcendent? From reason? No; reason could not give it, for it had it not to give. What reason could never teach, the gospel teaches; that in the vast and perfect government of the universe, vicarious sufferings can be accepted; and that the dread sovereign, who administers that government, is gracious as well as just. Nor does it rest in declaration merely. It exhibits before our eyes, the altar and the victim—the lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

The introduction of christianity, was called the coming of the kingdom of heaven. No terms could have been more appropriate, for through it man shared the mercy, and from it caught the spirit of the heavens. The moral gloom which shrouded the nations receded before it. The temples of superstition and of cruelty, consecrated by its entrance, became the assylum of the wretched, and resounded with their anthems of grace.

Most benign has been the influence of christianity, and were it cordially received, and universally submitted to, war would

cease, injustice be banished, and primeval happiness revisit the earth. Every inhabitant pleased with his situation, resigned to his lot, and full of the hopes of heaven, would pass agreeably through life, and meet death without a sigh.

Is the morality of the gospel pre-eminently excellent? So is its object pre-eminently glorious. Philosophy, confines its views principally to this world. It endeavours to satisfy man with the grovelling joys of earth, till he returns to that dust from which he was taken. Christianity, takes a nobler flight. Her course is directed towards immortality. Thither she conducts her votary, and never forsakes him, till having introduced him into the society of angels, she fixes his eternal residence among the spirits of the just.

Philosophy, can heave a sigh only, a longing sigh, after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, over which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing. Above—beneath—around is an unfathomable void; and doubt, uncertainty and despair, are the result of all her inquiries.

Christianity on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm undaunted step, crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark, dreary region, brightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she ad-

vances ; till reaching the summit of everlasting hills, an unknown scene, an endless variety of loveliness and beauty presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders, without a cloud to dim or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the city—the palace—the throne of God appears ! Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around it ; Rivers of salvation issue from beneath it. Before it, angels touch their harps of living melody ; and saints in sweet response, breathe forth to the listening heavens, their grateful songs ! the breezes of Paradise waft the symphony, and the bending sky directs it to the earth. The redeemed of the lord catch the distant sound, and feel a sudden rapture. It is the voice of departed friendship---friendship, the loss of which they mourn upon the earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens ; whence a voice is heard to say, “ Fear not ye, death cannot injure you ; the grave cannot confine you ; through its chill mansion grace will conduct you to glory. We wait your arrival---haste, therefore come away ! ” All this christianity will do for you. It will do more than this : it consecrates the sepulchre, into which your bodies, already touched by death, will presently descend. There, mouldered into dust, your flesh shall rest in hope. Nor will the season of its humiliation last forever ; christianity, faithful to her trust, appears for its redemption. She approaches and stands

before the tomb : she stretches out her sceptre and smites the sepulchre. Its mossgrown covering rends asunder. She cries to the silent inhabitants within---her energizing voice echoes along the cold, damp vaults of death, renovating skin and bones, and dust, and putrefaction. Corruption puts on incorruption, and mortal immortality. Her former habitation, thus refined and sublimated by the resurrection, the exulting soul re-enters, and thenceforth the measure of her joy is full !

Here thought and language fail me. Inspiration itself describes the glories of futurity by declaring them indescribable. " Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which are prepared for the people of God." What ideas are these ! how must the soul exult at the prospect, and swell at the amazing conception !

As christianity exhibits the most enrapturing motives to the practice of virtue, so it urges the most tremendous considerations to deter from vice. She declares, solemnly and irrevocably declares, " That the wages of sin are death." And to enforce her declaration, she points to the concluding scene of nature : when, amidst a departing heaven and a dissolving world, the son of man shall descend, with the voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God, to be glorified in his saints, and take vengeance on his enemies !

Such is the gospel---and this gospel I deliver to you. It is the most invaluable gift ; and I

solemnly adjure you to preserve it inviolate forever. Through whatever part of God's creation you may wander, carry this with you. Consult it in prosperity ; resort to it in trouble ; shield yourself with it in danger, and rest your fainting head on it in death.

More efficacious than the fabled ring---it consecrates its keeper ; preserves his life, and eternizes his memory. While you prize and preserve this gift, your happiness is secure. The world may be convulsed around you, the elements dissolve, and the heavens depart, still your happiness is secure—but should you ever in an hour of rashness, be tempted to cast it from you ; remember that with it, you cast away your salvation. It is the last hope of sinful, dying man. This gone—all is lost ! Immortality is lost—and lost also is the soul who might otherwise have inherited and enjoyed it.—Under these impressions, go forth into the world—and may God go with you.

MOON-LIGHT.

Now leaning o'er this elevated steep !
To view the glimmering splendours of the deep,
Lo ! o'er the waves, the moon's resurgent light
Shines in full glory, and dispels the night !
While through the vast expanse, the starry host
Seem in her brilliant path obscurely lost !

Blest beam ! which to the fainting trav'ler's eyes
Appear'd in beauty through the boundless skies,
To guide his midnight footsteps through the
gloom,
And light him wand'ring to his native home.

Who, long through wilds and dismal terrours lost
Beholds thy glory on some stormy coast,
Chearful, he smiles ! nor thinks his journey long,
The rocks re-echo to his passing song !
While from the clouds appears thy friendly ray
Through the tall trees, to point his doubtful way !

MODERN SONNET.

Pensive at eve, on the hard world I mus'd
And my poor heart was sad : so at the moon
I gaz'd—and sigh'd and sigh'd ! for ah ! how soon
Eve saddens into night. Mine eye perus'd
With fearful vacancy, the *dampy* grass
Which wept and glitter'd in the *poly* ray
And I did pause me on my lonely way
And mused me on those wretched ones who pass
O'er the black heath of sorrow—But alas !
Most of *myself* I thought : when it befell
That the looth spirit of the *brezy* wood
Breath'd in mine ear—“ All this is very well”—
But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good
Ah ! my poor heart's inexplicable swell !

TO SIMPLICITY.

O ! I do love thee, meek *simplicity* !
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and sooths each small distress,
Distress though small yet haply great to me !
'Tis true on lady fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on ; yet though I know net why
So sad I am !—but should a friend and I
Grow cool and *miff*—O ! I am *very* sad !
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My *dreamy* bosom's mystic woes I pall,
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively
Now raving at mankind in general :
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all
All very simple, meek *simplicity* !

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

Allur'd by Cynthia's silver ray,
With wand'ring steps alone I stray,
Where solemn silence unmolested reigns ;
Afar from riot's noxious light,
T'enjoy the sacred calm of night,
And list'ning catch her sweetly plaintive strains.

From far the soft responsive song,
Born on the zephyr floats along,
Nor ought is heard to interrupt the lay,
Save where the wearied peasant sleeps,
Secure while Tray the portal keeps,
Whose hollow notes extend their lengthen'd way.

Or where the solemn bird of night,
Exulting in the azure light
Bids echo's voice repeat the drowsy theme,
Or crickets chirp beneath the thorn,
Whose twigs the glitt'ring gems adorn
That sport reflected in the limpid stream.

Pass'd is the fervid heat of day,
Now blust'ring storms are far away ;
Beneath the covert of the brambles shade,
The glow-worm's shining lamp is seen,
'Ting'd faintly with a silver green,
Spreading its radiance in the moonlight glade.

Sweet is the lonely moonlight scene,
When all is tranquil and serene,
And weary nature sinks in calm repose :
Yet many a downy pillow bears,
A head perplex'd with tort'ring cares,
That vainly seeks a respite from its woes.

Contentment flies the gilded dome
And chuses for her envied home,
The humble roof where peaceful virtue dwells ;
She there displays her richest stores,
And in the wounded bosom pours,
Her soothing balm —— and anxious fear dispels.

Grant me, O gentle Nymph thy smile,
 Life's path uncertain to beguile,
 And round my lot diffuse thy cheering ray ;
 Let peace of mind and joy serene,
 Calm as this silent lovely scene,
 Sooth ev'ry grief—and wipe each tear away.

CORYDON AND MIRA.

On the banks of a smooth flowing stream,
 There sat a young, beautiful swain,
 Disappointment in love was his theme,
 And he sent forth this sorrowful strain.
 " Oh Mira, delight of my eyes
 " What maiden with thee can compare,
 " Alas ! love-sick Corydon dies,
 " By thy cruelty, hard hearted fair.
 " What though, I am lowly and poor,
 " Others rich, and in rank rather high,
 " Thou wilt not find one that has more,
 " Of love, and affection that I.
 " Oh Mira, can thousands of gold,
 " Can even the mines of Peru,
 " Can greatness indiffrent or cold
 " Ever equal the heart that is true.
 " How happy ! before I had seen,
 " Thy blush, like the roses of morn,
 " Thy air—that of beauty's sweet queen,
 " Or the dimples thy cheeks that adorn :
 " Thy ringlets, that flow with such grace,
 " Thy bosom a lily so white,
 " Heard thy voice which more music conveys
 " Than Philomel songster of night.
 " Before that unfortunate day,
 " The hours mov'd swiftly along,
 " With the shepherds so cheerful and gay,
 " I danc'd to the pipe and the song.
 " Now Flora and Zephyr in vain,
 " Attending the spring of the year,
 " Deck with flow'rets, and verdure the plain,
 " They all dismal as winter appear.

" In vain where the rivulet flows,
 " At the foot of the sycamore tree,
 " As usual I strive to repose,
 " Alas ! there's no comfort for me.
 " If in woods or in myrtle alcoves,
 " I wander, or thoughtful recline,
 " The birds while they warble their loves,
 " Cause with envy my breast to repine.
 " Through the grove every breeze seems to sigh,
 " How strongly it dwells on my mind,
 " Ah ! Corydon why do'nt you die,
 " Thy Mira is false and unkind.
 " Then die hated youth—life's career,
 " Arrest in a watery grave,
 " O'er thy fate she may shed a sad tear,
 " Though the lover she scorned to save."

He sung, and the flocks on the plain,
 Felt compassion on hearing his moan ;
 From the bank where he sat, wretched swain !
 He arose and walk'd leisurely home !
 He to hang himself *afterwards* chose,
 But in vain sent to neighbours around
 For a halter to end all his woes—
 So he lives still—quite merry and sound.
 Yet fortune look'd on him with frowns,
 With Cupid he oft was at strife,
 'Till an Old Woman *worth ninety pounds*,
 So pleas'd him, he made her his wife !

ODE TO THE RIVER OCCOQUAN.

Lost in a pleasing wild surprize,
 I mark thy fountains round me rise,
 And in an artless current flow,
 Through dark and lofty woods below,
 That from the world the soul confine,
 And raise the thought to things divine ;
 Withdrawing as from either shore
 They bend their giant shadows o'er
 Each dull and low desire of art,
 And with new feeling wake the heart.

O sacred stream ! a stranger I,
Would stay to see thee passing by,
And mark thee wand'ring thus alone,
With varied turns so like my own !
Wild, as a stranger led astray,
I see thee wind in woods away ;
And hasting through the trees to glide,
As if thy gentle face to hide,
While oft in vain thou would'st return,
To visit here thy native urn :
But like an exile doom'd no more
To see the scenes he lov'd before,
You wonder on, and wind in vain
Dispers'd amid the boundless main ;
Here often on thy borders green
Perhaps thy native sons were seen,
Ere slaves were made, or gold was known,
Or children from another zone
Inglorious did, with axes rude
Into thy noble groves intrude ;
And forc'd thy naked son to flee,
To woods where he might still be free.
And thou ! that art my present theme,
O gentle spirit of the stream !
Then too perhaps to thee was giv'n,
A name among the race of heav'n ;
And oft ador'd by nature's child
Whene'er he wander'd in the wild ;
And oft perhaps beside thy flood,
In darkness of the grove he stood ;
Invoking here thy friendly aid
To guide him through the doubtful shade :
Till over-head the moon in view
Through heav'n's blue field her chariot drew
And shew'd him all thy wat'ry face,
Reflected with a purer grace ;
Thy many turnings through the trees
Thy bitter journey to the seas.
While oft thy murmurs loud and long
Awak'd his melancholy song ;
Which thus in simple strain began,
Thou queen of rivers, Occoquan !

THE MOTHER.

OH ! I am rich ; the Mother cries,
And clasps her infant to her breast.
Bends o'er his feebly closing eyes,
Till sweetly sooth'd he sinks to rest.

Oh ! I am rich ; Golconda's mines,
From all their stores could ne'er impart
Such pure, such exquisite delight,
As that which rushes on my heart.

Such vivid joy my bosom swells,
I scarce believe the impression true ;
I scarce believe, whilst fancy tells,
'Tis my own baby that I view.

Oh ! yes thou art indeed my own ;
Why do these tears of rapture start ?
I feel a thrill before unknown,
I feel the mother at my heart.

To me thou ow'st thy life my child !
And daily is the boon renew'd :
Yet thankless babe ! thou hast not smil'd,
To bless thy mother for thy food.

Ah ! when that smile of calm content
First o'er thy little cheek shall play,
So sweet thy gratitude 'twill paint,
That every care 'twill overpay.

No other shares my tender care
That smile must bless no others view ;
The soft caress I cannot spare,
To me, my babe, alone, 'tis due.

Yes, there is one my beauteous boy
To thy embraces has a claim,
My bosom's Lord, who feels the joy,
To own a Father's sacred name.

Too keenly now the nerves of sense,
Vibrate to each impression true,

E're long they'll joy alone dispense
And give these pleasures ever new.

Soon shall thy feeble eye, which now
Scarce can endure the blaze of day ;
Turn with delight the dawn to view,
And drink with joy the genial ray.

And soon thy little ear shall prove
The diff'rence of each varied tone,
Soon shall thy mother's voice of love
Be by thy tender organs known.

Each day new pleasures shall appear,
Each hour new charms shall bring along ;
Soon shall I catch with eager ear,
The half formed accents of thy tongue.

O'er scenes, with such endearments fraught,
Oft shall I bend with raptured eyes,
Catch the first rudiments of thought,
And mark each new idea rise.

With hopes like these my fancy glows,
By language faintly poorly shewn,
The transport which a mother knows,
A mother can conceive alone.

Yes, I am rich ; ah ! why those cries ?
Come let me hush my boy to rest,
Close, close, sweet babe thy little eyes,
And sink to slumber on my breast.

ADDRESS TO THE POLAR STAR.

Star of the north, how oft have I alone
In midnight walks ador'd thy golden throne ;
Remote from vulgar fires thou dost retain
Thy sphere forever in the starry plain,
Fix'd to the pole thou never dost remove
Far from the planet that preserves thy love ;
But to this orb, thy faithful fires confine
True to thy trust with constancy divine.

To the Stockholders of Banks.

Observing that uncommon interest and exertion are making to get into the Directory, and that several different lists of names have been recommended to your consideration; we, believing ourselves to be as well qualified as others to perform what we deem the *interesting business* of that institution, disdain all underhand methods of recommending ourselves through the medium of others, and come openly forward to offer ourselves. And that you may correctly understand our motives for soliciting your suffrages, we will briefly and candidly state our pretensions.

We are not great, overgrown merchants, whose large capital is sufficient to supply all our wants, nor are we young merchants nor regular tradesmen, for whose benefit, it is *erroneously* supposed, Banks were instituted; but we are men who know and have felt the salutary influence of the banking system, who have made most of what we possess through its agency, who have been and still are ready at all times to *accommodate* our friends when it can be done *conveniently*. It is true, that some of us do not hold many shares, but yet we are monied men, and are constantly occupied in money matters; stock, and notes of every kind are perpetually coming before us, and going from us; and, as sometimes we deal largely and *speculate boldly*, the additional sum of 27,000 dollars regular discount, and 30, or 40,000 dollars besides, will be extremely acceptable and useful to us. We shall

lay ourselves out to be as *accommodating* as possible to our *friends* and *regular customers*; and that we may be particularly so to them, we shall make it a point to reject all other paper that may interfere with our immediate interest; this will be doing the poor disappointed devils no injury, because the funds which we draw out of the institution will enable us to serve them at second-hand. To be sure we only pay six per cent. ourselves, but the extreme anxiety and exertion which it costs us to get into this situation, the trouble which we and our *brokers* are at to discover the situation and wants of others, and our zeal to relieve their distresses, cannot be considered as overpaid at an interest of three per cent. per month: besides by so doing, we prevent the institution from being troubled with small matters, which ought not to take up their time and attention, and take all the trouble and risk upon ourselves.

We hope these observations will be attentively considered, and if they be, the result must be favourable to us. Consider all you who wish to be *favoured* and *accommodated*, what would be the consequence if only actual notes given for value received were to be discounted? Why it would be said that fewer Banks would be sufficient to answer every fair and useful purpose of trade and commerce, and in that case, many large sums of the stockholders money now in the hands of *judicious* individuals, and employed in the most *active* and *interesting* manner; would be with-

held, and who can say what would be the consequences. The *friendly* practice of reciprocating names and notes would cease, and that decent and religious custom called *shaving* would be generally neglected.

Obadiah Gripe.

Timothy Snatch.

Judas Holdfast.

Peter Lather-well.

Simon Close-cut.

ODE.

Tell me, where's the vi'let fled,
Late so gaily blowing,
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choiceest sweets bestowing?
Swain the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning,
Garland meet for beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid, the summer's fled,
And the helpless rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Wat'ring many a daffodil
On its margin glowing.
Sun and wind exhausts its store;
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditty chaunting.
Hail and storm, with fury show'r;
Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r!

Say where bides the village maid,
 Late yon cot-adorling,
 Oft I've met her in the glade,
 Fresh and fair as morning?
 Swain, how short is beauty's boon!
 Seek her in her grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
 Who, of rural pleasures,
 Rose and violet, rill and plain,
 Sung in softest measures?
 Maiden, swift life's vision's flies,
 Death hath clos'd the poet's eyes!

TO MARY.

The blust'ring winds are hush'd on high,
 The darken'd clouds are all withdrawn,
 And stealing to the western sky
 The evening shades move o'er the lawn.
 The woodland pours its sweetest song
 That softly sinks as day retires;
 And as it dies the vale along,
 A harmony of soul inspires.
 Calm as this closing hour of day,
 And blest with harmony as sweet;
 May Mary's seasons glide away,
 And peace and joy her wishes meet;
 And may no dark relentless storm
 Her tranquil happiness deform.

A WINTER PIECE.

"Dread WINTER comes at last to close the scene."

————— Yes winter comes!
 'Tis but a moment since the smiling Spring,
 On Zephyr's downy wing rejoicing came,
 And op'd and kiss'd the coyly blushing rose.
 Then nature from her sleep awoke serene,
 And dress'd herself anew.—At his approach
 Tall hills of snow ran down with gratitude;

The lofty mountains rais'd their melting heads,
 And in the face of heaven, wept for joy :
 The little riv'lets ran to find the sea,
 And join'd to swell the thankful song of praise.
 But ah ! their joy was short ! their songs have
 ceas'd ;

All nature sleeps again : dread Winter's here
 The Lapland Giant comes with pendant ice,
 Chill horror shooting from his gelid chin ;
 Nor lakes, nor seas, can stop his rough career :
 He builds his bridge across old ocean's breast.
 Affrighted, Sol retires with hasty strides,
 And dares not obliquely downward look,
 On his once conquer'd, now his conquering foe.
 The earth is all in weeds of mourning clad,
 To wail the loss of her departed friend :
 Th' unconquer'd evergreen is left alone,
 And nods defiance to the northern blast.

This mirror paints the fate of changing man.
 This moment *youth*, with all its op'ning charms,
 In playful mood, sits laughing in his face :
 His swelling heart now beats with sanguine hope
 Of satisfying bliss, and full-blown joy :
 He hugs himself in his fantastic dream,
 And thinks that nought can blast the vernal flow'r :
 But, while anticipation gilds the wing of hope,
 The frigid hand of Time with furrows deep
 His forehead ploughs ; and blights the pleasing
 view.

“ Then let fair Virtue's seed in youth be sown ;
 “ 'Twill prove an evergreen in hoary age,
 “ And flourish in the winter of our years :—
 “ 'Twill waft us to the realms of peace and love,
 “ To taste th' ecstatic bliss of saints on high :
 “ There happiness will spring without alloy,
 “ And seraphs chaunt their *never ending strains*.”

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

Here lieth to *digest, macerate, and Amalgamate* with
 Clay,
 In *Balneo Arenæ*,

Stratum super Stratum,
The *Residuum*, *Terra damnata* & *Caput Mortuum*
Of BOYLE GODFREY, CHYMIST, and M. D.

A Man, who in this Earthly *Laboratory*,
Pursued various *Processes* to obtain

Arcanum Vitæ,

Or, the Secret to live:

Also, *Aurum Vitæ,*

Or, the Art of getting, rather than making Gold.

Alchymist like,

All his Labour and *Projection*,

As *Mercury* in the Fire, *Evaporated* in *Fumo*.

When he *dissolved* to his first Principles,

He *departed* as poor

As the last Drops of an *Alembic*;

For Riches are not poured

On the *Adepts* of this World.

Though fond of News, he carefully avoided

The *Fermentation*, *Effervescence*

And *Description* of this Life.

Full Seventy Years his *exalted Essence*

Was *Hermetically sealed* in its *Terrene Matraass*

But the radical *Moisture* being *exhausted*,

The *Elixir Vitæ* spent,

And *exsiccated* to a *Cuticle*;

He could not *Suspend* longer in his *Vehicle*,

But *precipitated Gradatim*, *Per Campanam*,

To his Original Dust.

May that Light, brighter than *Bolognian Phosphorus*,
preserve him for the *Atkanor*, *Empyreuma*, and *Rever-*
beratory Furnace of the other World.;

Depurate him from the *Fæces* and *Scoria* of this,

Highly *Rectify* and *Volatilize*:

His *ætherial Spirit*,

Bring it over the *Helm* of the *Retort* of this *Globe*,

Place it in a proper *Recipient* or *Chryslaline Orb*,

Among the *Elect* of the *Flowers of Benjamin*;

Never to be *saturated* till the General *Resuscitation*;

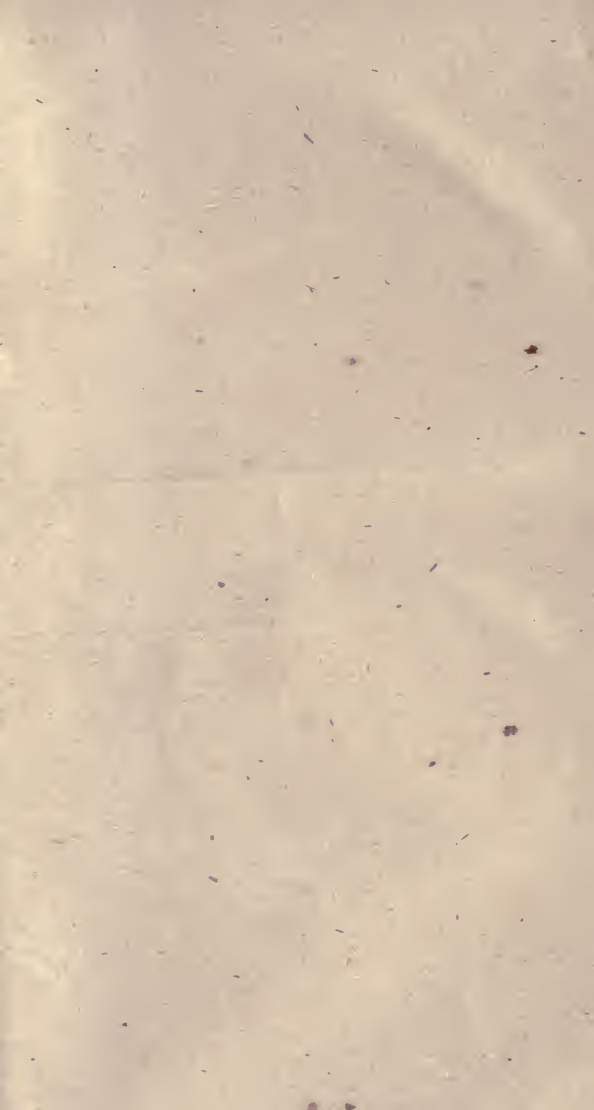
Deflagration, *Calcination*,

And *Sublimation* of all Things.

F I N I S.











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